AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1979 $2.00*

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INTERVIEW:
David Williamson, our greatest dramatist

JUGGERNAUT
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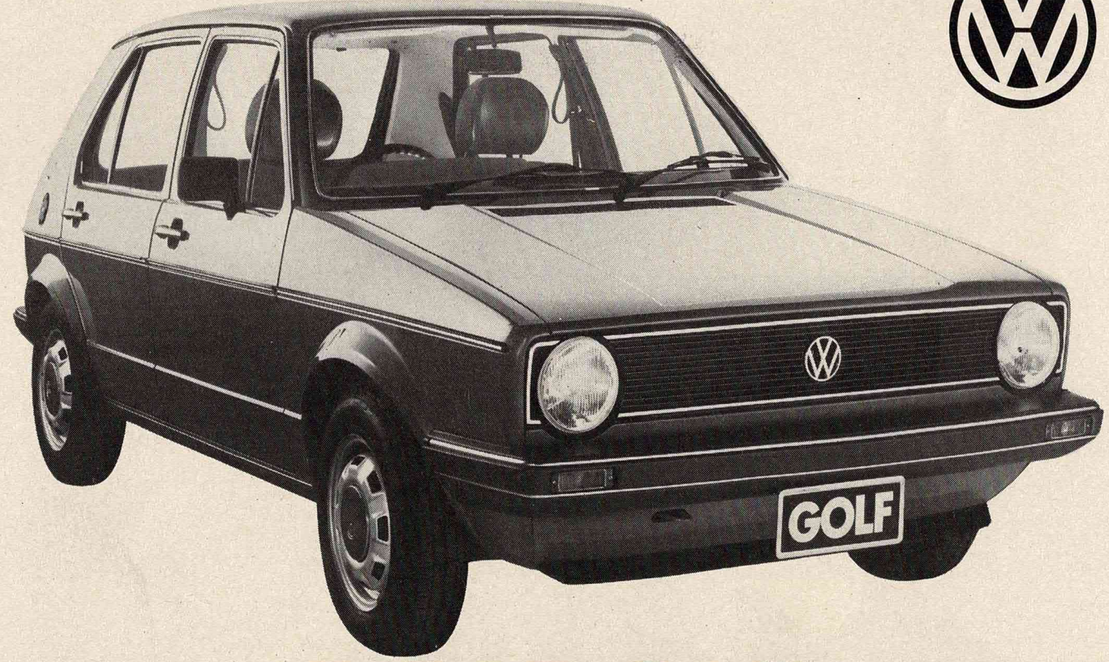

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PLAYBILL

Over the next four weeks, Australians will concentrate on a national pastime, the sport of kings, leading up to the biggest event of all, the Melbourne Cup. But before that famous race, several other classics will be run, including the Caulfield Cup and the AJC Derby. Of the millions wagered on these races, most will go to the bookies. Well, Australian PLAYBOY wants to give you determined punters a break. Just how do you squeeze the odds your way? It requires hard work, dedication and sound judgment. But, if you put in the hours, say **Richard Farmer** and **Murray Dwyer**, then, with a little bit of luck, you can beat the bookies. Farmer and Dwyer have been punting for years – and we've never seen them without their shirts. In their absorbing article, How to Squeeze the Bookies, Farmer and Dwyer are humorous as well as practical. The racy illustrations are by that very talented artist, **Michael Lodge.**

The *Playboy Interview* in this issue is with the extraordinary **David Williamson,** a playwright with a string of box-office hits and enormous public acclaim. Several of his plays, notably *Don's Party* and *The Removalists,* have been made into movies. Williamson speaks frankly to **Russell Deiley** about the Australian theatre, how his plays evolve (often out of real experiences), his personal life, his critics and admirers.

Visually, there's plenty to keep your eyesight keen. Join photographer/conductor **Rico Mettbach** in Tickets Please!, a fantasy train ride with lovely **Sonia Videk.** Then there's a photographic feast in our *Playmate of the Month* pictorial. **Denis Scott** took the pictures.

Paul Gardiner, the editor of Australia's rock industry bible, *Rolling Stone,* knows as much as anyone about the pop business in this country. His two-part report reviews the latest trends in rock music, analyses its financial structure and spotlights the rock stars and their lifestyles. It is a probing, fascinating analysis of a huge industry. The dramatic illustration is by **Keith Davis.**

West Australian writer **George Mulgrue** has maintained a scientific interest in all things African. His treatise for PLAYBOY, Sexual Secrets of the Dark Continent, deals with the extraordinary variation of sexual practices among the many tribes of Africa. Some – including the circumcision of females – may shock you. Others – such as the use of leather chastity belts by petting adolescents – will make you laugh. All, in the climate of the liberated '70s, will intrigue you.

Rudi Gutendorf, coach of Australia's Socceroos, is a colorful, controversial dynamo with a burning ambition to take Australia into the World Cup finals in 1982. **Neil Jameson** reports on his progress.

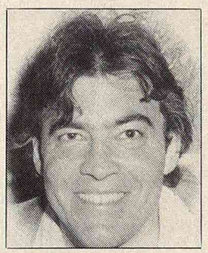
Now let's take time out to meet some of our new staff members: chief copy editor **Denby Browning,** copy editor **Ross Farquhar** and writer **Camilla Beach.**

This issue is laced with excellent reading. There's **Ron Saw** waxing humorous about liqueurs (with an hilarious illustration by **Jack Larkin**), **Thomas Price** takes you to the Himalayas for an adventurous white water safari, and **James Henderson** unfolds a real-life mystery – what happened to a $12 million consignment of diamonds that went missing off the wild West Australian coast during World War Two?

There's a frank and candid profile of lovely **Diane Cilento** (illustration by **Greg Somers**), part two of **Paul Wilson's** historic Australian Sex Survey, and talented storyteller **Dal Stivens** has created three very ironical tall tales with a theme dear to every normal human.

With our November issue we continue to bring you the very best in pictures, words and entertainment – to a very satisfying excess. Get into it!

GARDINER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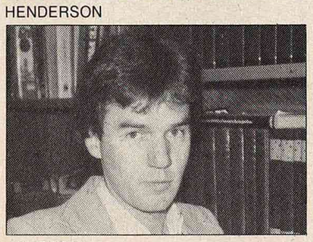
MULGRUE

HENDERSON

STIVENS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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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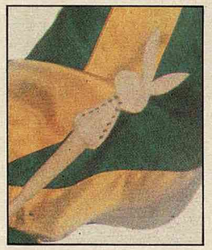

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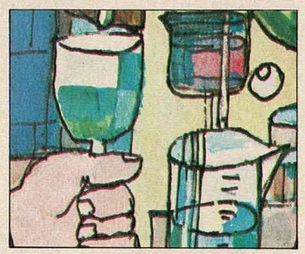

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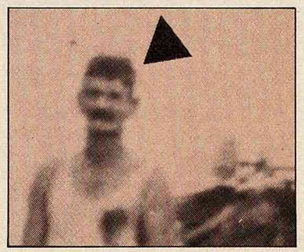

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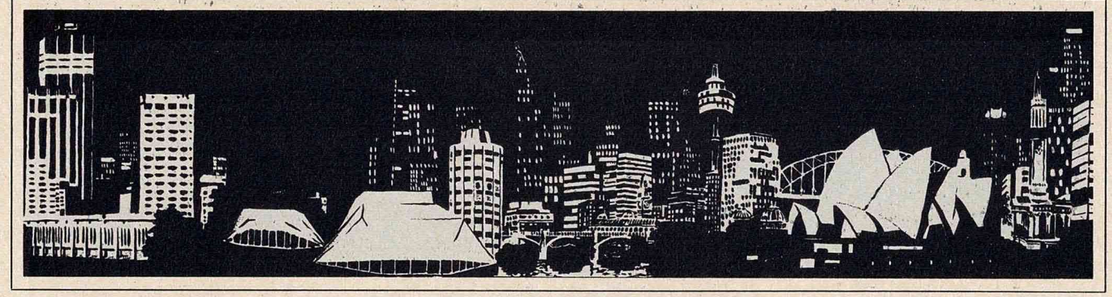


DON'T CLAP, JUST RING

In Perth, the State health department's go-ahead venereal diseases clinic has produced a VD information brochure in which the phrase "sexually transmitted diseases", or STD, has tended to replace the term VD, which still seems to convey stigma.

"We've found that STD goes over better with our patients," explained a spokesman for the clinic. "If our doctors or staff are not referring to a specific disease they will usually refer to 'sexually transmitted diseases' rather than VD. Although we used the initials STD on the cover of our pamphlet we are now discouraging the use of the initials because of the obvious conflict with the telephone system of the same name. We make jokes ourselves about STD being cheaper after 9pm."

The Melbourne telephone book current at the time of writing encourages subscribers to "Do it yourself long distance" and suggests that "Families stay closer with STD".

We're not sure if this is a comment on the new promiscuity abroad in Melbourne or an interpretation of "being in the family way". However, a reliable medical source informs us that, despite the advances in modern communications, it is still impossible to catch VD, or STD, over the telephone.

WHORE WAR

If Sydney's Kings Cross was ever in danger of losing its title as the hottest half-mile in the country, the latest developments in the Battle of the Cross – or the Whore War as it's become known – should put the stretch right back in the red light.

The repeal of the old Summary Offences Act earlier this year has decriminalised prostitution in NSW with the result that girls from all over the continent are zeroing in on Sydney like so many migrating pigeons. Old Cross-ites claim there are more girls on the streets now than there were during the boom R and R days of the late '60s. Despite the good intentions of the NSW legislators, it is impossible to flush the pimps out of the game and, as the battle for street space and a slice of the action hots up, the pimps are getting tougher and the girls are getting more competitive.

The local cops have noted that some of the newer faces on the streets have recently arrived from Melbourne while the older hookers cheekily proposition policemen who once upon a time would have been booking them. While fights between girls are common, the cops are more concerned about the behind-the-scenes carve-outs between the various racketeering heavies. The organised operations are going for diversity, which means that the number of young boys and girls on the street has jumped. Prostitutes of either sex as young as 12 can can be found plying their trade. The financial rewards of this oldest of occupations can be considerable, but because the bosses offer no superannuation schemes, or long service leave, annual holidays or even maternity leave, prostitution is not a career likely to rate a mention on even the most liberal vocational guidance listings.

HAW, HAW HAW!

A Melbourne man was made to feel he had something to account for when he used his Diners Club card to book tickets for a New York show. The Broadway smash hit, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas,* provided one of the highlights of his US visit but was later to play havoc with his domestic relationships. In their standard abbreviated form, Diners Club sent the account stating: "Whore . . . $40." He's still trying to explain.

THERE'S THE RUB

It sounds hard to believe, but we've just received word of a massage parlor that doesn't rate even a nudge, nudge. Much less a wink, wink. Les Must de Bridget, which opened in Melbourne's Sandringham recently, is a unisex beauty salon where women clients are encouraged to bring their husbands or boyfriends. Services on offer include manicures and pedicures, the use of a solarium and sauna, blemished skin therapy, eyelash tinting, even facials.

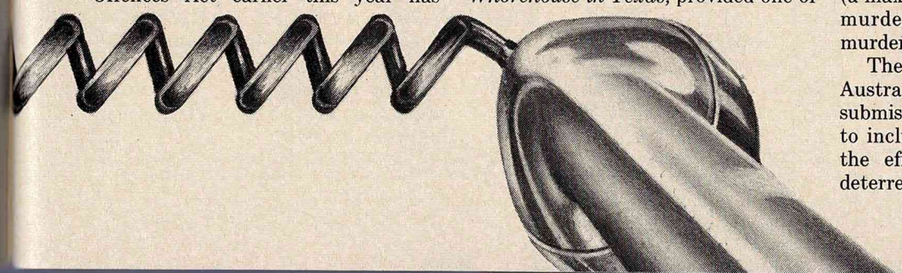
If that news shivers your timbers, it shouldn't. Or so says Bridget Fellner, who claims to have cossetted the familiar faces of Hollywood film stars using a technique called, ironically, deep acting therapy. For the uninitiated, that means using electronic equipment which, to quote the publicity blurb, "will bring about penetration which cannot be achieved by hands alone".

"A massage parlor may relieve some tensions, but it creates others," says Bridget. "Our facial massages help men relax – in a *pure* way."

ENOUGH ROPE

No noose is bad news . . . according to the Police Federation of Australia, which is all in favor of bringing back the rope for people convicted of wilful and premeditated murder. The cops' neck-stretching lobby is backing a system which puts murder into three separate categories: unlawfully killing (a maximum predetermined jail term), murder (jail for life) and capital murder (death penalty).

The federation, which represents all Australian police, will prepare detailed submissions for governments and plans to include plenty of evidence to back the effectiveness of the rope as a deterrent. The police figures state that



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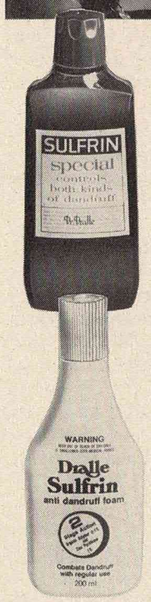

Sulfrin Special:
Controls both kinds of dandruff when used regularly. From Dralle's laboratories comes the lotion that deals with dry scurf dandruff and the more difficult to control oily dandruff. The formula gets right to the cause of the dandruff and contains vitamin F and Allantoin.

Sulfrin AD Foam:
Shampoos away dandruff and protects against further attacks when used regularly. It is this after-hairwash protection that makes this product so worthwhile. It helps dry hair become healthy and shiny, yet is mild and harmless to the skin.

DRALLE

RW RILEY WILLIAMS FAIRFIELD VICTORIA

PM 3993/79

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in Victoria during 1943, when capital punishment was in force, the State had eight murders. The figure for this year is likely to be nine times that number. While the anti-death penalty lobby will just as strongly oppose the move, optimism is rumored to be running strong amongst the ranks of unemployed hangmen and some sections of the Australian rope industry.

RUBBER COVER BLOWN

The Australian Government's Health Department has had enough of the comings and goings of foreign-made condoms and diaphragms. The department, besieged by complaints of condoms falling down on the job and diaphragms not performing their alloted task, has ruled that imports must be approved by its director-general and comply with Standards Association of Australia requirements. Officials report complaints ranging from perishing of rubber to the running of pigment in some of the more exotically-colored condoms. The new restrictions could mean that the old french letter user's warning, "The male might just go through!", will cease to apply in Australia.

THE NICK OF TIME

Australian hospitals are offering insurance against the fear expressed by many vasectomy patients that the surgeon's nick will effectively put an end to their chances of adding to their family should they change their minds.

Sperm banks can keep the vital fluid on ice for up to 10 years and many males contemplating a vasectomy are availing themselves of the service.

Some time before his operation the male visits the sperm bank. He's asked to "step behind the curtain" and provide four or five samples which could provide at least a dozen injections in the event that he and his wife should want another child. An insemination gun takes a lot of the fun out of stage one of the reproductive bit, but experts rate the method as providing a 70 percent chance of inducing conception within six months.

With the cost of banking sperm about $150 a year – approximately a third of which can be reclaimed on medical benefits – most donors are hoping for interest-bearing deposits. In the meantime, they can look forward to sexual safety from a weapon that fires nothing but blanks.

HAIRY-NOSED NUISANCE

Conservationists might or might not be in favor of giving the ferret a run or even preserving the land rights of gay whales, but the hairy-nosed wombat has just about exhausted the patience of some environmentalists in South Australia. The wombat's busy claws have burrowed him under dog fences, through cultivated fields and into a number of places where wombats, hairy-nosed or otherwise, are not welcome. His trail of damage has made way for erosion, left holes under fences for dingoes to use, and has undermined the foundations of buildings.

The problem is that nobody knows enough about the hairy-honkered bloke for national parks and wildlife divisions to handle him properly.

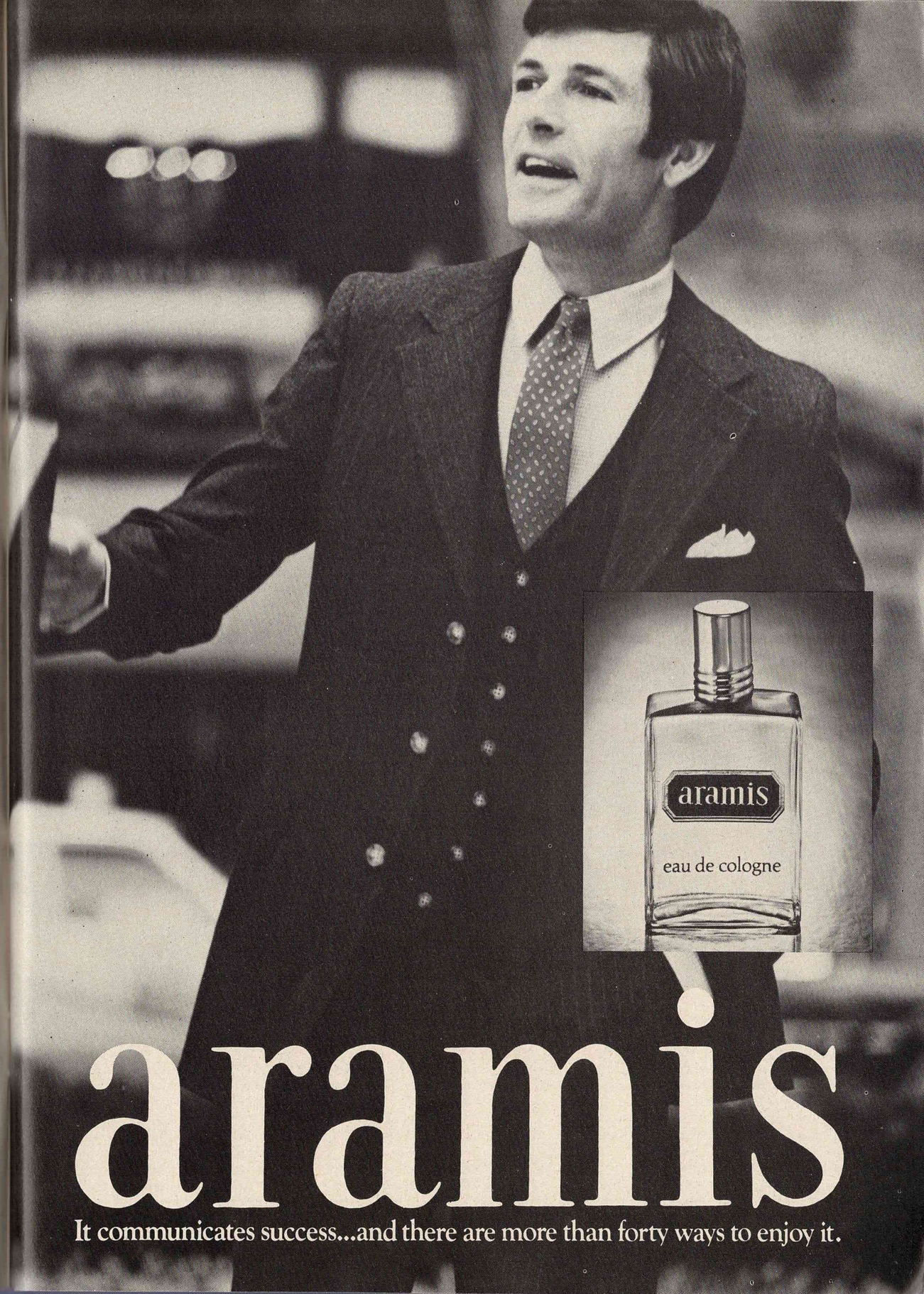
While some States have reported a measure of success with electric fences, other departments are looking for experts to estimate wombat populations, determine the creature's habits and recommend control measures. One suggestion was that departments should hold a national hairy-nosed wombat down the trouser leg competition to publicise the problem, but an anticipated shortage of entrants knocked the idea on the head.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Medical Journal of Australia's reputation as the breaker of unusual case studies took a turn for the bizarre recently with a story which appeared under the heading: "A Long Standing, Much Travelled Rectal Foreign Body."

The clinical record detailed the case of a 64-year-old bachelor who reported to his GP complaining of severe anal pain less than 24 hours after he had been involved in some pretty torrid homosexual activity. It has become a relatively common surgical occurrence of late for doctors to remove objects – particularly vibrators – from rectums. In most cases the patients are males and the operation is carried out within hours or days of insertion. But in the study reported, the vibrator was lodged inside the anus for six months. The bachelor complicated matters somewhat by failing to show up for the referred surgical opinion. Instead he undertook a world trip with the 2.5cm wide by 20cm long vibrator firmly lodged in his passage. The man later said he hadn't followed his doctor's advice because of embarrassment and his impending trip. During his sojourn he suffered some discomfort but was able to cope reasonably well with his bodily functions.

The patient was admitted to hospital and, under a general anaesthetic, had the vibrator removed. When cleaned up and fitted with new batteries, it was found to be in perfect working order. Doctors are tipping that the use of vibrators for anorectal stimulation will increase and recommend that patients be warned of the potential dangers.



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

BLEEDIN' POMS

I have just read the letter from M.E. of Brisbane (*Dear Playboy,* August) concerning circumcision and quoting the British system in which circumcision was phased out over a period of years. Ms M.E. would have us believe that British doctors ceased circumcising babies due to a re-appraisal of medical reasoning. Not true! They ceased circumcising Pommies when they realised they were throwing the best bit away!

C. Bisson
Bangalow, NSW

Hence that old Empire rallying cry: "Foreskin and Country!"

CONTROVERSIAL LAWS

Andrew Clark's contribution, *The Court of Laws* (PLAYBOY, September), was yet another unwarranted waste of space on John Laws – the man rated by many as Australia's public enemy number one. Laws can't keep his meddling ways out of issues that do not concern him. If talkback radio is really a substitute for the over-the-backfence chat, then it seems to be incredibly dangerous that his backyard mentality should be allowed such a strong voice in the public arena. The St George affair, Laws' poorly directed statements on the trucking dispute and his drive against the union movement all bear the trappings of megalomania. Everywhere one turns, it is almost impossible to avoid the Laws push. The sooner he buries himself in his country estate for ever, the better.

D Cameron
Gosford, NSW

I wish all the smart arse lefty intellectuals of this country would get off John Laws' back. They make me bloody sick. When Laws told PLAYBOY he'd had a gutful of being "chewed out" by the press, he should have followed this attack up with a left hook.

L. V. Peters
Rockhampton, Queensland

Andrew Clark's profile of John Laws was fine as far as it went, but it left me wondering when this champion of the underdog will take his career to its ultimate conclusion and enter politics. As no Australian since Menzies, this man was born to lead.

R. Schwartz
Ipswich, Queensland

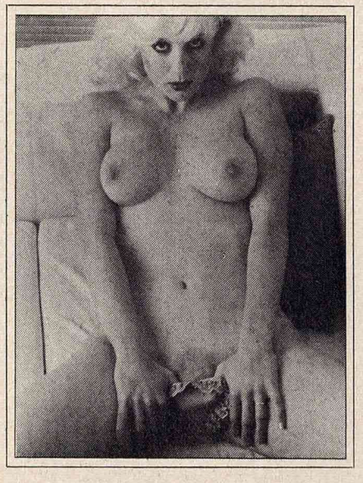
Our mailbag indicates that John Laws attracts flak and acclaim like a magnet draws iron fillings. Now, how does that old saying go: "Laws are made to be obeyed"? Or was it "Rules are meant to be broken"? Or . . .?

MAKE MINE FOSTER'S

Love them blonde girls! I thought Kylie Foster (PLAYBOY, September) was the best centrefold I've had the privilege to peruse. I like to think I've sampled most, but from now on, make mine Foster's!

Pete Gall
Glenorchy, Tasmania

And, to ensure your appetite remains ale and hearty, here's another drop. Cheers!



OUR FIRST PLAYBOY?

How To Win Friends And Influence People Who Aren't Men (PLAYBOY, September) provided Gunston fans with a full-on view of the "Little Bleeder's" wooing habits. I don't think too many will be getting into the Norman routine, but it was certainly refreshing to see Australia's foremost playboy contributing to your magazine's comedy content.

M. D. Ingram
Essendon, Victoria

Comedy? We thought that Gunston was serious.

Why in the world did you let that sickening creep Gunston pollute the pages of PLAYBOY?

B. McGregor
Darwin, NT

POINTLESS?

Your Sex in Melbourne and Perth pieces (PLAYBOY, July and August) exposed how pointless life can be to those trapped on the "looking for kicks in the city" treadmill. Since rescuing myself and family from the city life, I have been gradually learning to wipe the worst memories from my mind. But those two articles were timely reminders of what I've left behind. Since moving to the country I've learned to live without such things as business lunches, ulcers, peer group pressure, the latest Holden and even (I never thought it possible) sly sex. The move has improved my marriage and, although I'm working much harder, life seems to have much more meaning. I make the odd trip to the city and find that I appreciate it much more than I did while working and living there.

J. Thompson
Hay, NSW

SEX ON THE ROCKS

Are we all travelling at breakneck speed towards bonkersdom? The answer would seem to be yes, and not by accident, but by design.

A contrived situation exists, with the goal a global Cuckoo's Nest run by lunatics such as exist in the USSR, where the sane people are certified and incarcerated and the loonies run loose in comparative freedom.

Two ways in which this is being achieved are through music and sex.

Bach said that music should have as its end the glory of God and the refreshment of the spirit. But rock rules supreme today and has done so for two decades. This music is really only a mutation of earlier forms of Afro-American music of which Alice Monsarrat wrote: "With the 20th century the metres began to gallop stirrup to stirrup with harmonic discord. A broken metre in the treble played over an insistently regular beat in the left hand with gradually increasing rapidity is capable of producing the effect of a person trying to rush in two different directions at once. Any psychiatrist knows it is precisely this two-directional pull of conflicting emotional drive that is helping to fill our mental hospitals."

Sex. As Billy Graham says: "Without it none of us would be here; if we abuse it, we don't deserve to be here." Dr Alexis Carrell writes: "It is well known that sexual excesses impede intellectual activity. In order to achieve its full power, intelligence seems to require ... temporary repression of the sexual appetite."

MD Elizabeth Bergoihn of Stuttgart explains: "Sex hormones are essential to our full development and

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Nature of Business — Position Held — How long with Co.

Annual Income $ — Other Income $ — If you are self employed or if other source(s) of Income (e.g. Investments) are indicated, please write the name and phone number of someone who will confirm details of the amount (e.g. Accountant).

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AUTHORISING SIGNATURE FOR COMPANY FIRM OR JOINT ACCOUNT _____

TITLE _____ DATE _____

Indicate One only

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when man abuses the reproductive process, gland secretions are lost, the body is deprived of proteins, resulting in a loss of physical and mental strength, inability to concentrate and a less tenacious memory."

So there you have it. The more copulation, the less cogitation. The more you ball, the less you recall. Better still, the more we rut, the less we nut. It is not, as some say, sexual repression which maddens us, but sexual gluttony.

Ken Hood
Norman Park, Queensland

In spite of the fact that experts tell us (as if we didn't already know) that sex can be a fun thing to get into, it is worthwhile noting that it is also a pleasant form of exercise which beats, hands-down, jogging, cycling and all the others. It might be said then that sex can help you to resist heart disease, obesity and sloth. So, the less you ball, the sooner you fall; or, if you don't have a stab, you'll end up on the slab.

UFO SIGHTINGS

Quentin Fogarty must have had a fair idea of what he was taking on when he decided to stand behind his UFO report (PLAYBOY, August). Until the authorities come clean with the UFO question, people like Fogarty will continue to be harassed and ridiculed for their honesty and courage.

T. Gale
Hindmarsh, SA

Quentin Fogarty, Captain Startup and Davey Crockett? Little wonder you're seeing UFOs; you've been watching too much *Disneyland.*

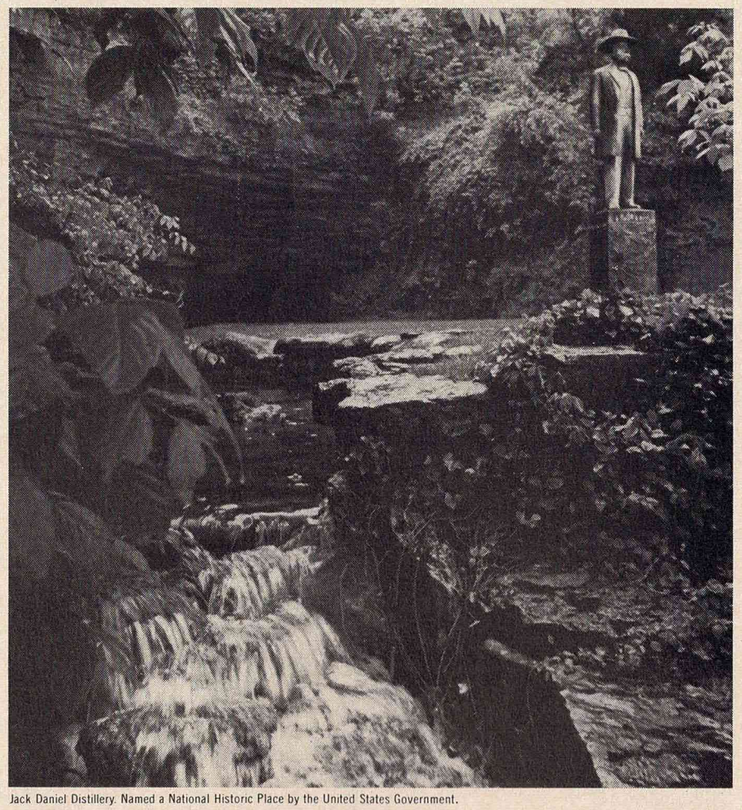
L. E. Barton
Newmarket, Queensland

RIDING HIGH

The plug for the Australian Rough Riders' Association which appeared at the end of Heather Brown's *Ride 'Em, Cowgirl!* article (PLAYBOY, September) could be the cue for a rush on the rodeo ranks by many looking for a huge dose of equestrian thrills. Ms Brown's pluck is to be admired, and she has gone to some lengths to highlight the dangers which are inherent in throwing a leg over a wild horse.

With changing attitudes and the cost of fuels and vehicles turning young people away from cars and motor bikes as sources of excitement, the rodeo scene looks a very attractive one. Horses, both wild and domestic, play a great part in the history and folklore of Australia and it's refreshing to find them featured in PLAYBOY.

Ms K. R. Green
Warrnambool, Victoria



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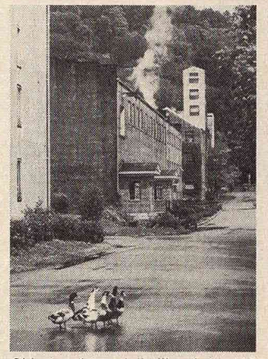
AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, this iron-free stream flows year round to help bring you the world's smoothest whiskey.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SMOKE SIGNALS

As the health hazard hounds continue to send smokers to the wall, I've noticed many more men are taking to pipes. I recently overheard a lady compliment a male friend on the sexy "macho" appearance he struck while puffing on his briar piece. I know that cigarette advertising has tried to relate sex appeal to tobacco consumption, but I've always thought of pipes as more the style for grandads. The lady's comment made me pay attention to just what sort of people are pipe-puffing and I've since noted that more and more young men are stuffing their bowls these days.

Okay, so that's one more custom broken down; but what about my favorite: cigar-smoking ladies? At a recent gathering my neighbor said she enjoyed the odd cigar, but not in public. She had a few puffs on her husband's corona and I could not help thinking how provocative she appeared. I know of two other girls who enjoy cigars. Both look divinely sexy with a panatella or a corona clasped between their lips. I'm sure there are a lot more closet cigar girls. How about coming out into the open?

E.R. McIntosh
East Bentleigh, Victoria

COMING TOGETHER

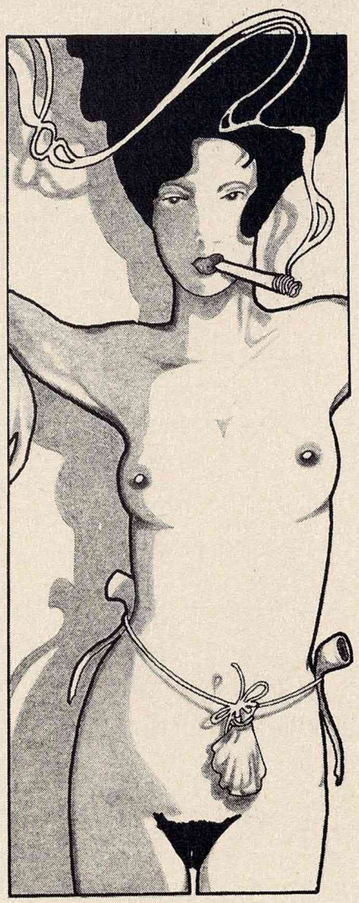
I've been attempting to collate some research material which might prove a fair study on some characteristic Australian sexual values. I've used, as some of my case studies, the observations of people newly arrived in this country so that I might gain some level of comparison. Many have claimed that there is a definite communication gap between the average Australian male and female, which is compounded by the male's inability to convey any depth of true emotion.

I've attempted to pursue this theory with other case studies and have discovered that, while many men can communicate well with each other, they don't appear to enjoy the closeness that some women can develop with others. I know that the renowned Australian mateship concept is based on the structure of generosity, trust and loyalty, but there are definite signs that the speed and individualism of our modern lifestyle are rapidly eroding these values.

Unfortunately, I have yet to find any proof that the erosion of the mateship concept is leading to better understanding between the sexes. As a listening post of sexual and contemporary trends, perhaps PLAYBOY might have something to offer on the subject.

K.K. Trent
St Lucia, Queensland

While we don't put the contents of our mailbag through a computer, our readers' letters are generally taken as an accurate pointer to current values. One trend is that the contribution from



our female readers is expanding steadily, which might mean that, in some cases, male and female tastes appear to be running along parallel lines. We're all for bringing the sexes together, because it is at the closest of quarters that one can happily and truthfully say: Vive la différence!

DOORKNOCK APPEAL

I recently made an important move to Sydney which meant a promotion in my work. The company arranged a flat for me in a beachside suburb and generally helped with my relocation hassles. When I saw the block of flats in which I was to live, I had some doubts about my hopes of getting to know my neighbors. But what was to happen the following evening certainly helped make things a little easier.

I had just arrived home from my first day in the new job and was settling down for a quiet drink when the doorbell rang. I certainly wasn't expecting any visitors but could hardly have been prepared for what was waiting on the other side of the door. As soon as I swung it open my eyes fell on a girl, possibly in her early 20s. Nothing unusual about that, you might say, except for the fact that this particular lady had her dress completely unbuttoned down the front which revealed that she was wearing nothing at all underneath.

The look of surprise on my face was only bettered by the one of shock on hers, and before I could say anything she made a bolt for the stairs. Two weeks later I described the incident to a neighbor who has since become a good friend and he told me that the previous tenant was "a bit of a lad". Apparently the lady in question made a point of dropping her gear at the door but hadn't been notified of her boyfriend's departure. I have since procured a forwarding address, so, if she ever returns, I'll at least have some service to offer.

Name and address
withheld by request

TWO IN THE BUSH

After living with a young woman for two years I (cunningly at the time) engineered a situation whereby another girl whom I also found very attractive moved into our flat. At first she was using the spare bedroom, but after a couple of weeks we all ended up in the same bed. The situation went happily enough till I gradually became aware that I was becoming more fond of the late arrival than I was of my first lady. Women are strongly perceptive creatures and both ladies soon picked up on the vibe. What followed was hardly pleasant. The first lady soon moved out. The second, of whom I was extremely fond, felt that she was responsible for breaking up a happy relationship and left without giving notice, and I have been unable to contact her. So I have gone from the

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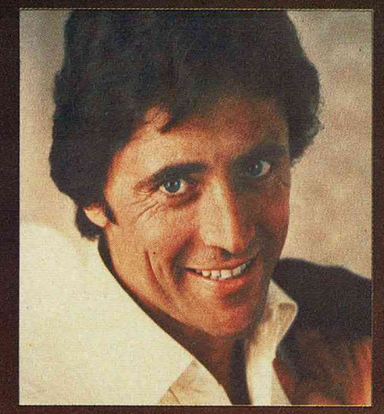
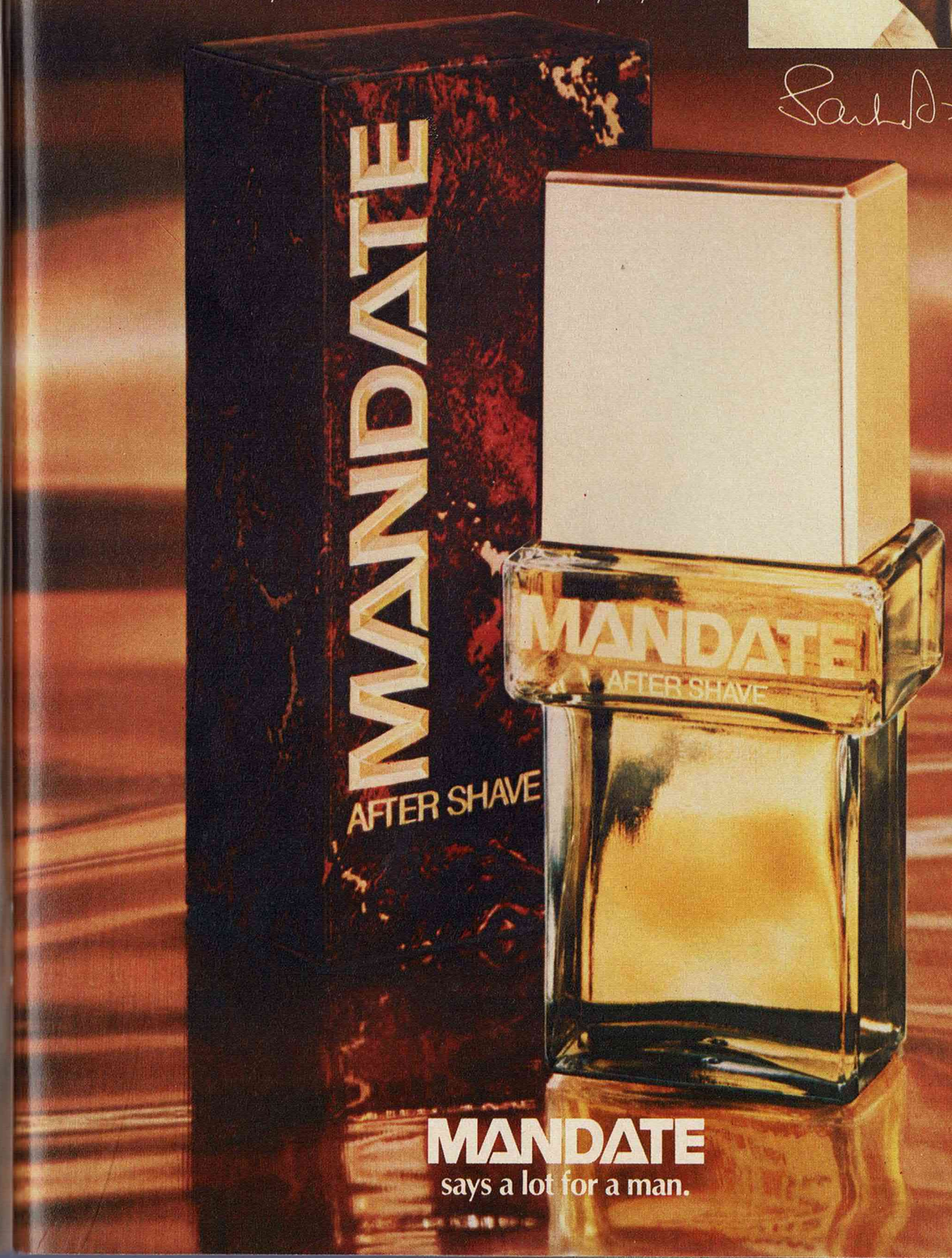


Sacha Distel



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says a lot for a man.

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sublime to the ridiculous. I had never imagined celibacy would become a fact of life at my age (31), but I found my lot a very lonely one. I guess there's a moral there somewhere about gluttony or something, but right now I'd settle for the situation as it existed before the two became three.

E. Clark
Subiaco, WA

TELLER "MISGUIDED"

I read your interview with Edward Teller (PLAYBOY, September) with great interest. I've always wondered just what sort of people lurk in laboratories and other research centres carefully plotting mass destruction. Teller is obviously an extremely intelligent man and the way in which he justifies his past actions and current attitudes perhaps typifies the psyche of many of his kind.

Your catchline billed him as "the controversial father of the H-bomb", and when this line is matched with his "severe distaste for the left and his lifelong Russophobia" the blend of idealist and academic might sound like a pretty volatile combination. It is okay to have political ideals, but when thumbs start jabbing at buttons, atomic weapons do not have the intelligence to separate left from right, white from black or even up from down. It will mean that all the ideals in the world will amount to nothing. It is not the ideals which represent the danger; it is the misguided intelligence applied to them.

Keith Jacobs
Neutral Bay, NSW

DOUBLE STANDARD

Any contentious issue that treads ever so lightly on what some might call moral grounds is bound to raise some response from that great watchdog of our social values: the church. We've witnessed men (and sometimes women) of many denominations come out against gambling, prostitution, educational trends and even the union movement. But it really seems that some members of a particular cut of the cloth have got their priorities right out of whack by taking a swipe at tax avoidance. Talk about being hypocritical; it is common knowledge that most religious orders in Australia do not pay tax, can claim many benefits free of sales tax and are generally insulated from the inroads that taxes are making on the wage packet of the worker or the hard-earned income of the small businessman.

This is all too absurd when one considers that many religious organisations are run along business lines, have large land and property holdings and can account for vast amounts of revenue from many different sources.

Perhaps it is about time that the church realised that most members of the community view it as being out of touch with many of the trends and demands of living in these times and view such outbursts as the various tax avoidance claims as irrelevant.

P. Cooper
Port Macquarie, NSW

ALL IN THE MIND

My wife and I are probably not your typical PLAYBOY readers. She is 68 and I am over 70. The point of this letter is that we have noticed a tendency among people in their 30s and 40s to worry about the impending demise of their active sex lives. We would simply like to say this to the worriers: stop worrying and start screwing. Impotence is all in the mind.

Name and address
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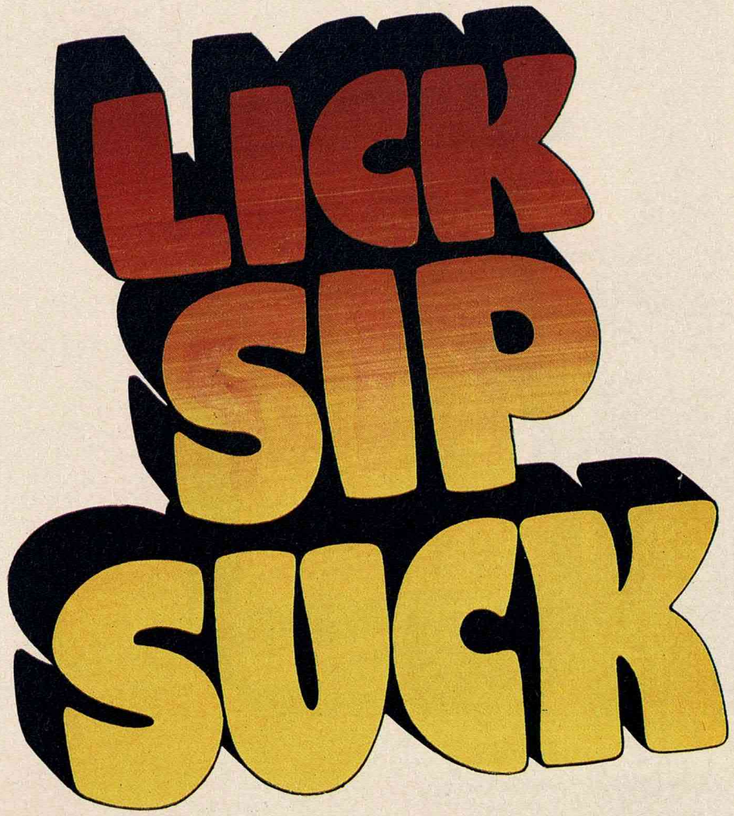

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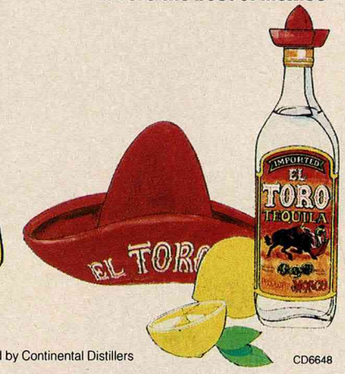
(El Toro, Grenadine & Orange.) Pour 1½ oz El Toro into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add a dash of Grenadine. Fill with orange juice and stir.

Margarita
Moisten rim of cocktail glass with fruit rind then spin moistened rim in bed of salt. Shake with cracked ice, 1½ oz El Toro, ½ oz Continental Triple Sec, 1 oz lemon or lime juice. Strain into glass and sip over salted edge.

El Toro the best of Mexico



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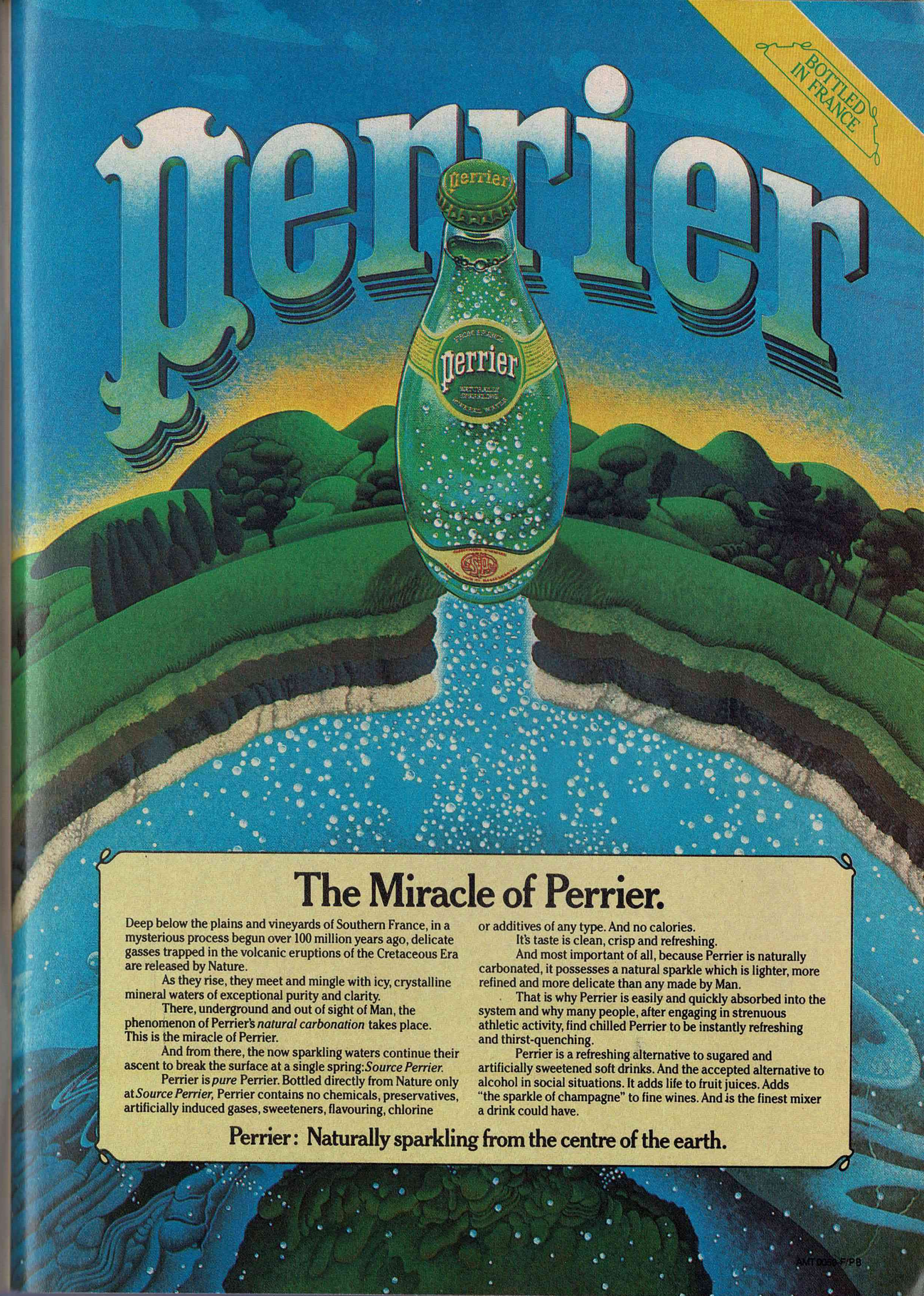

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LETTER RIGHTER

MELBOURNE – A woman in Victoria wrote to *The Age* newspaper complaining about "obscene" paintings on display in a local art gallery. She wrote: "You don't have to go to NSW to find unsavory art. I saw a woman's private parts, along with other mutilated organs, last weekend at a gallery in Olinda. What is happening to our Dandenongs?"

BLOW JOBS

NAIROBI – Kenyan politicians have attacked a Bill which would forbid men to beat their wives and give women the right to decide if their husbands could take a second wife. One member said it was thoroughly African to teach women manners by beating them. Women occasionally were rude and needed to be taught manners.

FINE IDEA

PERTH – Motorists in Western Australia and Queensland can beat parking fines by naming children under seven as the registered owners of their cars. The loophole came to light when a British shopkeeper escaped $700 in parking fines because he had registered his car in the name of his six-year-old son. A check has shown that the same loophole exists in the two Australian States, but Acts in other States make it impossible.

LOOKING BACK

MELBOURNE – A visiting English sex therapist says that sex often begins in a back seat but after marriage takes a back seat. Professor Derek Jehu claims most people are prepared to put up with sexual boredom if most other things in the marriage are working. He says only about one percent of married people have sex once a day, about eight percent have it two or three times a month and the rest are quite happy with the great in-between. And in spite of current sophistication Professor Jehu says 40 to 50 percent of people feel guilty about masturbation.

SOCK IN THE EYE

LONDON – Professional soccer players use less energy than the average office worker who plays sport in his leisure time, says a British sports scientist. He says soccer players use 10 percent less energy than miners and less than half that of Olympic athletes in training. Dr Vaughan Thomas says professional soccer falls into the category of a sedentary occupation. A study over eight years showed that 19½ hours of a soccer player's day were spent sitting or lying down; almost 10½ of them were spent in bed.

WHEELER DEALER

MELBOURNE – Mornington Peninsula police were seeking a saucy teenager who had been letting it all hang out on his skateboard. A woman told them that as she was walking through a car park the youth zoomed past on his board. As he drew level he dropped his shorts and exposed himself. He then pulled up his shorts and skated away.

SPARE THE ROD

SYDNEY – In a move to stem the increasing incidence of assault and homosexual rape of young prisoners at Sydney's Long Bay and Parramatta jails, New South Wales courts now have the power to send young prisoners to low security institutions. The chairman of the State's Corrective Services Commission, Dr Tony Vinson, said the plan was designed to spare young and short-term offenders the often brutalising influence of maximum security prisons. He said little could be said for a scheme in which, over an eight-month period, more than 800 prisoners had served sentences of seven days or less in a maximum security jail.

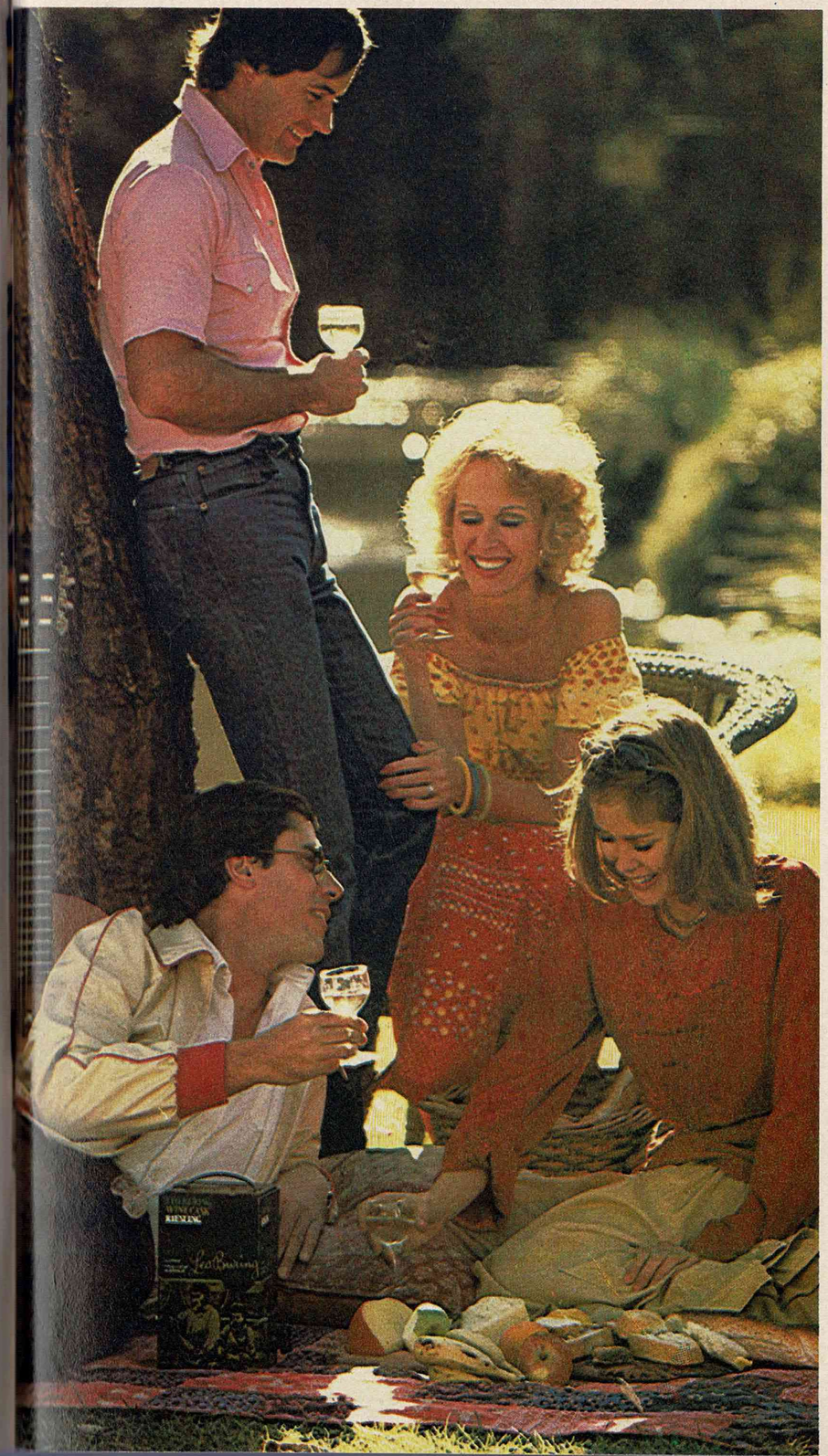
CHEAP LABOR

ROME – Italian mothers are pressing for the abolition of the infamous Altamura market, in southern Italy, where on one day a year nearly 1000 boys are sold into virtual slavery. Ostensibly an agricultural labor exchange, the market masks illegal traffic in boys aged from eight to 14, brought by their poor parents supposedly to work on farms. However, many of the boys end up working in factories.

SLICK DRIVERS

SYDNEY – Police disclosed how teenagers had been spraying the rear tyres of their cars with oil for thrill-seeking acceleration tests. The practice came to light when a 19-year-old was fined $750 for racing out of a restaurant parking lot and slewing across six lanes of Parramatta Road, reputedly the busiest highway in Australia. The youngster fishtailed across three lanes of traffic, crossed the centre line and almost hit the kerb on the opposite side of the road before crossing back to the correct side. He was fined for having too much alcohol in his blood.

Leo Buring goes to all the best picnics.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

After reading your article on stress (PLAYBOY, May) I have decided to write for advice. Some time ago I had an affair with a married man. My husband was very good about it as he believes I've got a right to decide for myself what I do. We are very close and have been married for nine years. My husband has never had another woman and now he would like to go to bed with a girlfriend of ours but, as she is bi-sexual, he wants me to join them. I am quite happy to have him enjoy himself, but cannot bring myself to join in as I don't have any sexual urges towards women. My husband is not demanding that I do, but he says he'd like to share the experience with me instead of going it alone. We have a very good sexual relationship, but I feel he needs a little more excitement as his job carries a fair bit of pressure in the way of responsibility. Do you think I should go through with it to please him? – J. S., Queensland.

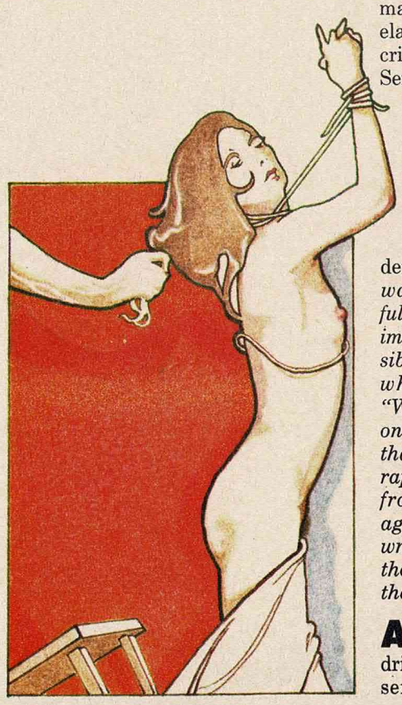
Only you can decide whether to do something you don't want to do just to please someone else. It depends on how you feel about yourself and about the person who wants you to do it. It might be good, if you are a timid person, to practise saying "no". On the other hand you might feel no harm would come from taking a first session of three-way frolic calmly and seeing how you like it. Then it will be easy to decide whether you want more sessions. You'll be foolish to go ahead just because you feel guilty about your own extra-marital indulgence. Your husband has forgiven you and the account is closed. You owe him nothing. Anyway, two affairs don't make a marriage right. By aiding and abetting your husband and his bi-sexual girlfriend, you may just be bringing the end of your marriage much closer.

That article to which you refer, Maurice Whitta's How Stress Can Make You Kinky, doesn't hint that off-beat sex is a good way to deal with work stresses. Kinky ways don't ease the stresses and can spoil sex. Sex is too good to be used for ulterior purposes. Enjoy it for itself. There are better ways for your husband to deal with his work stresses if he feels the need. He could, for instance, seek the advice of a psychologist working for a management consulting firm.

Thanks for the article on how to buy a second-hand camera (PLAYBOY, August). Now that I have purchased a good second-hand camera perhaps you could be of further assistance and tell me how to take nude photographs as good as the ones that appear in your magazine. – P. P., Victoria.

There is no simple formula, so you'll have to experiment. It may take time. Bob Guccione's been trying to learn our secrets for years, and he's not even close. Filters are only the beginning. Diffusion, or "fog", filters come in varying strengths – they soften skin tones and break up hard lines. (We like soft looking girls). At a pinch, you can stretch a piece of nylon stocking over your lens. One photographer suggests using petroleum jelly, and we reckon he was talking about his camera equipment. If you do use the stuff, or a gel, smear it on a filter, not on the lens. The other major variable is lighting. Direct lighting produces hard lines and harsh, flat surfaces. Try bouncing the light off a reflecting umbrella, a piece of cardboard or a white wall, or place the lights behind a diffusing screen, such as a sheet or, on a smaller scale, a handkerchief. So much for technicalities. For best effect, the girl herself needs to feel relaxed and look at ease. If she's the lady love of your life, chances are she'll be as calm as a millpond. If not, keep the conversation flowing, the music rhythmic and the vibrations up, up and away.

I'm what one might call a fanatic as far as tattoos are concerned, and I was wondering if perhaps you could supply me with the titles of books which deal with the history and some of the finer points of this fascinating art. Our prison library doesn't carry any books on this subject and I would appreciate any information you are able to give me. – A. B., NSW.

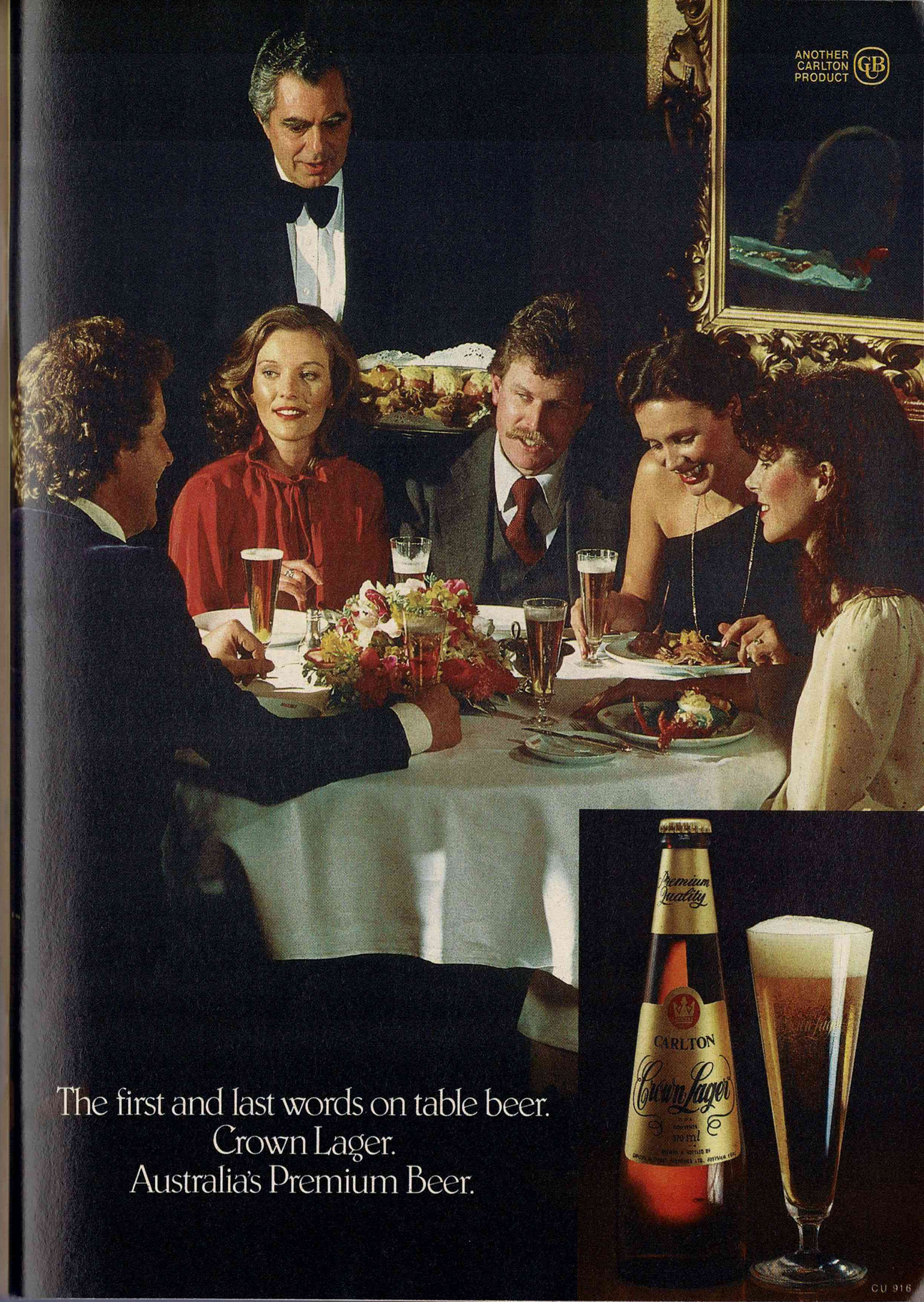


How's about this book title for a mouthful: The History of Tattooing And Its Significance With Some Account Of Other Forms of Corporal Marking. *Written by Wilfrid Dyson Hambly and published in London by Witherby in 1925, it is no longer on sale in bookshops, but should be available to you through the extension service of the State Library of New South Wales in Sydney. Your librarian should also be able to arrange a loan of* Skin Deep; The Mystery of Tattooing, *by Ronald W. Scutt and C. Gotch.*

On a number of occasions, when young ladies have acquainted me with their innermost thoughts, they have told me a rather bizarre but recurring fantasy: the wish to undergo a mock rape, complete with violence and even with one or two requests for a burglar-style break-in. While I am no weirdo, I am not averse to novel methods of obtaining variety in sex. Is it just that I happen to have stumbled across a disproportionate number of such women, or is this rape fantasy common to many? It embarrasses me because an elaborate ritual along the lines described is not really my style. – Public Servant, ACT.

No need to sidle up to a hardware store counter and ask for a crowbar. At least not just yet. American author Nancy Friday, who surveyed the sexual fantasies of hundreds of women for her best-selling book My Secret Garden, *reckons that rape fantasies in no way reflect any suppressed wish-fulfilment in reality. Rather, they are imaginary means of avoiding responsibility by orchestrating the scenario while not being the aggressor. "Women whose fantasy life is focused on the rape theme invariably insist that they have no real desire to be raped and would in fact run a mile from anyone who raised a finger against them, and I believe them," she writes. "The message isn't in the plot – the old hackneyed rape story – but in the emotions that story releases."*

A friend of mine recently acquired her driver's licence and was intrigued by a series of lower-case (small) letters



Florsheim and fancy free.

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typed on it after the expiry date. We examined a few other licences and they all had similar notations, though the letters were different in most cases. Nobody we know can suggest what the letters are for. Can you help? – M. A. S., Victoria.

We'd like to be able to expose an insidious Big Brother-type operation through which the government labels drivers (e.g. letters "cdt" stand for communist drug taker), but unfortunately the offending initials are merely those of the typist. The idea, also used by motor registries in other States, is that blame for mistakes can be apportioned fairly.

During our regular after-work session at the pub, my mates and I overheard some loudmouth raving about his ability to sink "Purple Flyers". Rather than confess our ignorance we let it pass, but none of us has been able to find out anything about this presumably intoxicating concoction. Can you shed any light? – J. S., NSW.

We sure can. In fact we have reason to believe that the loudmouth in question is on our staff. Purple Flyers are flaming shots of Southern Comfort poured into the mouth from a great height. Well, as high as the drinker dares. According to our information the current Australian record (set in April, 1975, at the Torquay Hotel in Victoria) stands at nine full shots poured at arm's length in slightly less than two minutes. Since this imbecilic feat, half-witted challengers have suffered severe facial burns, singed beards and blackouts. But the record remains and still the mugs line up. Tryers should note that the shot is disallowed if the flame goes out before reaching the mouth.

A mate and I (we're both television cameramen) have dabbled in erotic home movies for some time. Our efforts have been well received and we feel it's time we hit the Big Time. We'd like to produce an Australian version of *Emanuelle* or *The Story of O;* you know, something with a bit of class but horny all the same. This project is beyond our current financial means and we'd like a backer. I know the Australian Film Commission helped out with the Bazza films and the Alvin Purple series, but are they broad-minded enough to come at this project? – A. R., Queensland.

The short answer is probably not, but we suggest you give it a try anyway. The Australian Film Commission recently helped finance a semi-erotic film called Felicity, *and keeps an open mind about "carefully commercial sexploitation". But R-rated films are out. An AFC spokesman told us: "If the film-maker could convince us his project would rate a general release, and wouldn't embarrass the taxpayers, we might be interested."*

I'm a 30-year-old married guy with better than average looks and body but with a personality problem. I'm an introvert who doesn't necessarily want to be an extrovert, but I would like to be more outgoing and less inhibited on social occasions and even in daily activities. I'm thinking that perhaps hypnotherapy might help, but know nothing about it or its limitations. What can you tell me about this treatment? – M. W., Queensland.

Being on the introverted side is just as normal as being extroverted. And important, too. Most of the creating and thinking our brave new world needs is done by introverts. But, as you understand, there's no reason to be over-inhibited. An introvert needs people less than the extrovert who scrambles up the wall if left alone for half an hour. But he can be just as much at ease in dealing with people as any extrovert. For good results in enjoying those better than average looks, body and insight, your best bet might be to go through a course in a transactional analysis group. Hypnotherapy is a contentious form of treatment. Our medical advisers tell us it is unlikely to have a lasting effect with a problem like yours.

The Forum Sex Poll response (PLAYBOY, June) has made me think about my own situation. I agree entirely about what was said, and confess my ignorance of oral sex. I, and many of my friends, weren't told anything about sex as it was taboo, and have learned through listening, trial and error. I'm normally a quiet person and easily embarrassed, especially with anything to do with sex, but would love to be otherwise. I'm 19 and have lived with my boyfriend, who is 36, for five months. In that time I have been the one to start most intercourse which usually lasts 10 minutes before he falls asleep on top of me. About that time I'm raring to go. I can't talk to him about it without becoming terribly embarrassed and crying my eyes out, which usually stops me from talking. Could you please tell me what I should do? I don't want to hurt his feelings, but I must do something before I go out of my mind for lack of sex. Perhaps he doesn't need me as much as I need him because he's an old hand and I'm the beginner. – G. R., NSW.

Your sex problems are part of a wider personality problem. You lack the habits of assertiveness and calmness you need to talk to your boyfriend. Or, if you prefer, your troubles are part of a generally faulty relationship with your boyfriend. But we reckon you have the same troubles asserting yourself in other relationships, too. However you look at it, you haven't spoken to him and you need to. From what you say, you two have to make only a slight change in your love-making to give you the orgasms you lack. It could be as simple as longer foreplay. Try talking it over. Your fear of hurting your boyfriend's feelings by speaking up is natural but mistaken. Read Manuel Smith's When I Say No I Feel Guilty *and Bryna Taubman's* How To Become An Assertive Woman. *Both show you how to speak up to get pleasure from sex.*

I work with a stunning blonde secretary. She's got a figure that would drive the average Australian fellow

wild. My problem is that I'm infatuated with her. I want to make love to her, but when I put the situation to her, she feels it will upset our future relationship. As I have had two similar affairs, I know the event would enhance our friendship. Can you suggest some way I can find my way around her problem? – G. P., Queensland.

She doesn't have a problem. You *do, and it sounds very much like an enchanted ego. What makes you think a stunning blonde would leap into the cot before establishing a decent rapport? Sure, some girls do. This girl obviously doesn't, and trying to bully her into bed is not only selfish but crass. If she's in the mood for a little lovin', you'll know without having to discuss it. That time might come when she senses you want to make love* with *her, not* to *her. Meantime, try a little romancin' and keep those lustful thoughts for dreamtime. Otherwise it could turn into a nightmare.*

My problem is how to obtain records that are no longer on sale. Ten years ago I started collecting albums by Tony Joe White and I eventually got together an entire collection. However, over the years the discs have become either badly scratched or misplaced. While trying to buy replacements I've found they are no longer pressed in either Australia or the US. Would it be worth writing to his recording companies? I would also like to get some information on record maintenance. – D. W., Victoria.

Maybe ol' Tony Joe got nabbed by the same alligator that ripped off Amos Moses' arm because his records just aren't making the same impact they were five or 10 years ago. But one disc that is certain to prove a bonus for TJW fans is The Best of Tony Joe White *and the good news is that it is available in Australia through WEA. That is his only current catalogue listing. For other TJW efforts, try your local import or second-hand record stores. On the matter of record maintenance, always store records in an upright position, add a dusting arm to your turntable kit and give your discs the occasional wipe with an anti-static cloth. Make sure you return them to their inner plastic sleeves after use and never leave them near heat or in strong sunlight; especially if they're Tony Joe White albums.*

I have heard that Swiss banks never disclose the identities of account holders, even to the authorities. Is it true, then, that one can have money transferred from any country to an account in Switzerland without the police forces of either country being able to trace the money? Are there any other countries in the world which have similar secret banking procedures? – B. G., NSW.

Swiss banking secrecy is assured by the law, but no one can stash moolah away in Switzerland without fear of detection. Names and account details can be revealed by order of the Swiss High Court. As to transferring money there from abroad, Swiss banks respect the exchange control regulations of the country from which money is sent. In Australia, for example, the Reserve Bank permits an individual to transfer funds abroad up to a limit of $10,000 per year for foreign equity investment, but not for investment in a fixed interest account. The Swiss banker we talked to didn't know of any countries with the same banking procedures as Switzerland and he suggested ringing round all foreign banks. We'd like to help on that one – but there are more than a few foreign banks in Australia and just so many hours in a day.

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WINE

when there's a storm ahead any port will do, but century-old para rules the waves

PORT: A strong, sweet red wine. Thus the Oxford Dictionary encapsulates in the English language one of man's greatest gifts. The same tome demonstrates its mastery of understatement by defining love as fondness. So, dispassionately, it is probably right to say I have a fondness for strong, sweet red wine.

I also have a love for port – a base, heart-thumping lust that recognises few of the niceties and will not lie down until sated. There can be little doubt that port in most of its forms is a damned fine thing. The British, when they were top dogs, knew this. No gentleman's 18th or 19th century repast was complete until he had downed a bottle or two of Portugal's finest. In such esteem was this ambrosial beverage held that the British, in 1803, negotiated with Portugal the Methuen Treaty, giving them the pick of the Douro Valley's incomparable products. They continue to import large quantities from the headquarters of the trade, Oporto (from which the Poms, never having had much truck with foreign names, derived the nautically-reminiscent word port).

The paragon of Australian ports, 100-year-old Seppelt Para Liqueur, which has been sold for up to $4200 when offered at auction.

However, as the local gentry fell under the influence of port (the peasants were swilling gin), their counterparts in outposts of Empire felt keenly their deprivation. So, as soon as possible, they planted grapes with a view to bringing culture to the colonies through viticulture. Captain Arthur Phillip, our first Governor, was also our first grapegrower. He planted some red grape cuttings – probably cabernet sauvignon – from South America. His vintages do not rank in the history books beside Lafite and Latour, but it was a start.

James Busby, John and William MacArthur and Gregory Blaxland soon took up the challenge and, though it is not recorded when the first Australian port was made, Blaxland in 1822 shipped a quarter pipe of red wine fortified with brandy to London, where the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce awarded him a silver medal. He scored a gold a few years later, then left the wine scene to Busby and the MacArthurs.

The foundations for local port production, however, were securely laid. As a wine form, port must have been enormously attractive to Australia's embryonic viticultural industry simply because it doesn't readily go bad. There's a good reason for this.

A red table wine is made by allowing grape juice to ferment until all the sugar is converted to alcohol. In an age when technology hadn't been heard of and sterilisation was something you did to cats, this was a hit-miss procedure. The yeasts used in the ferment were naturally occurring and most unpredictable. Sometimes the ferment wouldn't start; others went too quickly, or stopped for reasons then unknown. The results: many unstable or spoiled, undrinkable wines. Port, on the other hand, is a stable, fortified wine. You start off the same way, by stoking up a ferment in the juice, usually a straightforward operation because there's plenty of sugar for the yeasts to get their teeth into. Then, when about half the sugar has been converted – that's when the problems start in table wines – you slosh in a quantity of distilled grape spirit.

This has a dramatic effect: the ferment stops because the yeasts die, natural sugar is retained, annoying micro-organisms are wiped out, and you are left with a non-spoiling, strong, palatable wine.

As viticulture spread through the colonies, the level of expertise grew. Making port became a pursuit in itself, rather than a way to avoid producing second-rate table wines. Astute vignerons began to realise that Australia, with its long, hot summers, had great potential for liqueur-style wines. Amazing degrees of ripeness could be obtained without completely sacrificing the grapes' essential balancing acids. The result: thick, heavy, luscious dessert wines of distinction. The industry was quick to adopt the European solera system, in which successive vintages are blended in order to combine the rich maturity of older wines with the lively freshness of young material. A little of the old stuff can go a long way, and the procedure enables ports of pleasing maturity and consistency to be offered year after year.

Occasionally, though, a very old single-vintage wine survives, either through accident (it's easy to lose a barrel or two in a big winery) or foresight. I tend to think it was the latter that brought about the frequently embarrassing phenomenon of the Australian port world – Seppelt Para Liqueur.

Last year the company distributed its first 100-year-old Para Port. Back in 1878, when the beautiful Seppeltsfield winery in the Barossa Valley was completed, someone put aside a 105-gallon puncheon of new port. Ten years later it was moved to a rack just under the iron roof, where it lay undisturbed until last year. The tradition carried on and, in July, I watched as slightly overawed cellar workers decanted the second of the ton-up Paras. It was hard not to laugh at the sight of this lovely old wine, nominally valued at $750,000, being siphoned through a couple of clear plastic hoses. What a home bottling!

And what a wine. Made from shiraz and grenache grapes, it probably started its life as a deep-colored, highly flavored blend. The spirit used to fortify it – the first distilled at Seppeltsfield – would have been rather fiery by today's standards. A century of lazy maturation has changed all that. Let's start with the color. The

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V567

lighter grenache would have faded fairly quickly, leaving the enduring shiraz to carry its hue through 100 summers. Gradual oxidation has turned the purple-red to a rich red-brown, a characteristic particularly noticeable around the edge of the glass. Throughout, the wine is the dark gold it has picked up from its American oak container. You're left with a distinct impression of golden velvet.

The bouquet is quite extraordinary. Apart from being extremely powerful – the wine is three-and-a-half times more concentrated than tawny port – there is a strong suggestion of caramel and coffee. This is because of the unrelenting interaction of fruit, wood and air, and is delightful.

At $2 a millilitre – say $10 a tiny sip – I was inclined to linger over the thick, dark liquid in my glass. The taste is singular. I have never had anything like it, though I have tried wines nearly as old. The enormous concentration hits you right between the taste buds. In fact, it's almost an essence. The fruit is amazingly intact, and imbued with a rich, full sweetness that lingers long after you've swallowed. It is interesting that, though the sugar level is high (14.75 Baumé), the acid is quite discernible, giving a delectable degree of balance. It's strong – 21 percent alcohol by volume (tawny ports are about 18 percent) – but unbelievably, unswervingly, smooth.

The staying power of Para is remarkable. After draining the dregs I took the glass with me. Two days later the bouquet was just as strong.

The '79 is, I am told by those lucky enough to have made the comparison, better than the '78. The younger wine is said to be sweeter, more luscious, and fortified with perceptibly better spirit. For most of us, though, the difference will remain academic. It is enough to say that any Australian liqueur tawny port style of this age will be, to the taster, a revelation. The '79 certainly left an indelible mark on my wine experience – I'll try never to wash with inferior wines the part of my palate that it touched.

It is exceptional that a 100-year-old wine should be on public sale in Australia. However, the very availability of Para throws up a plethora of problems. They began a few years ago, when bottles of single vintages (1922, '25, '27, '30, '33, '39, '44 and '47) released from time to time by Seppelt began to pop up at auctions. Madmen and collectors paid hundreds, then thousands of dollars for wines which had retailed at less than $10, and so Paramania was under way.

With the release of the 1878 vintage looming, the Seppelt company faced a dilemma: how much to charge? The figure agreed on was $1500 a bottle, well below the average auction price, but still the critics carped. Seppelt silenced them by donating 42 of the 475 bottles of 1878 Para to charity, then setting up the Seppelt Foundation, a charitable trust which gets a third of Para sales proceeds. The Foundation will begin to distribute largesse to suitable organisations as soon as the kitty is big enough to make it worthwhile. Forty bottles of '79 Para will be given to needy groups for fund-raising purposes.

In the meantime, Paramania continues. More than 100 bottles of the 1878 vintage are now in private hands. Some have been knocked down at auction for up to $4200. It is debatable whether the price will hold; but there's no doubt that the product will. For every year since 1878, there's a puncheon of Para. Its style has changed only fractionally over a century, taking advantage of new technology and softer fortifying spirit. So it's likely that the lucky few who taste the second centenary Para, made by Seppeltsfield winemaker Phillip John, will enjoy even greater lusciousness. With profound envy, from the grave I toast them! – TONY REES

"Somebody's wearing English Leather."

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Playboy Interview DAVID WILLIAMSON

a bit of a saint, a bit of a lecher, a barb-witted recorder of wild life in suburbia

THE view from David Williamson's garret, perched on a restored 100-year-old terrace in Sydney's Harborside suburb of Birchgrove, is disturbingly spectacular. The window wall frames Snail Bay and a scenic forest of ships and yachts. The viewing is more compelling than Roots. *But in spite of the distraction of the changing moods of the Harbor, this is the room in which Australia's foremost playwright takes communion with the muse and, as ever, they are on the very best of terms.*

The ideas from which the most successful string of plays in the history of Australian drama have stemmed are flowing as freely in Birchgrove as they did in Williamson's former mud-brick-and-telegraph-poles home in Diamond Creek, on the outskirts of Melbourne. Maybe more freely. Williamson found that the accumulated misery of 36 Victorian winters was beginning to seep into his bones, if not his satire. He decided to cut his Melbourne ties last autumn and cross the northern State line.

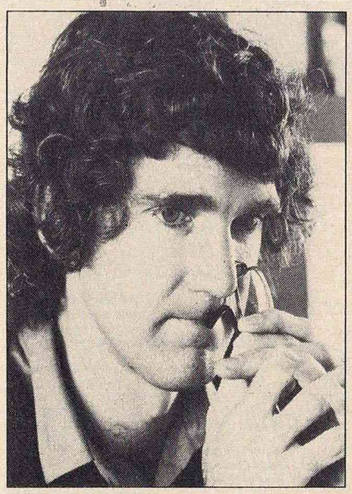
His move to Sydney allowed him to share the production growing pains before the premiere of his latest play, Travelling North, *with Nimrod director, old mate and mentor, John Bell. But most important Williamson found Sydney offered him the opportunity to write without the preoccupation of trying to keep warm. Not that he is distracted easily from his work. He confesses he is addicted to writing, to taking characters out of his mind's eye and using words, situations and nuances to work them into three-dimensional people into which actors and actresses can breathe life.*

Williamson would like to spend 15 hours a day at his desk. There are ideas enough to sustain such an effort. But as a husband pledged to sharing the domestic and parental duties with his second wife Kristin, a freelance journalist, Williamson cannot afford the luxury of such a long, creative day. Instead, his working day begins only after he has delivered two-year-old Rory, their youngest son, to the local crèche. It ends in mid-afternoon when it is time to pick up the youngest Williamson. Working to that kind of schedule he can produce the first draft of a play in three or four weeks. The honing, polishing and sharpening know no time limit.

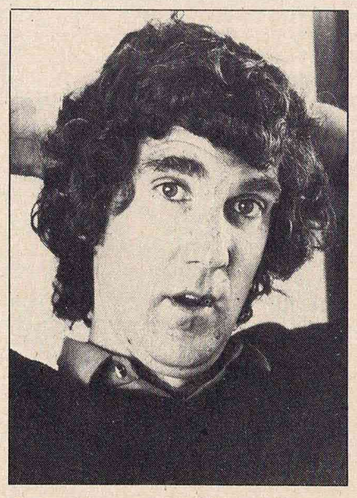
At that disciplined, if leisurely, pace Williamson can afford to keep himself in the rarefied style reserved for a handful of full-time Australian writers. As a person who admits whimsically that he earns "as much as a general practitioner but not as much as a dentist", Williamson certainly lives at the top end of the Australian middle class at which most of his literary barbs are aimed.

The comparative security and comfort of his redecorated home in the trendy sandstock terraceland of Balmain-Birchgrove has ushered in a new era in the lifestyle of David Williamson — if not a new period in his work. He would resist the notion, but setting up home among the nouveau bourgeoisie on Sydney's harborside represents almost the rounding of Williamson. The neighborhood certainly is in dramatic contrast to the tranquillity of living in a rambling home set in hectares of Diamond Creek bushland. In turn, that was quite different from the inner Melbourne suburb of Carlton which, Williamson says, he fled partly to escape the Celtic Mafia. There is a touch of irony in the fact that his life has turned almost full circle back to his solid family background as son of a banker in the town of Bairnsdale.

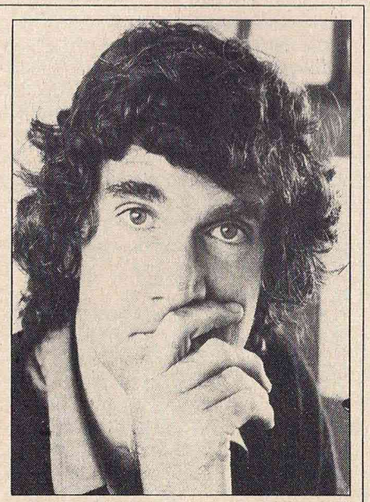
Acclaim in the Australian, English and, to a lesser extent, the Broadway theatre, where The Club *was a $40,000 a week box office success but $40,000 a week short of being a hit, has tempered the aggressiveness with which Williamson once defended his talent and his craft. There were times when he felt compelled to invite dinner table tormentors outside to settle their differences in the celebrated Australian*



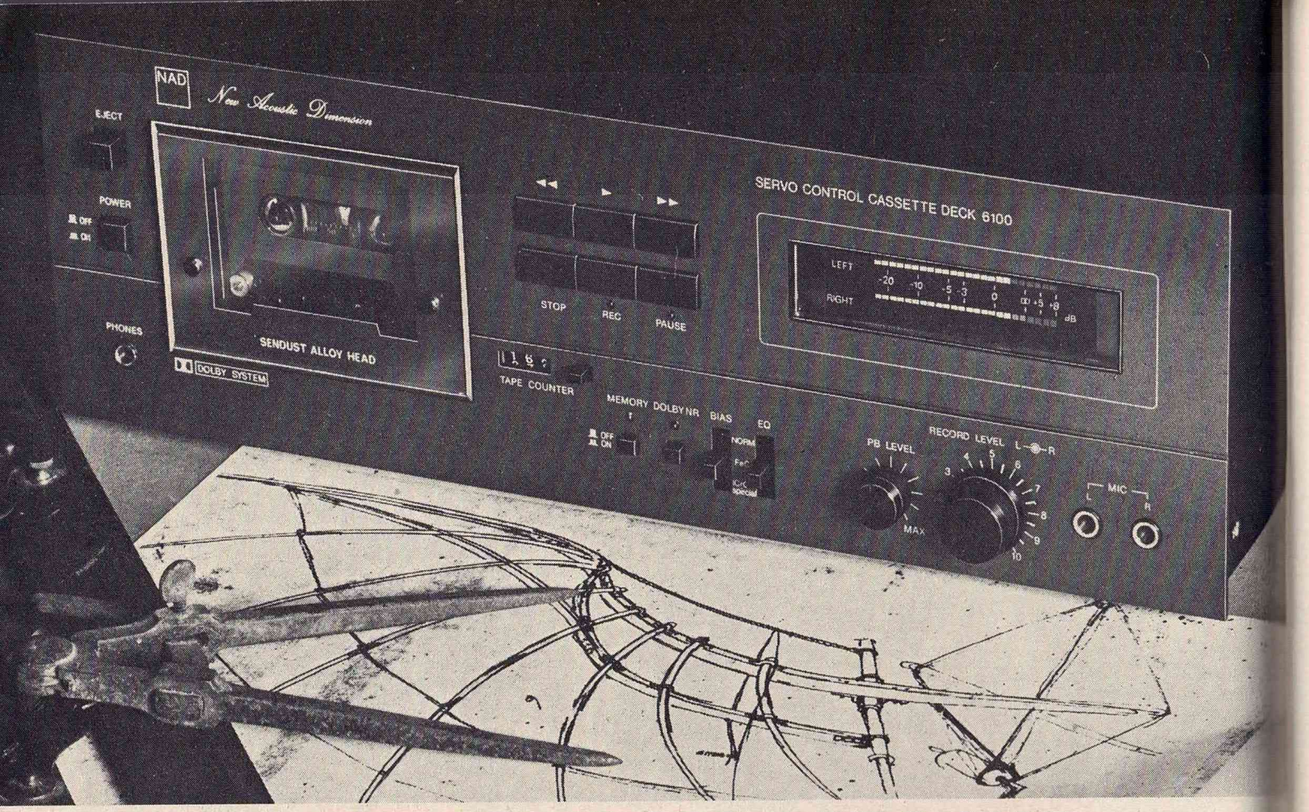
"When I was young I assumed that there was no difference between male and female sexuality. I just assumed that everyone wanted to get together and have a good time."



"The writers, the film-makers, the musicians and the artists are the people who finally give a country its self esteem, but they are foreigners in their own country in Australia."



"People have said to me they don't like to talk about themselves too much. On the other hand you get the types who insist they would be wonderful in a play. They're nearly always men."



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N4664

tradition. Williamson, however, had only to uncoil his 200cm frame to ensure that his gauntlet lay untouched.

Williamson is aware that the knockers are still out there awaiting the chance to bait him, but today he avoids confrontation. The man who once delighted in going out and mixing socially has withdrawn into a circle of close friends. But nothing, neither the changing environment nor the entrenched Australian inferiority complex that engenders such widespread resentment of success, has eroded Williamson's confidence. Nor the intensity with which he pursues his oft-criticised adherence to realism. He still believes, as he did when he prosecuted his conviction with the blue-hued dialogue of Don's Party *in the censorial days of the early '70s, that if sex, warts and radicalism are germane to his theme and his characters, then he has to be true to his chosen art form.*

PLAYBOY *interviewer* ***Russell Deiley*** *confirms that Williamson continues to run with the pacesetters in the artistic revolution that promises an endemic Australian culture. "Williamson makes no apology for his words or his ambivalent attitude toward Australia and Australians. He loves and hates in equal measure. Although he is a man very much concerned about the future of Australian society, you sense that his hopes are still linked to the promise of early Whitlamism.*

"He cannot, for example, conceal his contempt for the current obsession among influential sections of the Australian film industry for making movies tailored so blatantly to the American market. Many will disagree with Williamson's convictions and opinions, but he is a man who has never pretended to be agreeable."

PLAYBOY: *Don's Party* is said to have followed closely a party you once hosted. Do you identify with Don?

WILLIAMSON: I might have said that once in a moment when I was tending to over-dramatise myself. Perhaps Don was involved in the sort of parties I'd been around for years. I suppose I did identify with Don in a sense but, like most writers, I tend to find aspects of myself in most of my characters.

PLAYBOY: Are you as staunch a Labor supporter as Don?

WILLIAMSON: Don's trouble was that he wasn't that staunch. He barracked for the Labor Party in the same way that he barracked for a football team, but he didn't do anything more practical than hand out a few how-to-vote cards. He wasn't really committed to increasing social justice.

PLAYBOY: Are you committed?

WILLIAMSON: At that time, in 1969, I lived very much like Don. I handed out a few cards. These days I am not even a branch member. Now that I've moved to Sydney I should join a branch, but I can't claim that I'm right at the core of political activism.

PLAYBOY: Were the parties on which you based the play as wild as Don's?

WILLIAMSON: Yes. The late '60s was a strange time because the permissiveness that had emerged over the previous 10 years in California had just hit Australia. It was a time when all the old Victorian sexual taboos were being dropped happily and Australians received the concepts of wife-swapping and swinging with goggle-eyed enthusiasm. There was a determined effort to be permissive at parties. The permissiveness was almost forced because it was thought that was what the rest of the world was doing. Recognition had not filtered through that problems of insecurity and jealousy were not going to be solved overnight.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take Australians to wake up to the problems associated with permissive behavior?

"A writer has to be aware of his own shortcomings because they are going to come out in his characters."

WILLIAMSON: Not long at all. By the early '70s the simplistic notion that we could give free rein to our sexual impulses had disappeared in the light of numerous marriage breakdowns, traumas and the realisation that sexual freedom wasn't all that desirable.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any personally sobering experiences?

WILLIAMSON: My first marriage broke up in the early '70s, but not as a result of wife-swapping. The breakdown had to do with general incompatibility of lifestyles and other complex problems. I think my fairly sardonic attitude to the permissive phase was reflected in the play. The women's movement, too, had taken a strong hold by the early '70s. The women pointed out that permissiveness was a method of exploitation by males who contrived to make women who were not sexually permissive feel guilty. The women's movement managed to establish very quickly that permissiveness was a male device suited for predatory males.

PLAYBOY: Did you sympathise with the women's attitude?

WILLIAMSON: The difference between male and female sexuality always puzzled me as I grew up. Why was it that men were happy about the idea of going to bed with a variety of attractive women, but women didn't seem to want the same frequency and variety of partners? When I was young I assumed that there was no difference between male and female sexuality. I just assumed that everyone wanted to get together and have a good time. But the whole thing became more complex as I grew older and I am still not sure of the essential differences between male and female sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Are women getting a better deal today in the sexuality stakes?

WILLIAMSON: Women themselves seem divided on that one. Radical lesbians say that men are anathema. They encourage women to stay away from men and to get full sexual satisfaction among themselves. I suppose that's one solution. The women's movement itself is confused about female sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Are you a latent lecher?

WILLIAMSON: There's a latent lecher in quite a lot of men. Most men – and this applies certainly to some of my characters – lust after a variety of women. I admit I don't know what I'm expected to do as a man. That I respond to an attractive woman doesn't mean necessarily I want to go to bed with her. I'm confused about what we are supposed to do, but obviously we are not supposed to be lechers in the late '70s. I don't believe that the impulse to be interested in an attractive woman is a totally conditioned one, as one section of the women's movement would have us believe – that the decadent western society has exploited sex and made women sex objects to be lusted after by men. If men hadn't always found women attractive the species wouldn't still be with us.

PLAYBOY: So the real David Williamson has not appeared on stage in any one of his characters?

WILLIAMSON: I identify with many of them. A writer tends to pile certain aspects of himself on to characters. The lecher in me has been landed well and truly on some poor, unfortunate characters in my plays. Mind you, I have known worse lechers than I've been – at least I hope I have. There's a bit of saint, a bit of lecher and a bit of everything in most of us.

PLAYBOY: Do you try consciously to be honest when you are using part of yourself in a character?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, yes. A writer has to be aware of his own shortcomings because they are going to come out in his characters and he had better be aware of them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that *The Removalists* was an adaptation of a story told

to you while you rode in the cabin of a removal van?

WILLIAMSON: I was moving from one Melbourne house to another. I was helping the carrier in order to save money. He told me the story with great relish. To him it was a great day, a really entertaining day in his life, when two young birds recruited a couple of policemen to strongarm their husbands. The removalist's attitude really interested me. He didn't see anything wrong about the police using their authority in a questionable sort of way. He felt that the husband was a cheeky bastard and deserved a thump. The police didn't kill the husband in the real story. They just roughed him up a bit.

PLAYBOY: Does that play reflect truly your view of the police in Australian States?

WILLIAMSON: No, it doesn't. Half my relatives are policemen and I know their attitudes fairly well. My uncle and my cousin are policemen and so was my grandfather. They're not monsters. I don't think that the two policemen in the play are monsters. They are fairly limited men who get into situations by their male posturing, by being tough studs. The play is a tragic comedy of errors, a black comedy. It is not really a statement about how bad our police force is. It is a statement about how our egos and male pride can lead us into irretrievable situations.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that the play became a set study book for police cadets?

WILLIAMSON: I think the police and their lecturers took an enlightened attitude to the play: this is how not to handle a delicate domestic situation.

PLAYBOY: Your plays, particularly the early plays, mirror an obsession with a quick tumble in the sack. Are Australian men led by the phallus?

WILLIAMSON: They are prone to seize any sexual opportunity that presents itself. Kenny Carter says that in *The Removalists.* The one great bit of philosophical wisdom handed down to him in school was: "Never knock back a root, Kenny boy, because you might get hit by a train tomorrow." That was handed down to me at school. It is a very Australian thing.

PLAYBOY: Did you blindly follow that schoolboy advice?

WILLIAMSON: I thought it was very sound advice. The sexual experience was something we had never had at 16. It was said to be the most fantastic, transporting and amazing thing that could happen to you. Our big fear was that it would never happen to us because we were pimply and gawky adolescents. Because we feared the experience might never come, we knew we had to be bloody well prepared to jump in quickly when the opportunity became available.

PLAYBOY: What age were you when the opportunity presented itself?

WILLIAMSON: I was about 19 before the lucky day arrived, but there was no conception that it was part of a relationship or something delicate.

PLAYBOY: Were you transported?

WILLIAMSON: The first were back-seat car experiences. With my long legs and feet sticking out the window of a Ford Prefect. They didn't quite live up to my mythological expectations.

PLAYBOY: Are you an addicted writer?

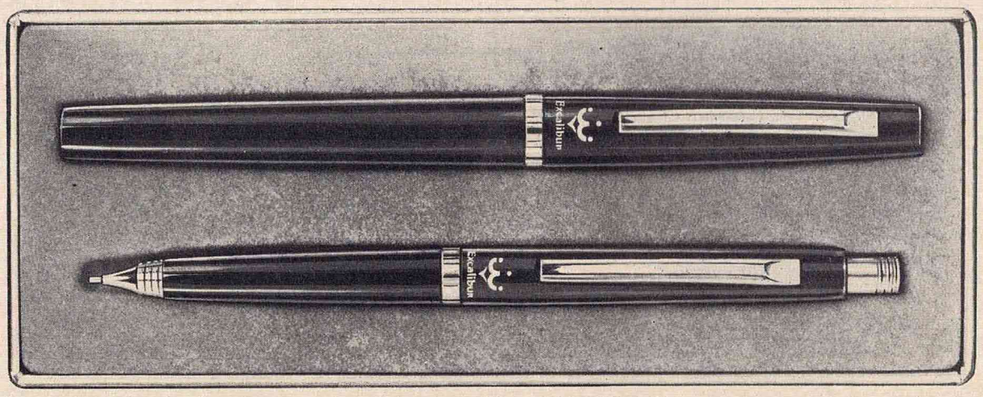
WILLIAMSON: Yes, I certainly like the business and challenge of writing. I don't like to be too long away from my desk. I've always got ideas. But a lot of them are bad ideas which have to be discarded. There's a lot of wastage.

PLAYBOY: Do you have brainstorms in the middle of the night?

WILLIAMSON: Very rarely. I have a fairly ordered family routine. When you have a family, spontaneity is a joke, and you work when the hours are available.

PLAYBOY: Do you need environmental or mood stimulation?

WILLIAMSON: You can't afford to sit up here in a room like this and write all your life. You must have an active social life so that your brain doesn't



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clog up. I see a lot of films, a lot of plays, I talk to a lot of people. There is a constant tension between the obsession to write and the normal desire to get out and socialise.

PLAYBOY: Your study is airy, spacious and has a marvellous view. Is it easy to write in this room?

WILLIAMSON: It is the first time I've had anything like this. I've not long been here but I'm confident it will make a difference. I've actually got a room where I can write. In Melbourne I did have a room but I could never use it because it was so bloody cold all the time. We had a lovely house in Melbourne. It was designed and built by Alistair Knox. It was all mud bricks and telegraph poles, open fireplaces and pot-bellied stoves. But Melbourne has an eight-month winter and four months of blinding heat. I couldn't work in my annex in the winter or in the summer.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that climate is so important to you that it was the main reason for your move to Sydney?

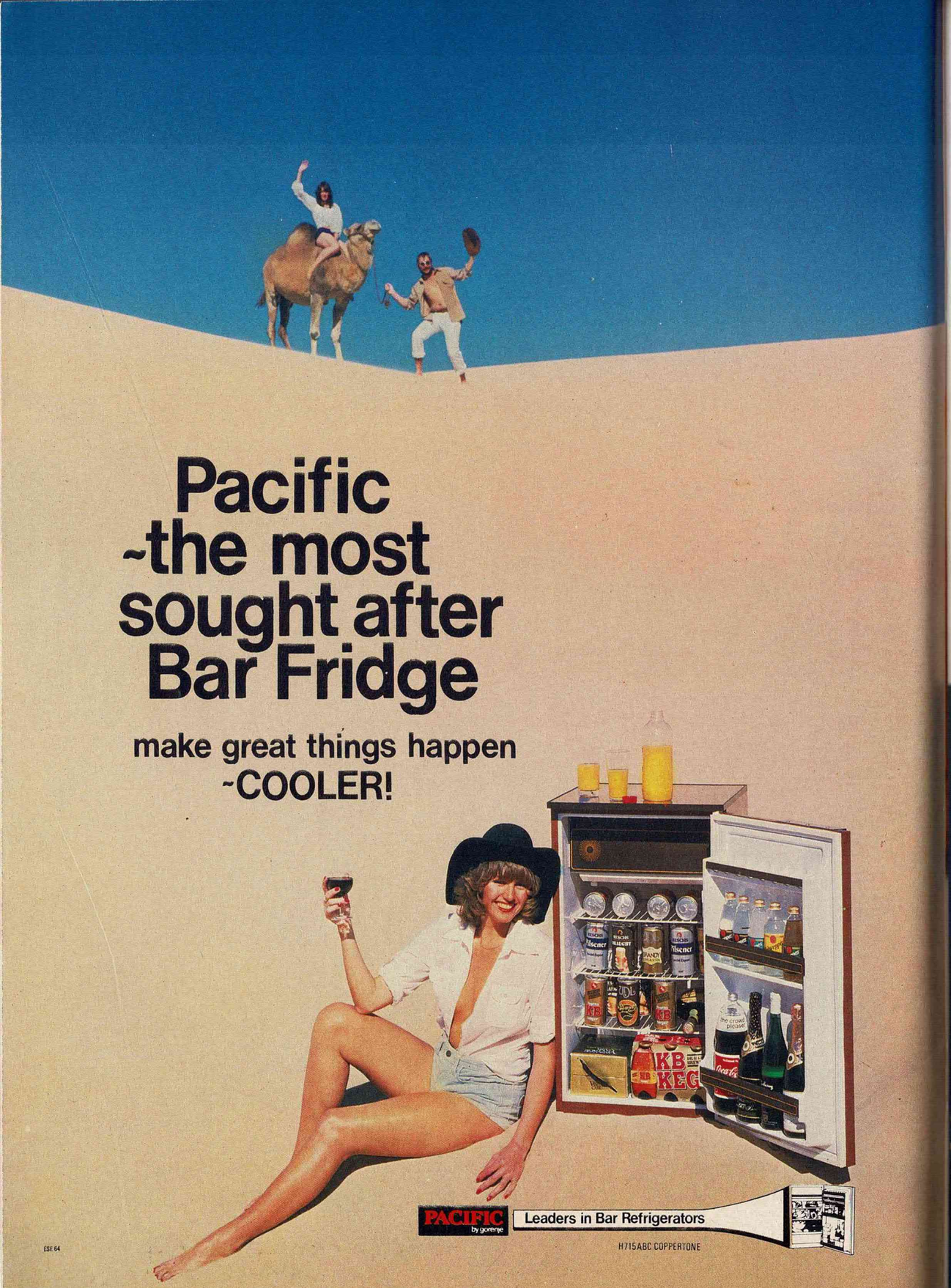
WILLIAMSON: It was the basic reason for my move to Sydney. I didn't move because Sydney is the throbbing centre of the arts. I tend to get colds and sore throats and things like that and the Melbourne winters in a mud house got a bit rugged for me. The Sydney winter is not as severe and it is also more pleasing to walk up the verandah and see the Harbor, the water and subtropical plants in bloom. Sydney is more beautiful and exotic. I don't know if Sydney will help my writing. Sydney is more hedonistic, a more materialistic city than Melbourne. Because my writing has a satirical edge, maybe some of Sydney will rub off on me.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to discipline yourself to sit down to write?

WILLIAMSON: No, I enjoy it too much. I write for about six hours a day. I'd like to spend 12 or 15 hours at a stretch at my desk and sometimes I get irritated and frustrated that I can't spend more time writing. But both Kristin and I have family responsibilities and I know that to work longer will throw an inordinate load on her. She regards her work as a freelance journalist as being as important as mine and she doesn't see why she should bear the brunt of looking after the house and the three children. We have a continuing debate about the division of responsibilities. Both of us are always terribly guilty because we feel we're not good parents, for not taking the boys fishing or to junior football. We are forever agonising about being bad parents.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to go through a period of rejection as a young writer?

WILLIAMSON: No, I was very fortunate. After *The Removalists* and *Don's Party* were done in Melbourne and Sydney my career really took off. I can't claim I was trudging around trying to interest someone in a manuscript. Strangely, however, I had to push *Don's Party*. Even after they had done *The Removalists* and it had worked, *Don's Party* lay around for about a year. No one wanted to touch it. I think the theatres in Melbourne and Sydney were scared of it because it had so much bad language. But it was totally truthful. When I sat down and wrote *Don's Party* I knew I had to write what was going on and that I had to write how people spoke at that time. When I'd finished I knew there was not one swear word too few or too many. Swearing in the late '60s was, in a way, a middle class affectation. It was trendy for certain sections of the Melbourne middle class to imitate ocker mannerisms. It wasn't really a deep-rooted part of the lifestyle as it was with the driver whose cab I rode in the other day. He punctuated every sentence with "fuck". But he was totally genuine. It was part of his speech pattern. But it is something that a lot of very polite, middle-class Australians want to forget about. So for middle-class Australians to see their peers swearing on stage caused a lot of outrage. When I wrote *Don's*



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Party I didn't anticipate the flak. The theatre is a middle-class institution in Australia and once you put middle-class Australians on stage swearing – even though they are only swearing as part of a trendy style – you stir up some enormous shock waves. What I'm saying in a long-winded way is that the language held back *Don's Party.*

PLAYBOY: Have you always been confident about the quality and tenor of your work?

WILLIAMSON: I must admit I was surprisingly confident right from the start. After being involved with university reviews I saw the sort of plays which were being done in the middle '60s and I got angry. I said: "I can do better than that." That was the impetus. It was uncharacteristic of me because I'm not usually arrogant. I was fairly sure *The Removalists* was a powerful play and that *Don's Party* was very well constructed. I wasn't enormously surprised when they worked on stage.

PLAYBOY: You have constantly criticised Australia's failure to encourage potentially great writers. Who are these potentially great writers?

WILLIAMSON: I was talking in the broadest sense. I meant artists in any sphere of creativity. There is still a deep-rooted sense of inadequacy in the creative areas in Australia because we are still a colonial culture. We still haven't realised that we are a country in our own right. We haven't the amazing self-confidence of the Americans. Americans admit that they have a few problems, but they also believe their country is the greatest on earth. Australians spend most of their time denigrating everything about their country, about their artists and about their art. All this places peculiar pressures on Australian writers and artists. The writer feels continually that he has to justify himself, to talk about the reviews he got in London or New York. You can easily get into a paranoid spiral about your own worth in Australia whereas most other countries take it for granted that there'll be functional writers, musicians and composers who are accepted as an integral part of their society. I still get a qualm when I put my occupation on all those bloody forms I've got to fill out. I think: Gee, I'm being a bit arrogant to put playwright or writer. Australia is not supposed to have them. We have our splendid fighters who went to Gallipoli and our sportsmen, but it is a bit presumptuous for a tinpot colonial culture to claim it has writers and dramatists.

PLAYBOY: How should the arts be encouraged in Australia?

WILLIAMSON: By a Muhammad Ali trick. I think you have to be self-assertive and punch people in the head when they say you are not a writer. I got into some terrible dinner party fights in Melbourne with people who set me up to get me. I'd go along and some bugger would start saying that all Australian writers were shithouse and the ones who wrote four-letter words were the worst. I would respond by saying: "Come outside and I'll knock your head off." I stopped going to dinner parties except with close friends because I couldn't sit there and take that. I don't want to sit at a table and invite someone to read the reviews I got in London or New York. It's a load of shit. How would a surgeon react if some stranger came up to him at dinner and said: "Listen, you really stuffed up your last three operations, didn't you? I've heard that you're the most fumble-fingered surgeon in Sydney." It is so easy to become overly defensive about the role of the artist in Australia because we're so basically lacking in self esteem. We're still suffering from a cultural cringe. I get angry on occasions. If somebody doesn't like my work, I prefer not to hear what he says.

PLAYBOY: What encouraging influences are you able to wield as a member of the Australia Council?

WILLIAMSON: I supported the concept of

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Mind you it's not exactly legal, so the local boyo's began lacing their pipe tobacco with the stuff.

And when they play Oh Danny Boy the pipes, the pipes are calling, you can be sure it's the Irish Mead inside they're talkin' about.

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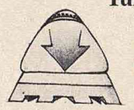

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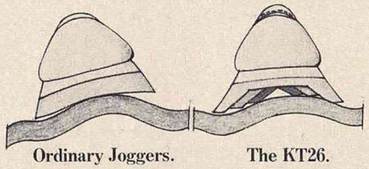
This results in a compensatory action which springs the runner forward. This action is called kinetic response.

Helping you on corners.

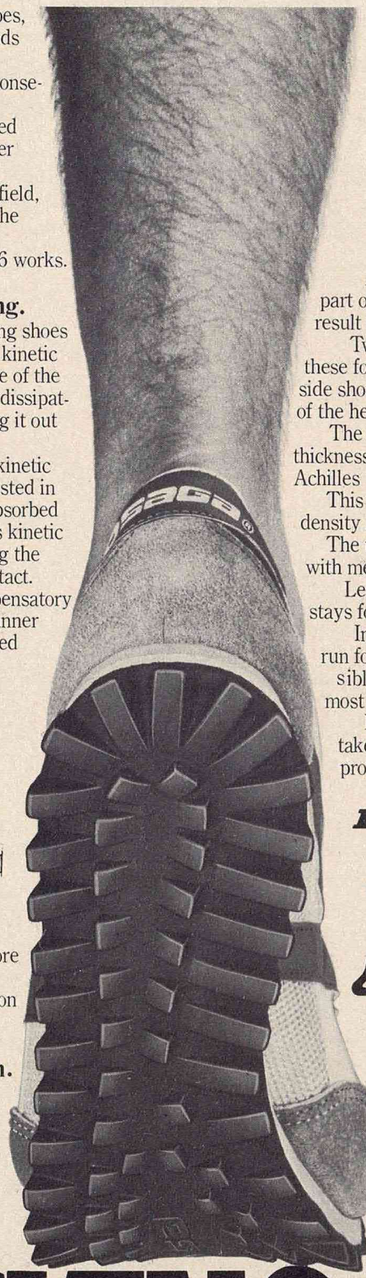


Ordinary Joggers. The KT26.

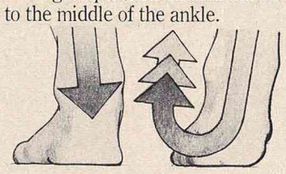
The very flexibility of the lever construction allows the sole to conform more readily to irregular surface areas. This is particularly helpful in cornering, running on hills and loose or irregular ground.

Minimising ankle pronation.

In addition to shock dissipation and kinetic response, the KT26 is designed to minimise ankle pronation, and to guard against abnormal Achilles Tendon pull, shin splints and knee sprains.



Ankle pronation is simply the tendency of the foot to roll inward from the ankle on impact with the ground, transmitting torque (abnormal in the case of flat feet) to the middle of the ankle.



An opposite force is then transmitted to the lower part of the knee cap, often as far as the hip, and can result in pain in the small of the back.

Two features of the KT26 are designed to negate these forces; firstly, additional reinforcement on the inside shoulder of the heel area, and secondly, the rigidity of the heel counter itself.

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SHOCKING NEWS FOR JOGGERS.

individual grants for writers because it is part of Australia's maturity to realise that the scribes are doing the society a great good. Of course some of them are bums and their work won't last. But until you get people writing imaginatively about a culture and making a culture myth, you have no national self esteem. The writers, the film-makers, the musicians and the artists are the people who finally give a country its self esteem, but they are foreigners in their own country in Australia. Part of the reason we hate ourselves so much is because we haven't got a history of culture or achievement. One way to start it and continue it is to let promising writers write. But there is an enormous Philistine reaction against that from some sections of the public. Their attitude is that a writer gets his grant to drink down at the pub and sit on his arse. I needed a grant only once – in the early stages of my career in 1971. It helped me leave my job as a teacher and start writing and I've been self-supporting since. But I happen to be in a field of drama and screenwriting in which it is possible to be self-supporting. Novelists and poets are in a much more precarious situation. There is every good reason why they should have grants.

PLAYBOY: Do you think applicants for grants should submit to a means test?

WILLIAMSON: Yes. There is no justification for people who are earning a lot of money getting grants.

PLAYBOY: Were you earning a lot of money when you returned your second literary grant?

WILLIAMSON: I applied for a grant before my plays really took off. I was awarded a three-year grant at $9000 a year, but by the time it came through I was earning sufficient money to live on. In the time gap between my application and the grant my career had taken off. That was the reason I turned it down.

PLAYBOY: It is often said that a hungry writer is the best writer. Do you believe that success and security are inclined to poison creativity?

WILLIAMSON: I really don't think it's true. Writers, or creators, are obsessive people. They work whether they're starving or well-fed. But they are going to live a bit longer if they are not starving. It is a myth that a writer boozes his grant away in the pub. The anxiety to do good work is always overwhelming with the writer.

PLAYBOY: What were your reasons for resigning as a commissioner of the Australian Broadcasting Commission?

WILLIAMSON: I didn't feel I was doing a useful job. To do the job of an ABC commissioner properly is almost a full-time occupation. You have to be prepared to meet and talk to as many staff as you can and to read an enormous amount of material and to take the job far more seriously than I was able. The commission is a very conservative body of people at the moment. I certainly didn't feel at ease among them. Finally I had the choice of sticking it out, doing my homework properly and trying to achieve something or deciding that I really couldn't do it. I decided to resign.

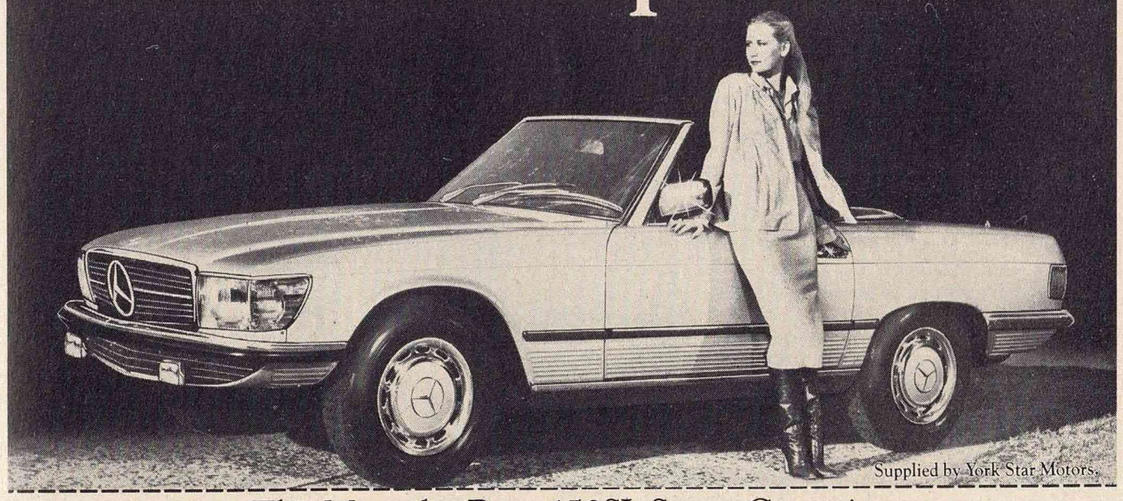
PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when the Fraser Government invited you to join the ABC?

WILLIAMSON: Yes. It was Tony Staley who put up my name. I think he was under a lot of pressure not to make the obvious political appointments that had been made up to that stage. The ABC was obviously one of Fraser's pet hates when he came to power and one of his first moves was to make sure that people in sympathy with his view were appointed to the commission. But by the time Staley took over as Minister he was under pressure to stop making blatantly political appointments. I was in some doubt as to whether to accept, but ABC staff members I approached seemed to think I should.

PLAYBOY: Surely there wasn't much danger of your being able to rock the boat too much?

WILLIAMSON: There was no way I was

The Mercedes Experience: $10.



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going to have any impact. I was foolish to think that I could.

PLAYBOY: Do Australians understand the arts?

WILLIAMSON: They are realising increasingly that national esteem and the national image are at risk if Australia doesn't become cultured with a capital C. There is an export drive on to convince the world that we are pretty good, that we have a few writers. We are trying to prove that we are not Philistine beasts from the South Pacific. Culture is something of a consumer commodity for some sections of the community. There can be no other explanation for the number of people who go along to the opera and drop off to sleep. There are genuine opera and ballet lovers but there are others who consume the theatre as a commodity so that they can feel they are representative of the sort of person who goes to the opera and the ballet. It's hard to graft a deep love of opera, for instance, on to a nation that has no tradition of opera. I've always suspected there's a slightly unhealthy feeling about the arts in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Can a writer who observes contemporary attitudes and morality have strong religious convictions?

WILLIAMSON: A writer can have a strong moral concern. Amid all the nonsense about bad language and sex in my work there is a tendency to lose sight of the fact that a moral concern underlies all my plays. It is expressed satirically but I certainly am saying that some aspects of human behavior are not pleasant. *The Removalists,* for example, is saying that there is an Australian propensity for violence which is in all of us – which I've demonstrated at certain dinner parties. This propensity for sexuality and violence can have disastrous consequences and needs to be watched. There is a warning note in *The Removalists* – there but for the grace of God go you. Most writers have a moral concern. Whether it is expressed within a religious frame seems to me to be rather irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: You and the theatre critics have had your ups and downs. Do you resent critics because of their influence on the public?

WILLIAMSON: If you look through my book of cuttings it's obvious that I've had a very positive critical response both here and overseas. *The Removalists* won two prestigious British awards – even though the *Daily Express* called it "an orgy of violence". The point is that the theatrical profession and the better critics have responded very well to my work. I think mine is a typical case of worrying too much about bad critics.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that there are some critics you feel are not qualified to sit in judgment on your work?

WILLIAMSON: No. There are some critics whose tastes and areas of interest make them averse to liking my work. If, for example, there is a critic who likes the theatre to be only absurd or surreal imagery, then there's no way he or she is ever going to like my work. Similarly, if you have a critic who is a reflective depressive there is no way he is going to enjoy *Don's Party.* The play has been written by a maniac and the depressive is going to regard all the behavior on stage as hideous. I try not to react because a writer who replies to a critic is in a no-win situation. Except, maybe, when the critic shows an abysmal lack of knowledge of the area which he is supposed to be criticising.

PLAYBOY: At least one critic has said that Australian traditionalists are often offended by your naturalistic style. Does that mean much to you?

WILLIAMSON: My plays don't fit neatly the pattern of the well-made play. But, then, no plays have since the 19th century. If a critic says Williamson is not writing a well-made play, I think I can point out that neither has any other playwright since the turn of the century. Perhaps that kind of criticism is wrongly based. I think some Australian critics, just the odd one or two, might not yet have emerged from the 19th century.

"I never want to structure a play around a burning issue. That's the kind of play you can sum up in one word: boring."

PLAYBOY: Do you resent people sticking labels on you?

WILLIAMSON: I stick labels on myself in a way. I try to specify my particular style or form of writing. I suppose I get a bit irritated by applied labels. I object to being called naturalistic because the term is so critically broad.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever expect to be accepted so readily by members of the established theatre?

WILLIAMSON: I have always felt that my plays have been good enough to get a wide airing. I had my doubts that *Don's Party* would ever move out of Carlton because of its language and I doubted that *The Removalists* would move out because of its subject matter. I felt more confident that those plays would move on to a wider stage after the thaw in censorship. And, of course, they did. I have never aimed consciously at anything with my writing, other than writing plays about ideas which grab me at the time.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago you said you couldn't help agreeing with the critics who said your writing should be more involved with social issues. When will you enter your age of reform?

WILLIAMSON: Did I say that? The consistency of my opinions leaves a lot to be desired because I find plays written about a particular social issue fairly boring. You know what that kind of play is about before it starts. If a play is about the evils of the medical profession you know that every doctor who appears on stage will be an authoritarian turd and you know that every patient will be a wonderful human being suffering at the hands of the impersonal medical profession. The very essence of drama is surprise and unpredictability. There's a certain predictability in plays about issues.

PLAYBOY: Is the storyline of your plays more important than the message?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, no. There must be a basic message, an underlying concern about certain aspects of human behavior. But I never want to structure a play around a burning issue. That's the kind of play you can sum up in one word: boring.

PLAYBOY: Is this one of the strengths that make the Russian Chekhov your most admired playwright?

WILLIAMSON: Yes, his sensitivity to character delineation. How can you possibly sum up his *Cherry Orchard* in one word? You can't find a single theme to describe the *Cherry Orchard.* It is about a multiplicity of things. It is basically a story about an orchard that is sold, but it is a study of the interaction of character rather than a play about a social theme. Chekhov's plays are not about plot but character. He led the revolution against the plot. You start off in a Chekhov play not knowing a certain person, but by the end of the play you know him. He is very concerned with forgetting about the dynamics of plot and building up the characters.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you admire most among Australian playwrights?

WILLIAMSON: I think that Jack Hibberd's *Stretch of the Imagination* is a very fine piece of work. It is a play about language, a poetic play in its way. John Romeril's *Floating World* is a very underrated play. I don't think it has yet had the production it deserves. Although I had some arguments with the structure in the second half, I think Steve Spears' *Elocution of Benjamin Franklin* is well written with a lot of zip. And Alex Buzo at his best I really enjoy. He has suffered some bad productions from time to time, but I

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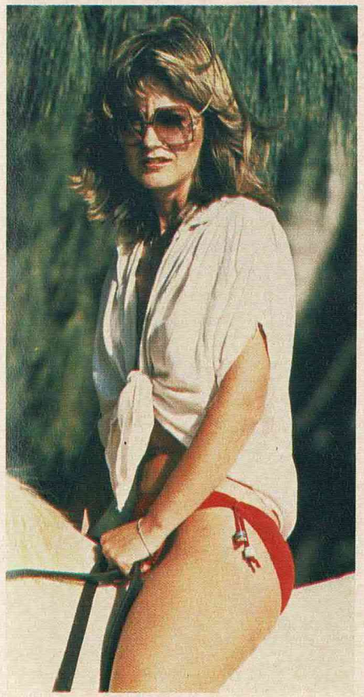

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have seen some very good productions of his work.

PLAYBOY: How do you wear the tag by another of your peers, Bob Ellis, that you are an illiterate engineer?

WILLIAMSON: There is a certain amount of truth in it. I spent five years of my life studying engineering text books. I could have been employed more fruitfully doing other things in those five years. I've always been a compulsive writer, not a reader. I seldom finish a book. I usually write. Bob is the opposite. He reads a lot and doesn't write much. I think he's read the autobiography of every famous man in the world hoping that some day he'll be up there with them.

PLAYBOY: What took you recently to Tokyo and Moscow?

WILLIAMSON: I went to Tokyo briefly and then on to Moscow as part of an exchange. While we were there some of the dissidents were arrested. That made me feel a bit odd.

PLAYBOY: Did you get anything out of the Russian trip?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, yeah. I went to China about six months or a year before and found both trips fascinating. But I don't know that I want to go too deeply into the Russian trip.

PLAYBOY: Why are you reluctant?

WILLIAMSON: Well, inevitably, if I talk about China or Russia I'm going to come out with derogatory comments. I suppose I feel I am biting the hand that fed me. I accepted the invitation, I accepted the money they gave me and the first class treatment. We were duchessed round Russia. I'm a bit reluctant to start pitching into them.

PLAYBOY: You went to Russia with some expectations. Was there something that disappointed you?

WILLIAMSON: I suddenly saw a society that has, in a sense, bought off its writers. The Writers' Union has total control of creative writing in the Soviet Union. It's a closed shop. The union owns or controls all of the publishing houses and if you don't belong to the union your work doesn't get published. And to get into the union you have to write the type of work which the union approves. Fifteen percent of the Russian publishing market is allocated to fiction. This means there is not much fiction around and because the demand is much greater than the supply it sells out immediately. Members of the Writers' Union are, consequently, quite wealthy. Russia pays its writers very handsomely to write nothing too disturbing to the establishment.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet any of the writers who aren't being published?

WILLIAMSON: There was no way I could. We had an official guide who took us to meet official writers and official union representatives throughout the Soviet Union. I had wanted to meet some Russian dramatists. But when I was there the dramatists had been giving a little trouble with their satires on bureaucratic excesses. So, conveniently, they were away on holiday on the Black Sea.

PLAYBOY: Did you get to show the Russians any of your work?

WILLIAMSON: I took a copy of *The Removalists* film with me. I carted six cans of film all around Russia but, somehow, we never found a hall to show it in or anyone to show it to.

PLAYBOY: Did you go easy on the vodka while you were there?

WILLIAMSON: No, I must admit I ate and drank heartily. I found the Russians very convivial and pleasant people and totally unaware that there might be anything corrupting about a system that controls its writers. Their argument is that they don't publish pornography or terrible trash. As far as they are concerned the best writers are accepted into the union and those who don't get in are pornographers or political agitators.

PLAYBOY: When *The Club* went from Washington to Broadway, a Kennedy Centre spokesman described the play as a success but not a hit. What was he trying to say?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, well, it was a critical

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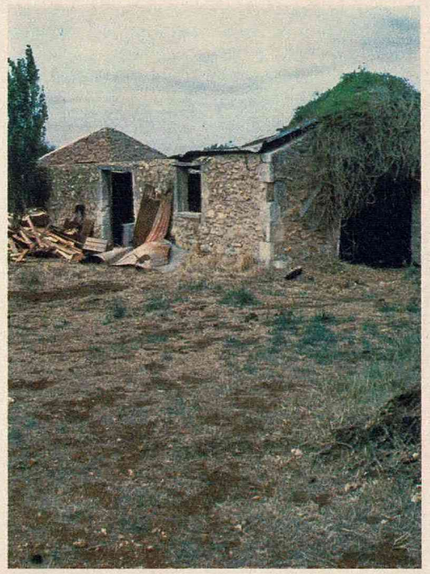

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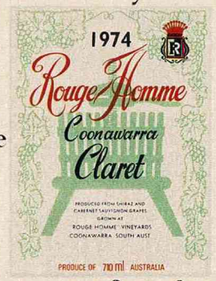

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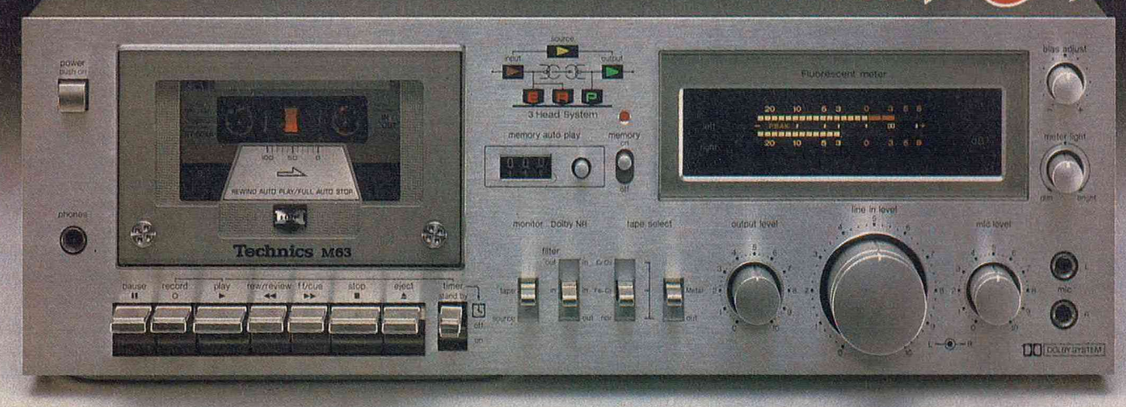

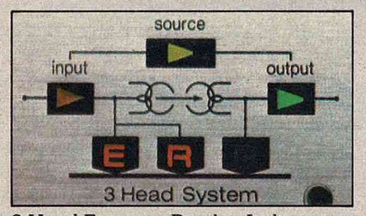

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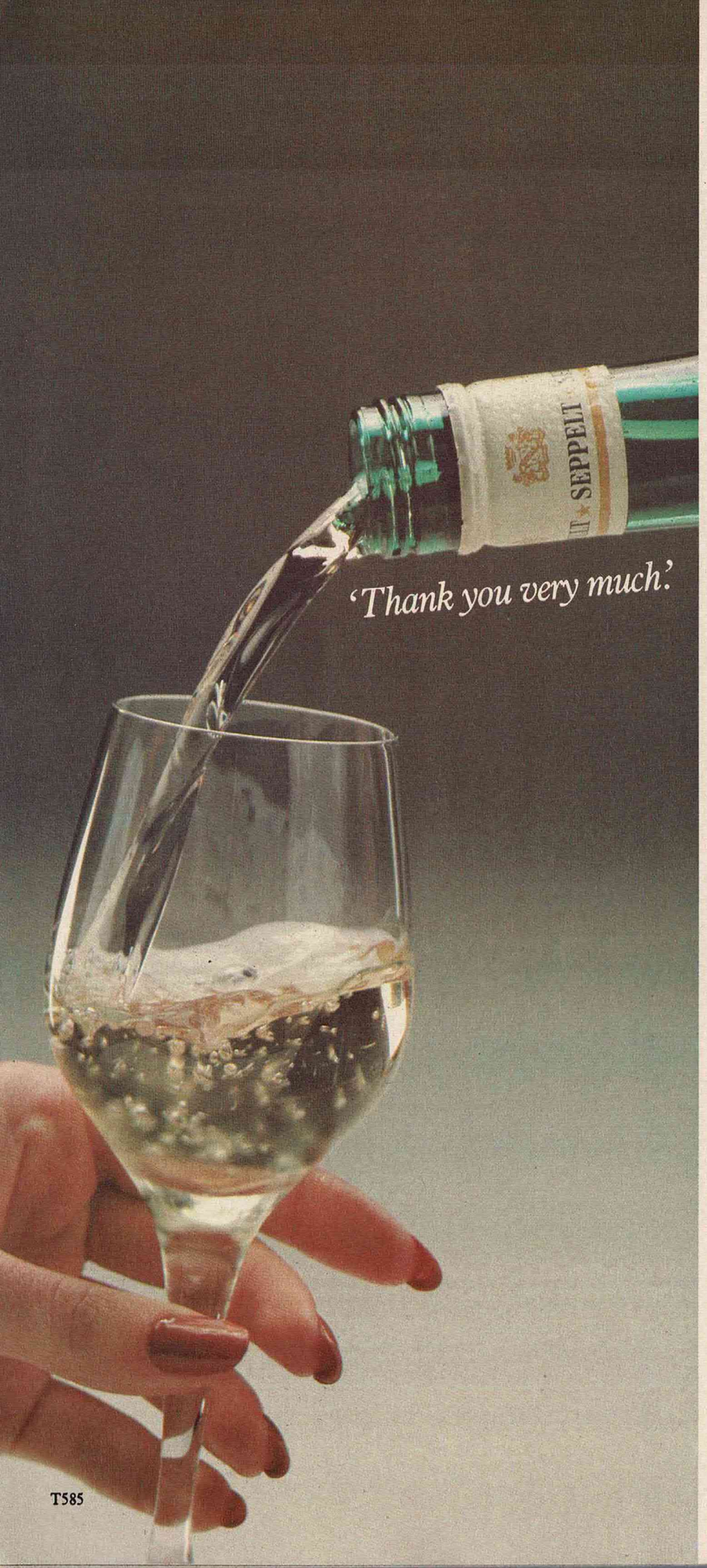

success in that the overwhelming majority of reviews were very good. But it attracted only $40,000 a week, which is not a hit in America. A play has to attract at least $80,000 a week to be a hit. They're very pragmatic. Plays are things that make money and if they don't bring in $80,000-plus a week, they're off.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it a reckless gamble to open *The Club* on Broadway in the midst of a New York newspaper strike?

WILLIAMSON: It wasn't a reckless gamble because it was a very cheap production. It had a cast already assembled, it had no stars and it went into a theatre which was vacant at the time. Roger Stevens of the Kennedy Centre told me: "Look, it's a long shot. We're going in in the middle of a newspaper strike, with no stars and an unknown writer, but we'll take a chance because it is not costing us much."

PLAYBOY: So you felt quite happy about the whole set-up?

WILLIAMSON: Yes. If they had been hard-headed about it they would have said: "That's $150,000 down the drain and we won't do it." But they believed in it. They believed it was a good play. More for my sake, Stevens said: "We'll give it a go. I want to be the first person to expose you in New York. I think you are a really good writer." I really appreciated that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an invitation to take any of your new plays back to the United States?

WILLIAMSON: I've an agent in New York who shows my stuff around. I can't imagine that there are many producers clamoring to get any straight plays at the moment because Broadway is no longer a great place for straight plays. The straight plays are off Broadway. Broadway is the big musical that takes $250,000 a week. My primary function is in this society. Productions abroad are probably still necessary because Australians don't believe in reading a writer unless someone overseas takes notice. But it is not my prime aim to have a smash hit on or off Broadway. I'm not saying that just because I don't have a smash hit. In fact a lot of American playwrights regard a smash Broadway hit as an ignominious admission that they are sold-out, commercial shits.

PLAYBOY: Are you still the satirist who half loves and half hates Australia?

WILLIAMSON: Very much so. But I don't despise this country. I never have, although I think a lot of the impetus for Australian writing has come from people who really despise the country. I think society has changed to a certain extent from the days of the wildly parochial, anti-intellectual, pulpit-bashing, sports-crazy Australian. I certainly can't claim that I grew up in a country of enlightened aesthetic values, but it wasn't quite as bad as the writers of the '50s report.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel ambivalent about Australia?

WILLIAMSON: There are a lot of very endearing Australian characteristics. There are also a lot which make you wince. When I am running round the park over there I hear the rugby coaches yelling at their eight-year-old charges with supreme authoritarian gusto. You've probably heard it: "Youse little shits don't want to play football. You're bloody girls. If you don't try hard enough you can bloody well get out." I consider that belligerent authoritarianism is by far the worst aspect of our society.

PLAYBOY: What then are your hopes for Australia?

WILLIAMSON: The positive things are the social openness, our ability to talk to each other easily, the good sense of humor and the deep-rooted egalitarianism, which also can be bad in some circumstances. The self-deprecation that can be a bad influence can also have its positive aspects. Australians don't inflate themselves. I also think that, physically, it is certainly the best country. Sitting here in Sydney, looking around me, I think it is a very beautiful country.

PLAYBOY: You once expressed your shame of your innate need for status and power. Have you outgrown that?

WILLIAMSON: That is another of those comments I cannot remember making. I've usually satirised seekers of status and power. I didn't realise that once I had a similar urge. I don't think power has ever interested me. Maybe I had some status as an ABC commissioner but I have resigned that position. If anything, I'm an anarchist. I don't like authoritarian power structures. I don't like people holding power over me. And I don't particularly want to tell anyone else what to do. So if I said once that I sought power I must have been drunk.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy first nights?

WILLIAMSON: No, they are excruciating experiences. I am going to have to stop going to them because I get so tense that it is not funny. I think it is better to be well away from the theatre on first nights.

PLAYBOY: What creates the tension?

WILLIAMSON: On other nights you get a natural audience whose response is truer. It is most clearly illustrated with the first night in New York which was attended by 109 critics. With that many people with pens and notebooks looking coldly with dissecting eyes at what is going on on stage it ceases to be a normal audience. I find that first night audiences are always less responsive than normal, run-of-the-mill audiences because a lot of the heavies of

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the profession come along to cast a critical eye. So on first nights you get an uncharacteristic loading of critics and heavies. You see all your enemies in the world and they are all saying: "Jesus, I hope it fails this time." I don't know why – I must invite the wrong people to first nights.

PLAYBOY: So people attend first nights for all the wrong reasons?

WILLIAMSON: Yeah. They're not there to sit and enjoy the play. They're there to judge it and, in many cases, hope to hell it and me fall flat on our faces. That's not a very pleasant situation to be in. There is a lot of jealousy in a competitive area such as the theatre writing profession.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people want to see your plays fail?

WILLIAMSON: Other people in the profession. There is only a limited number of plays that can go on; there is only a limited number of directors and actors who can get work. They wouldn't be human if they were applauding someone else making good.

PLAYBOY: Are your keenest enemies fellow playwrights?

WILLIAMSON: I get on well with a lot of other writers and I get on well with a lot of directors and actors. I'm not suggesting it is bitchier than it is but I remember one writer coming to me and saying how worried I must be that I was going to write a terrible flop. He said a lot of people wanted to see me fail. He was among those people, even though he's a good friend.

PLAYBOY: Does it cut both ways? Do you go along to other writers' plays hoping they will fail?

WILLIAMSON: I always feel tense in case they're too good. In fact if I hear a play is too good I stay away. I don't go until later in the season when I can cope with it.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate to think that someone can write as well as you?

WILLIAMSON: When another good play is written I eventually accept it. But natural competitive instincts are such that you don't want to see anything too good, too early, in another writer.

PLAYBOY: Socially, do you prefer the company of men or women?

WILLIAMSON: Both. I've been reported to be a male chauvinist but I think people have mistaken me for some of my characters. I have always regarded women as being the intellectual equals of men. And I've always found that I'm just as likely to find a woman as interesting as a man to talk to.

PLAYBOY: Are there times in a social situation when you feel like a soul-snatcher, that you are filing someone away for future reference?

WILLIAMSON: I never do that. I don't think I have ever thought to myself: gee, that's an interesting character. I'd like to put him or her in a play. I never begin thinking creatively until I am sitting at a desk with a typewriter or a pen and notebook in front of me. Sometimes I feel people are tense when they meet me. People have said to me that they don't like to talk about themselves too much. On the other hand you get the type who insists he would be wonderful in a play. They are nearly always men.

PLAYBOY: How important is sexual harmony to creative writing?

WILLIAMSON: I am very fortunate to have a very successful sexual relationship with my present wife, which is probably partly the reason I married her. I'm not writing out of sexual frustration. I'm not a believer in the theory that people create because they have sublimated their sexual urges.

PLAYBOY: As an observer of today's society, which is the currently dominant emotion?

WILLIAMSON: There obviously is a lot of anxiety around. It is inevitable that there will be a lot of anxiety in a competitive society. A lot of it is status anxiety – things we call identity problems. "Who am I?" usually means "What attributes do I have and what are the things I do well and which will make others admire me?" People are running round picking up skills and attributes that will make them admired. They're never sure whether they are admired enough, liked enough or loved enough. There is an insecurity – a fear of social extinction. It is as if people are saying: if I don't make myself interesting enough nobody will notice me; I'll be a nothing; I'll sit here and the phone will never ring; I'll go out and get a few status badges. There is a reaction to all this. The anti-ego trip flourishing in North Fitzroy, Carlton and Balmain tries to reassure people that they don't have to have a PhD or have to be on television for others to notice and like them. But I think it is hard to escape from the status race.

"Natural competitive instincts are such that you don't want to see anything too good, too early, in another writer."

PLAYBOY: Is the status race peculiar to the middle class?

WILLIAMSON: Certainly the middle-class values are that you have it in your own hands to shape your own destiny and to make something for yourself out of this life. That is drummed into middle-class children from an early age. Double PhDs and badges of personal worth are very middle class.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel the pressures of your own middle-class background?

WILLIAMSON: I suppose wanting to be a successful playwright was part of the middle-class value system. I wanted to find something I was good at doing. I didn't realise all the negative aspects – that if you do become a successful playwright you spend your time threatening to punch people's heads at dinner parties. I am much more cynical about achievement now because I've been through the treadmill. I remember my father taking me aside and telling me I had to have direction in life and not to be one of the aimless herd. I probably would have been better off as one of the aimless herd.

PLAYBOY: How do your parents feel about your writing plays?

WILLIAMSON: They're quite happy. My mother has to apologise for me sometimes at the bowling club because they know that I'm the chap who writes the dirty plays with the swear words in them. I think they may have been concerned about my financial security when I went from the good solid profession of college lecturer to the rather insecure world of writing. But I think they realise now that I am not short of a penny. Their generation is very much conditioned by the Depression and they have lived in deadly fear of another Depression.

PLAYBOY: How important is the security thing with you? If you hadn't been a success as a playwright would you have gone back to teaching?

WILLIAMSON: I would have had to. I'm not a Bohemian at heart. I'm afraid I can't starve in a garret. I would have had to earn a living to keep the family going. I'm quite happy if Kristin earns all the money from now on. She is working hard and she can support me for the next 10 years. I don't mind that. But I'd hate to think that I was absolutely penniless.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of death?

WILLIAMSON: In the old days when I was working on a play I used to be anxious to get it finished. I used to say to myself: "Jesus, this play is going well – I hope I don't fall down the stairs or drop dead before I finish it." I have never thought that after my death I will live on through my written word. I just want to write a lot more words and I want to get better at my craft.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel that your work is developing?

WILLIAMSON: Essentially I think it will retain its satirical overtones. I don't see it changing. The subject matter will change, but I don't think the style or

the method of attack will change much. Hopefully the perception will deepen as I get older and more mature. Satirists tend to have a fairly lone life because they are not obsessed with finding new styles.

PLAYBOY: Are there any sacred cows at which you are itching to tilt?

WILLIAMSON: I have been having a continuing tilt at the hedonism, the materialism and competitiveness of urban middle class life. It is a relevant target and it is also something I am not free of myself. I am laughing at myself in a way. The difference between a writer who writes scathing social issue plays and a satirist is that the satirist knows he is partly guilty of what he is satirising. The man with the burning social conscience isn't aware that he is guilty of whatever he is castigating.

PLAYBOY: He is the true blue crusader?

WILLIAMSON: He usually is. I was at a dinner party round here recently when I was told by impeccably trendy, middle-class people that I was one of the types who were driving the indigenous working class out of Balmain. Obviously the accusers had been at it longer than me because they have been living here longer. But as a new arrival, I suppose I am more guilty than they are. There was an earnestness in their attack that refused to see that they were part of the middle class wave which is doing this terrible thing to the old district.

PLAYBOY: Diane Cilento has described you as Australia's Tennessee Williams. Do you feel you are in touch with the gut Australia?

WILLIAMSON: If I could see myself on a par with Tennessee Williams I'd be most happy. That is very flattering of her. He is probably the great writer of four-act plays this century. You often get an uninformed critic going along to a Williams play and saying he didn't care much for the work but how amazing it was that those very ordinary actors gave the performances of their lives. That kind of uninformed critic never realises he is watching the work of a great writer for actors. I hope I write good roles for actors, too, because, finally, all theatre is about the performance out there on the stage. The Marxists in Denmark told me theatre could not be like football, could not be a spectacle and that it must have a deep social message and moral purpose. But I think there is an analogy with football. Football is about great performances. I say that the ultimate theatrical satisfaction is to see a good cast give great performances in roles that I have written.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe you are giving Australian drama an identity?

WILLIAMSON: Yeah. I don't think I've been overly derivative of a particular overseas playwright – something that plagued a number of attempts at Australian play writing in the earlier part of the century. Ray Lawler hit a vein of absolute truth about the Australian character in *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* and I'd like to think that my plays do as well. I hope they are truthful about this country, about the characters you find in this country and that there is a basic truth about my vision of Australia. Maybe my plays are sometimes a warts-and-all picture, but it is better to have the warts than not to tell the truth.

PLAYBOY: Truth then is very important to you?

WILLIAMSON: Yes it is. Audiences are quick to spot characters who are not real and not part of their experience. Until you clear away the debris of stereotypes from other literatures and other countries and work out what people are like and what they are doing here then you don't get truth emerging.

PLAYBOY: Are you confident that audiences sense the truth in your work?

"I don't think I've ever written a character I despise totally, though there are many negative aspects to them."

WILLIAMSON: Yes, because the characters are endearing – even the worst of them. Even Cooley, the arch male chauvinist of *Don's Party* – in spite of his chauvinism and rudeness – has an endearing vitality. I don't think I've ever written a character I despise totally, though there are many negative aspects to them. You don't often find that ambivalence in, say, Barry Humphries' work. When he gets hold of a character he really gives it to him. There is nothing very endearing in Barry's portraits. People love the Humphries characters. I suppose it is a matter of being able to distance yourself from them and to say: "That's not me." But I hope the mechanism in my plays stirs people to say: "Yes, that's me; I have to face up to my deficiencies as well as my strengths."

PLAYBOY: Tennessee Williams recently said of himself: "I can't understand why anyone would give a damn about the sex life or the successes of a tired old man." Did you have that observation in mind when you wrote *Travelling North*?

WILLIAMSON: Not that particular one. I was inspired to write the play by observing some people who were old and still very vital. They were vital not just in the sexual area but in terms of their imaginative functioning and their alertness and the fact that they refused to accept the stereotype of doddering old age. They were quite belligerent about that stereotype.

PLAYBOY: Is the message of *Travelling North* one of encouragement?

WILLIAMSON: It is in the sense that the central male character battles it out to the end and at no stage does he give up the fight to stay agile, alert and alive.

PLAYBOY: Are you visible to the public?

WILLIAMSON: I like to think I don't have a particularly public persona. The most uncomfortable thing about being a well-known writer is that it categorises other people's responses. It's hard for people to take you at face value without being antagonistic or overawed. It's a bit like the women's lib argument – I don't like to be seen as a writer in the same way that they don't like to be seen as sex objects. I always feel uncomfortable at the thought of being regarded as someone special or different. I was at a party recently when this person said: "Oh, you're all right – we were told you were paranoid." It turned out they had been speaking to one of my old actor mates who had told them I had been a good bloke in the old Carlton days but had become paranoid with success. It never used to be like that when I was lecturing at Swinburne. In those days I used to look forward to meeting people.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you now tend to withdraw totally from any new social situations?

WILLIAMSON: The role certainly makes you wary – especially when someone is likely to make outbursts about how lousy writers are.

PLAYBOY: Are you a wealthy man?

WILLIAMSON: No, not particularly. But there is a feeling that the only real writers are the writers with no money. The logic is that they are real because their poverty reflects integrity. I suppose you might say I am as well off as a GP but not quite as well off as a dentist. And by society's standards it is all right for a GP or a dentist to have a house with a study, but in a writer that implies that you have sold out all your principles. I am not enormously wealthy, but I live comfortably.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any qualms about committing your plays to the film screen?

WILLIAMSON: Yes, because it is such a different medium. The stage is still about language, and how people use and misuse language, whereas the screen is the focus of the camera. The screen tolerates far fewer words. I'm wary about losing the verbal texture without an adequate visual texture

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substitute. If you have a good director that is great. Bruce Beresford, for example, did a very competent job with *Don's Party.* I disagreed with some of his character interpretations; a writer always does. But I have to admit that Bruce transcribed *Don's Party* in such a way that it looked like a film rather than a staged play and that was quite an achievement. Good film direction is a commodity that is in short supply all over the world. I think we are very fortunate in having some talented directors in film and theatre.

PLAYBOY: Do you insist on retaining casting control?

WILLIAMSON: I normally get right of approval of director and the principal cast. I rarely exercise it because I get the directors I want and they usually choose the cast I want. I'm often consulted by the director. John Bell asked me to be present for all the auditions for *Travelling North.* I could give him a second opinion which, of course, he didn't have to take.

PLAYBOY: Do you try to remain close to the action during stage rehearsals and film productions?

WILLIAMSON: No. Writers are frustrating people to have around. Writers seem to intimidate the actors, who feel they are under scrutiny. Writers also inhibit the actors from sounding off about the script. When I began directing, I found this was a natural defence mechanism among actors. Whenever something goes wrong, they blame the script. They blame any writer, even Shakespeare. It's a release valve. Of course I am terribly concerned that any production of my plays will be a good one. I have seen productions of the same play which have been widely different in quality. It takes a rare critic to distinguish between the production and the play, to see a bad production and realise it is not a bad play. But I have been fortunate with my directors.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy film scripts?

WILLIAMSON: I see myself primarily as a playwright, with film writing as an interesting extra. I see films very much from the director's area. All this talk about the film industry needing good scripts is nonsense. Modern films don't need scripts, just a few unintelligible grunts. Today's scripts follow the most simple structure in the world. There is no writing involved. All you have is 100 hours of visual images edited down to two hours. Directors, not scripts, are needed in the Australian film industry.

PLAYBOY: *Gallipoli* is your most important screen-writing commission. Did you go into that assignment with those sentiments in mind?

WILLIAMSON: No. I wanted to write a good screenplay of carefully delineated characters acting within a carefully delineated structure. But that is now seen as old fashioned. I think it is finished. The less you can hear of what a character is saying in the new films, the better. I saw *Mad Max* the other night and I could hardly understand a word. Not that there were too many words or dialogue anyway – just cars zooming round. Modern cinema is minimally concerned with characterisation and dialogue. It is concerned with images. Television is the visual medium where writing is really needed. I would like to work in television in the future because it is more of a writer's medium than film. Television is still concerned with intricate human vocabulary, human relationships and stories and character delineation. When you have a huge screen up there in the cinema a director is not going to grab an audience's attention with beautiful character delineation or sensitive story outlines. He is going to get them with all the wham bang. The various film bodies round Australia

"Modern films don't need scripts, just a few unintelligible grunts. Today's scripts follow the most simple structure."

who are bleating about the dearth of film writing talent haven't been following film history. *Gallipoli* might never be made because it is an old-fashioned film with a story built round the characters.

PLAYBOY: You have said that Patrick White always walks out half way through your plays. What is he looking for and can't find in your work?

WILLIAMSON: Patrick has become a sort of unofficial arbiter of what is good and what is bad so everybody watches him to see whether he walks out.

PLAYBOY: Do you finish all his books?

WILLIAMSON: No, but that is no reflection on Patrick White. I am a very impatient reader.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent his standing as guru of the Australian literary set?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, it is a bit nasty to have someone walk out half way through your plays, especially when you don't reciprocate and are polite enough to sit through his. Of course he has a perfect right, if he is bored, to walk out. But in my defence, not many of the rest of the audience walk out.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous of his elevated standing in the arts?

WILLIAMSON: Oh, he has obviously deserved it. You don't win Nobel Prizes by being a hack writer. He deserves his position of eminence in the Australian arts. But his judgment is not necessarily infallible, nor is everything he does excellent. In fairness to Patrick White, I am not saying that he does or doesn't set himself up as the arbiter. All I'm saying is that there is a tendency for audiences to look to see if he likes or hates a play. Audiences seem to worry more about his opinion than their own feelings. I'm being light-hearted about this – I genuinely am not paranoid. I think he has stayed to the end of a few of my plays – the ones the critics feel are my worst works. He walks out of the plays the critics feel are the best. I don't know what that signifies.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a personal favorite among your plays?

WILLIAMSON: No, I genuinely don't. They're like children. I like them all in their respective ways. Some of them have more warts than others.

PLAYBOY: Did writing any play give you more satisfaction than the others?

WILLIAMSON: I still remember the way in which *The Removalists* wrote itself out. I had the basis of the story, I had the characters, but I didn't know what the hell they were going to do. I just seemed to zip off the first draft in three weeks of part-time work.

PLAYBOY: Rightly or wrongly people regard the theatre as the hub of the beautiful people. Is it?

WILLIAMSON: It is a very hard-working craft and a very anxiety-provoking profession. Actors and actresses are literally only as good as their last performance. Even though they may be brilliant, their work depends on the availability of a suitable role. They have little time for party-going and high living. Knocking off work at 11 o'clock tends to keep them sober.

PLAYBOY: Apart from your first night jitters, do you feel comfortable in the company of actors?

WILLIAMSON: Yes, I do. They lead a slightly different life that is generated by a certain amount of uncertainty in all our lives. A playwright is as good as his last play, an actor is as good as the last performance, so there is a common *esprit de corps* in a sense. A feeling that though we are riding high today, we may be down in the depths tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Are you a genius?

WILLIAMSON: No. I regard myself as a hard-working family man who writes plays for a living. I don't see myself as anything grandiose. I think I have a talent for characterisation and dialogue and the creative energy to make the talent work. But beyond that? No, I'm not all that special.

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HOW TO **SQUEEZE** THE BOOKIES

you don't have to cheat — just a little effort and ingenuity are sure to tip the odds your way

By RICHARD FARMER & MURRAY DWYER

ORANGE CUP day and the weather's fine. A beautiful day for the country gentry to go racing. And a day which is to present a unique opportunity for the quick-witted among the hoi polloi. For while the country gallopers are entering the straight at Orange they are crossing the line at Bundamba in Queensland. But there's no course broadcast. The frantic description of the local races blocks out the loudspeaker system in the interstate betting ring and bookmakers don't even know they're racing in Brisbane.

Standing quietly behind a tree with his powerful transistor pressed to his ear, the quick-witted one has heard the description in

Brisbane. And barely 20 metres away they're still betting 9/2 on the winner. His attractive lady friend has a handful of notes thrust into her hands and it's $450 to a $100, $450 to a $100 each way, $900 to $200 and the Orange race ends and the news is given that the Brisbane race is over. And there he is, the man with the transistor, with no interest in Orange at all – $1912.50 in front and the only risk a protest. A great start to a great day's racing on a country course.

He did it twice more that day. Got on after the event. Finally the bookmakers twigged to him and the attractive blonde could get on no more. Her friend studiously ignored her all day. No, no. She's not with me. A man has his reputation to keep up. It's very important if gambling is your game to be able to get set. And the transistor man made his living by using his wits on a racecourse.

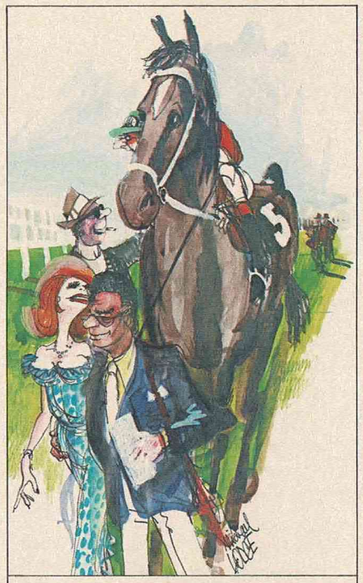
What he had realised years ago is that betting after the race has been run is the surest way of winning. What he also knew is that it is in the more relaxed atmosphere of country racing that the opportunities to do just that occur most frequently. Not at every meeting, of course. But often enough during a season to supplement the income if your radio is better than that of the bookmakers and you are quick on your feet.

It's an example of the first fundamental truth about winning at racing: the easiest and surest way is to cheat. And you can be sure that, if your morality prevents you from doing so, there are plenty of others with more flexible consciences.

Racing abounds with stories of chicanery: doping and pulling up horses and forging tote tickets and ringing good horses in for bad. Stewards try their hardest to keep the game honest, but the only way to eliminate such fraudulent practices is to change human nature. And while we've met a few chief stewards in our time who act like God, we have yet to find one who actually has his powers.

Some of the stories about cheating in racing eventually become public. At Casterton, Victoria, on May 7, 1972, Royal School, a horse with no worthwhile form, was backed in to start 7/4 second favorite and won easily. It was found subsequently that Royal School was, in fact, the top class galloper Regal Vista. But for every ring-in that does surface you can be sure there are many which don't.

A trainer of our acquaintance, now retired, said to us at the time of the Regal Vista scandal that the whole episode was really silly. He believed strongly that anyone who rings-in a good horse for a bad horse runs too great a risk of discovery. His theory was that the sensible man reverses the process and runs a bad horse under the name of a good one.



***Murray Dwyer** and **Richard Farmer**, the authors of this article, are well qualified to give advice on squeezing the bookies. They have been successful punting partners for several years, both in Britain and Australia.*

Dwyer, 43, was a public servant who gave up pen pushing to go punting. In Britain he introduced a computer rating service as Super Brain of the London Sun. *He is now a Canberra-based newsagent and bookseller, specialising in racing books and publications.*

His betting turnover is around $20,000 a week and, with his staff of two, Dwyer puts in 80 hours a week studying the ratings. "The hours of effort do result in a profit, though not necessarily every week," he says. "But over a year the work is well rewarded."

Farmer, 36, is also a former public servant – he was a personal assistant to the chairman of the Commonwealth Public Service Board before leaving to become a political correspondent in Canberra. He is now a successful Canberra liquor merchant.

Farmer invests about $10,000 a week on the races. He ascribes his winning ability to "hard work and a quick mind".

He told us the story about a very promising young horse he trained which he was setting carefully for a plunge. But the horse was so good that it became impossible to disguise its ability, no matter how hard he worked at doing so. The bookmakers were very much on guard and there was no value in their odds. So the old trainer substituted another of his horses for the good one and the substitute horse, while running on its merits, naturally put in a few bad runs. The bookmakers' price lengthened. The good horse was then run in a race of a higher class, was backed off the map and duly won.

The advantages of this reverse ringing-in must be obvious. For a start, there is no risk of getting caught when the money does go on. The horse that wins is the horse that is entered. If someone discovers the wrong horse at an earlier stage you might be in trouble with the stewards. But criminal prosecution becomes more difficult as there is no evidence of fraud at this stage.

When our trainer friend detected a slight sense of shock as he told us this story he made a statement that could qualify as fundamental truth number two: "We race for money, you know."

And so we do. And where there is money at stake there will be efforts to rearrange the odds.

One of the most common forms of cheating on a race track is to pay light. There are a couple of bookmakers we know who are notorious for having only nine $50 notes in a bundle rather than 10. And we guess there are a few punters who follow the same system.

There are some slightly less larcenous methods of winning money that are not criminal but which might offend some people's consciences. Tote rigging is one of them and Australia's most famous example occurred at the Richmond trots on February 4, 1967.

A group of gentlemen from Queensland were aware that the tote's method of determining dividends for a place was to divide the pool into equal parts. It was this provision that enabled them to rig the tote. Here is how they did it:

Let's assume we have a 10-horse race on which the tote sold 2000 50 cent tickets – giving a pool of $1000. After the TAB deducts its expenses of 15 percent there would be $850 to distribute among those punters holding tickets on the three placed horses. The tote is bound to pay out at least $283.30 on each of the three horses – irrespective of how many winning tickets there are on each of them. Hence it would be possible for some punters to get back less than they invested even though they had backed a placed horse. But the tote had an overriding provision that you had to get at least your money back on each place-getter.

It was this money-back guarantee that created the opportunity. The Queensland group blocked all four tote windows at Richmond so nobody else could place a bet and laid a large sum

on the favorite of each race and smaller amounts on other fancied runners. This is how it worked out: Of, say, $1000 invested, $900 – 1800 50c tickets – is invested on the favorite and the balance is spread among the other runners. Because of the money-back guarantee the tote had to pay $900 on the favorite and the $283.30 on each of the other two placed horses. The tote's takings were only $1000, hence, on this example, it would have lost $466.60.

The following chart shows the spectacular way in which the syndicate fixed the tote for seven races:

	Book-makers' win odds	Book-makers' place odds	Tote place odds
Race 1	3/1	3/4	15/1
	4/5	1/5	money back
	4/1	evens	22/1
Race 2	6/1	6/4	11/4
	6/1	6/4	11/8
	5/2	1/2	4/6
Race 3	5/1	7/4	23/1
	4/7	1/5	money back
	4/1	evens	no third div
Race 4	4/5	1/5	money back
	10/1	5/2	13/1
	100/1	25/1	29/1
Race 5	4/1	5/4	19/1
	4/7	1/5	money back
	12/1	4/1	no third div
Race 6	9/4	4/7	money back
	11/8	1/3	2/5
	3/1	8/11	4/5
Race 7	5/2	1/2	9/1
	7/4	4/7	money back
	15/1	4/1	28/1

The end result of the day's trotting was that the smart group of Queenslanders broke the tote, which had to borrow money to pay them. This was a matter of some concern to the NSW Government, which could see its revenue going across the border. So on Monday morning the government rushed through legislation changing the rules for declaring tote dividends. The revised rules provided for the pool to be split so that each ticket on a placegetter got its money back before the balance was divided evenly. It was no longer possible to break the bank.

The men from across the border began the long drive home, but just on the off chance they called in at the Cessnock dogs on the way. Now the TAB had been careful to advise all its outlets of the change in the rules. But Cessnock was a non-TAB meeting and the club was unaware of it. The group went into operation and by halfway through the program the tote was out of money. Tote officials made frantic phone calls to the head office to seek advice. Only then was the loophole finally closed for ever.

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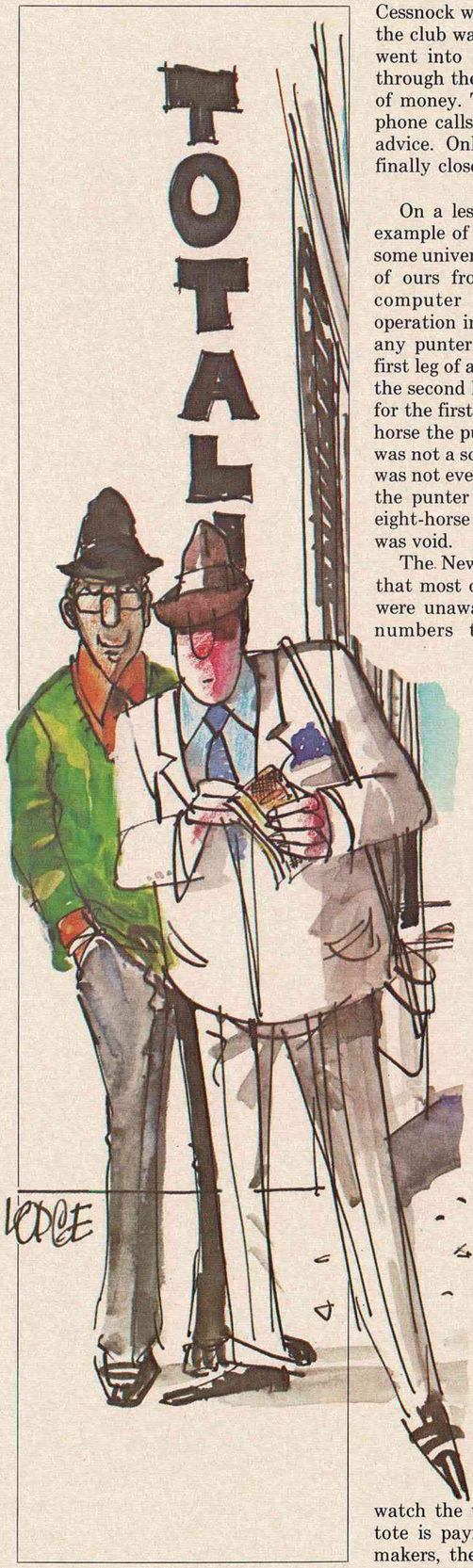
On a less grand scale was another example of tote manipulation used by some university student acquaintances of ours from Newcastle. Before the computer tote came into general operation in NSW, the rules said that any punter who had a winner in the first leg of a double and a scratching in the second leg was paid a win dividend for the first leg winner. However if the horse the punter had in the second leg was not a scratching but a horse which was not even in the field – for example the punter backs number nine in an eight-horse race – the rules said the bet was void.

The Newcastle students discovered that most of the local TAB managers were unaware that they should treat numbers taken outside the field differently from scratchings. So the students would take the favorite in the first leg with a number outside the field in the second. The clerk at the tote window was invariably too busy to notice there was no "number nine" racing. When they had a winner the students bounded up to be paid. When their horse got beaten they fronted up with their ticket and got their money back – meaning that they could win but could not lose. A dream situation for a punter but one, alas, that is no longer with us in the age of the computer, which unfortunately has all the race rules programmed into it. However, there are some race meetings in Australia which do not have a computer tote installed yet. But even with computers there is scope for a little bit of tote manipulation – but the schemes require slightly more sophistication. One involves playing games with tote indicator boards, although with this you'll probably need at least $5000. The on-course punters at a race meeting watch the tote prices and, where the tote is paying better than the bookmakers, they place their bets on the tote. Bookmakers adjust their odds and normally there are no great discrepancies between the two.



If you bet off-course with most TABs it is possible to make a bet and then cancel it just before tote closing time. This gives a great scope for misleading on-course punters. The closer the tote closing time is to race time, the greater the potential. For example: you make a massive investment off course on the horse of your choice so that the tote odds appear extremely poor compared with those offered by the bookmakers. Punters at the course will back that horse with bookmakers as they search for the best value. They will keep backing other horses in the race on the tote as they will appear to be paying over the bookmakers' odds. Then at the last moment you cancel part of your large bet and, hey presto, instead of getting under the odds you are now getting overs. And getting overs, as we will explain, is one sure way to win.

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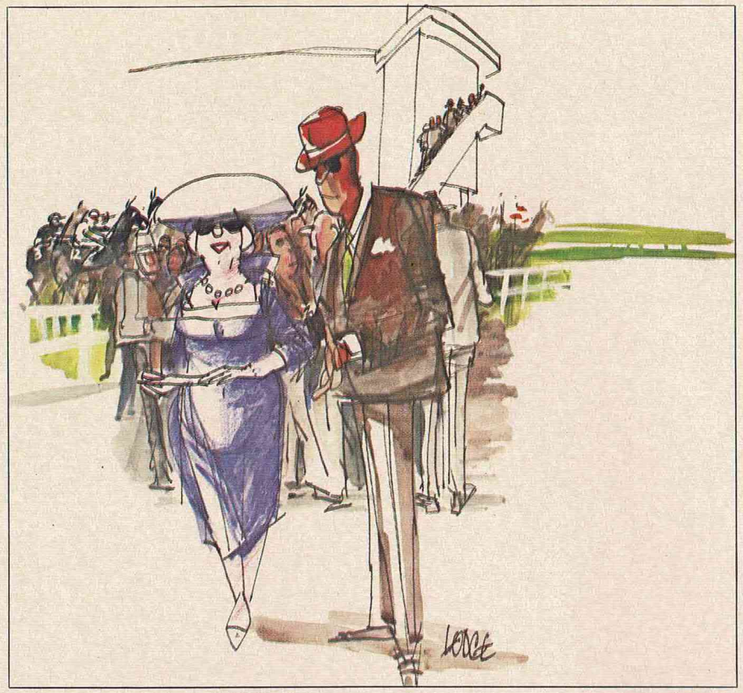
If you care to race a horse yourself then there are considerable opportunities for winning as a punter. But you need to choose your trainer with great care. You need a man who can get a horse fit and ready to win without necessarily racing it; or a man who can race it while getting it fit in the wrong sort of races – races that it cannot win even if it does try. This formula makes it hard for others to assess the form.

A trainer with these attributes is unlikely to be found at the head of the premiership table. His horses will have a lot of runs for very few wins. But they will win when they are wanted and that's the way to maximise profit. If we can give another of our fundamental truths: place yourself in the best of company and your horse in the worst.

A slight variation on this theme is to have your horse prepared by a very good trainer but have it transferred before the race day to a well known no-hoper. (The best time for the new trainer actually to meet his new acquisition is the day of the race.) Most people seeing that the trainer is a man who has not had a winner in years will lose interest in your horse, and the price consequently will be far better.

An understanding trainer can also help you play some other funny games with the tote. But first it's necessary to have a horse capable of starting at a short price in a leg of the Melbourne TAB Quadrella (in which you must pick the winners of four races). In this form of betting, if one of your four legs is a late scratching you forfeit your money. If you know that your short priced horse is going to be a late scratching, you have a very considerable advantage over all other punters and can weight your bets so that, with a little prowess at mathematics, it is impossible to lose.



In Brisbane, with treble betting, there is a similar opportunity. If there is a late scratching in one of the three races, all money wagered on it goes on to a substitute horse: the second favorite. Under this system the substitute horse quickly becomes bad value compared with the other runners in the race.

Consider an example where the late scratching was 40 percent of the pool, the second favorite Horse B 25 percent of the pool, Horse C 20 percent and the other runners 15 percent in total. After the late scratching, Horse B now is 65 percent of the pool with Horse C still 20 percent. Horse B will pay under the odds and Horse C considerably over the odds. Get over the odds regularly and you must win.

Another good friend of ours, now a respectable if overweight bloodstock agent, chanced upon another foolproof way of winning. He made an arrangement with his local SP bookmaker to have $10 on number one in a race. If this horse lost he was to have $20 on number two as well. If this lost he had $30 on number three, right down to the winning horse. This system is bound to work because the odds are heavily in your favor, even though it may not look this way to a gullible bookie. If you end up backing every horse in a race you must lose probably about 20 percent. But, if the bookmaker allows you a system which permits you always to back the winner, but without necessarily having to back every horse, the average situation is that you find the winner by backing half the horses. We know a Canberra gambler who got away with this for months – picking up a couple of hundred a week drinking money for no effort and no cash outlay, because it was all credit betting. Who knows, there might be other foolish SP bookmakers around.

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If methods such as these are not your style then there is another way of making racing pay. But it involves a great deal of hard work. We have proved, along with many others here in Australia and overseas, that it is possible to win at racing by studying the form and preparing ratings – putting a value against every horse in a race. With these ratings as a basis we make our own market on races and back those horses that we think should be shorter in price than the bookmakers are betting. We do not back those horses that are shorter with the bookmakers than we think they should be – even if we believe that they are the most likely horses to win the race.

One of Australia's most successful punters, Don Scott, recently published a book called *Winning,* which gives some guidelines to preparing ratings and equating different classes of races in different places. It's an interesting way to start if the detailed analysis of form appeals to you. But we believe that the only way to rate successfully is to compile your own standards. It will take hundreds of hours of hard labor and even after you have done so

you can look at 25 to 30 hours a week to keep your ratings up to date.

The success that people, including Scott and ourselves, have had with ratings over the past 10 or 15 years has tended to take away much of the reward that used to be gained from them. Bookmakers, when they lose, consistently try to find out why, and arm themselves with the same weapons as the punter. The good bookmakers now have talented people rating horses for them so the days when it was possible to snap up 8/1 about a horse that should on the figures have been 2/1 are, alas, generally gone.

Which is not to say that profits are impossible. Just that the days of super-profits are over. If you took the number of hours spent and risk capital involved in professional punting and put them to work in one of the many non-gambling businesses, you probably would do as well.

Perhaps the best return these days comes at the provincial and country centres. In the city, horses tend to compete regularly against each other and ratings are easier for everybody to establish. In the bush there is more travelling and the form from one track to another is harder to line up.

In both city and country a good set of ratings alone is not enough. You have to make adjustments from the raw figures to take account of many other variables. The class of the race is important. We find that horses with good ratings in the country sometimes take a race or two in the city before they live up to them there. A judgment has to be made about which horses will improve and which might have been in training for too long and might be tailing off from their best. The distance of the race is important. Every horse has his best distance, though some are able to win at several. Allowances have to be made for jockeys, the state of the track and barrier positions. We believe the best way to learn the variables is by trial and error.

If that seems too daunting a task and cheating does not come easily to you, do not despair. There are other ways of winning at racing. They all involve being able to recognise value. And the place to start is being able to turn bookmakers' prices into percentages as in the following chart.

PRICE	PERCENT	PRICE	PERCENT
1/4	80.0	4/1	20.0
2/7	77.8	9/2	18.2
1/3	75.0	5/1	16.7
4/11	73.3	11/2	15.4
2/5	71.4	6/1	14.3
4/9	69.2	7/1	12.5
1/2	66.7	8/1	11.1
4/7	63.6	9/1	10.0
8/13	61.9	10/1	9.1
4/6	60.0	12/1	7.7
8/11	57.9	14/1	6.7
4/5	55.6	15/1	6.3
9/10	52.6	16/1	5.9
evens	50.0	20/1	4.8
10/9	47.4	25/1	3.8
5/4	44.4	33/1	2.9
11/8	42.1	40/1	2.4
6/4	40.0	50/1	2.0
13/8	38.1	66/1	1.5
7/4	36.4	80/1	1.2
2/1	33.3	100/1	0.99
9/4	30.8	200/1	0.5
5/2	28.6	250/1	0.4
11/4	26.7	330/1	0.3
3/1	25.0	500/1	0.2
7/2	22.2	1000/1	0.1

By changing prices into percentages and adding them up it is possible to see the advantage that you, as a punter, have to overcome. Normally in a metropolitan race you will find that the total percentages the bookmakers are betting to are around 115. In a 12 horse race that means they rake off

"We've won handsomely backing short-priced favorites for a place in big races because they tend to pay well over the odds."

1.25 percent a horse. Compare the price. Even a quarter of a percent can make a big difference to your bet.

We have studied the relationship between a horse's starting price and its actual chance of winning in Victoria and NSW, Britain and the United States. In each case the answers were broadly similar; the shorter the starting price, the smaller the disadvantage to the punter.

It is this fact which presents us with our opportunity. With short priced horses we do not need to get much over the starting price to turn a losing percentage into a winning one. In an average race, where bookmakers are betting to their normal profit margins, a punter needs to get a quarter of a point over the starting price where it's between 1/1 and 7/4 to finish on the credit side — for example, 6/4 about 5/4 chances; 5/4 about even money chances. From 7/4 to 7/2 you need to get half a point over the odds: 5/2 about 2/1 chances; 11/4 about 9/4 chances; 7/2 about 3/1 chances and so on. From 4/1 to 5/1 you need a full point over the odds to have the advantage.

Some punters turn their understanding of bookmakers' percentages to their advantage because of their ability to predict when a horse is about to shorten in the betting. They take 5/1 before it shortens to 4/1. We confess this is an ability we do not possess and in fact we believe it is a rare one. But we have discovered many opportunities to get over the odds after the price has shortened.

At country meetings racegoers tend to keep away from short priced favorites as they search for what they think is value. Bookmakers find the favorite hard to lay and tend to be more generous about it than city bookies. Hence, in a call of odds from a Sydney meeting broadcast on the country track, the favorite might be even money. Regularly we obtain 5/4 about such horses and often as much as 7/4. It is possible under these circumstances to have bad losing runs, but it is impossible to lose over a long period. So, for another of our fundamental truths: go bush and back horses that are over the odds.

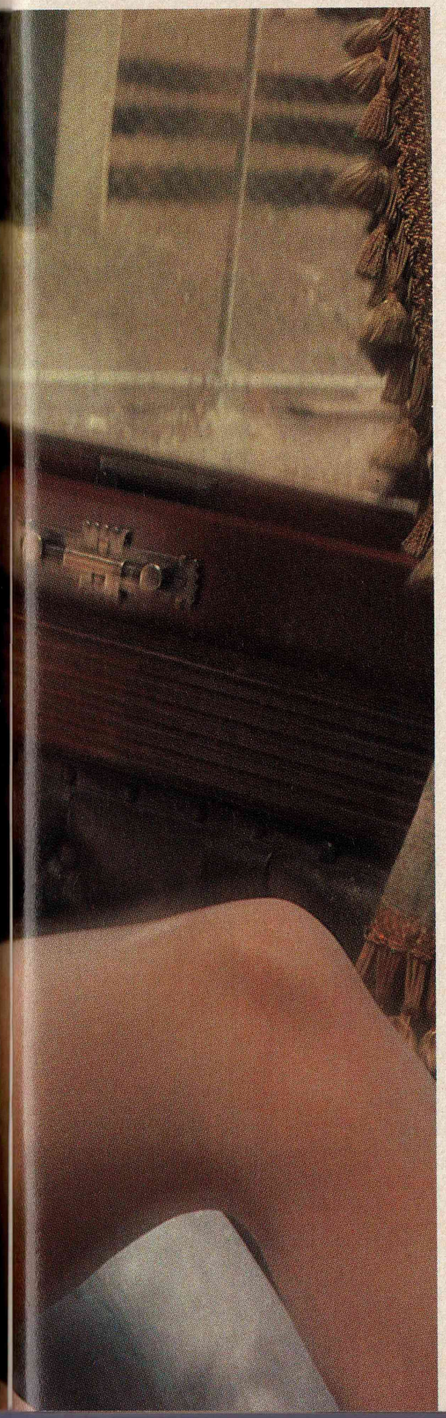
If you go racing in major cities the advantages are not as numerous, but it is possible to play tote odds off against bookmakers' odds in the same fashion. Leave your investment close to starting time and, where the tote is showing much better odds than the starting price, leap into the tote. But be careful to study the size of the tote pool and tailor your investment to suit it. And remember that you will not be the only person making a last-minute bet.

Which brings us to our related method of winning without even going to the races. On major events a lot of people who normally do not bet have a flutter. They tend to have the same attitude to racing as those country racegoers: on their one day of the year they do not fancy taking short prices.

Especially they dislike taking short priced horses for the place. We, on the other hand, love to back short-priced favorites for the place in big races. We have won handsomely on these place bets over the years because they tend to pay well over the odds.

On the big meetings the proportion of money invested off-course by idiot punters is so large that not even the weight of money from on-course punters, who can see the anomalies, can remove the value. What we need is a favorite 5/2 or shorter in a big race such as the Sydney Cup, the Doncaster, the Epsom, the Metropolitan, the Brisbane and Doomben Cups, the Stradbroke Handicap, the Rothmans Hundred Thousand, the Caulfield Cup and the Melbourne Cup. In a normal season you'll find five or six qualifying favorites and receive a handsome dividend for your minimal efforts.

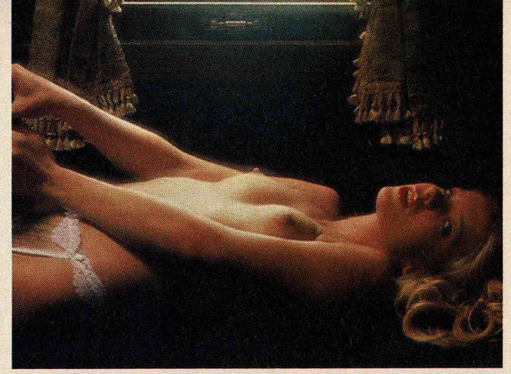
"Let's do it in the road and scare the horses."



TICKETS PLEASE!

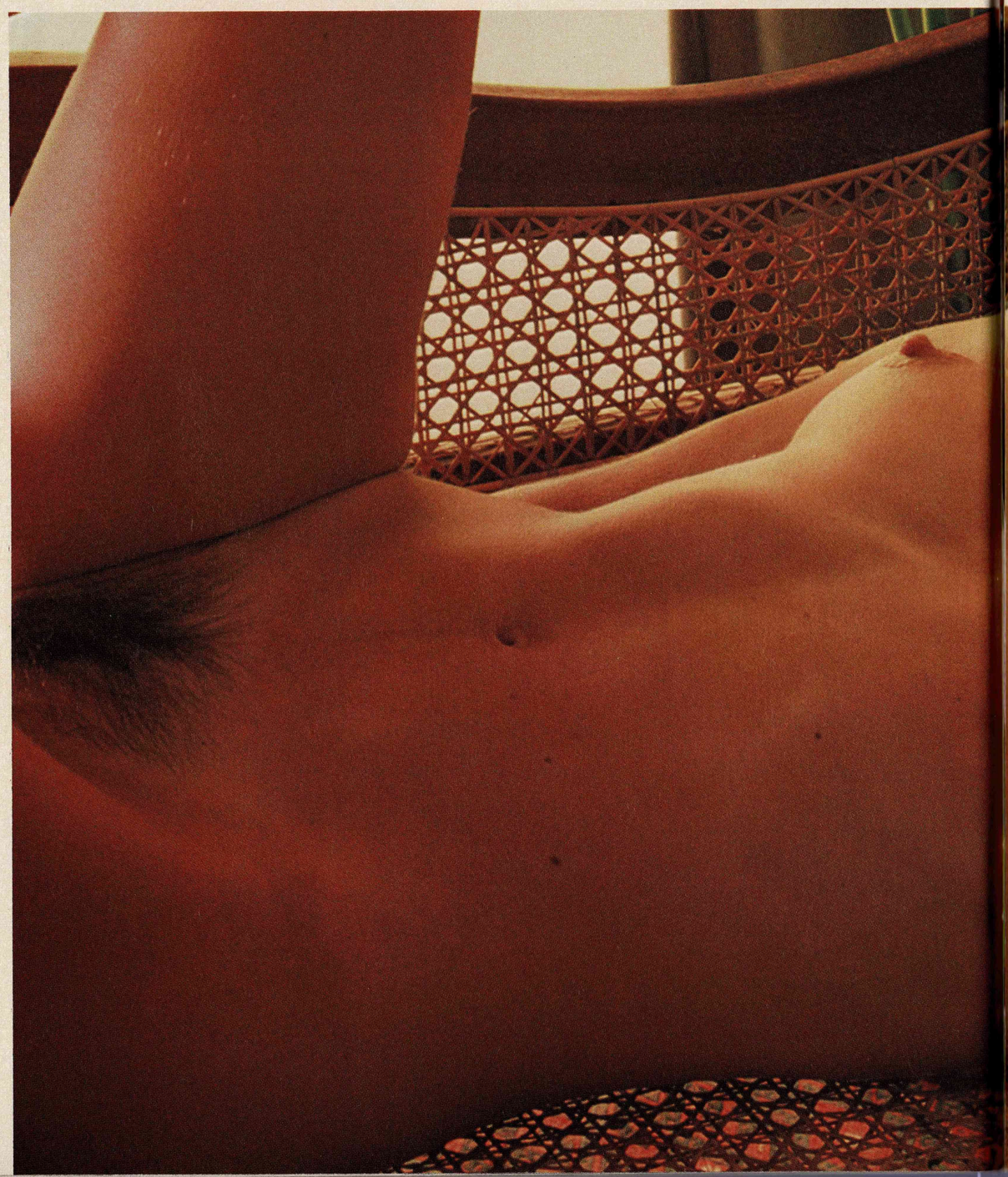
a runaway spirit is all a girl named sonia needs for a fantasy trip that tears away all vestiges of conformity and inhibition

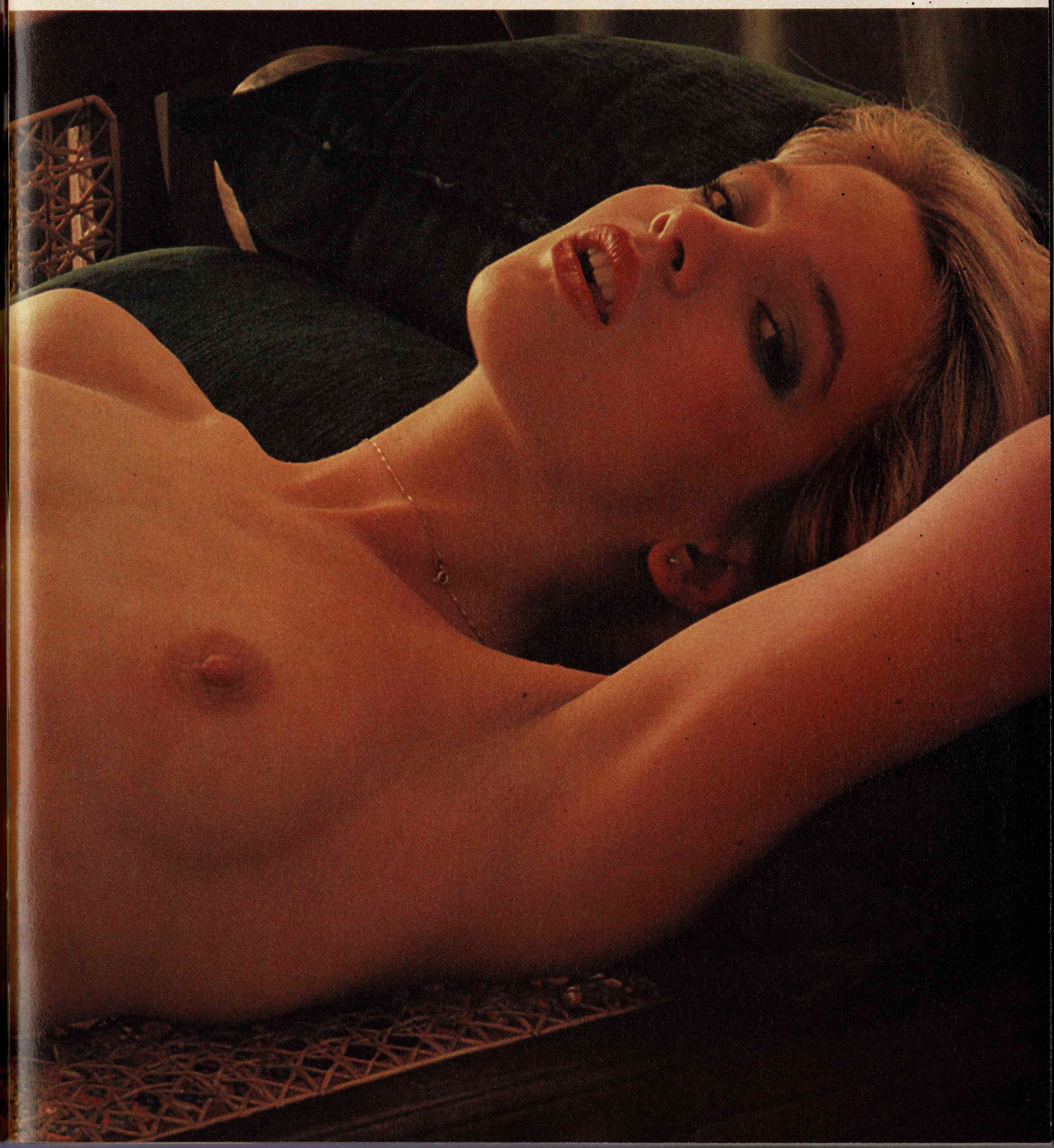
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH



get your ticket and join her. the motion of travel rocks away all restraints, and the scenery is just fine as sonia's personal car flies into dreamland

back down to earth and
sonia finds a window seat
is a perfect launching pad
for a new trip to explore
new realms of pleasure.
fasten your seatbelts!





The Rock Machine

HOW THE MARKETING MEN STAGE-MANAGE SUCCESS

Illustration by Keith Davis

australia's big bands walk a high-energy tightrope just stayin' alive in the risky, explosive world of hard rock. rolling stone editor paul gardiner reports

AT SYDNEY'S Elizabethan Theatre last May Australia's top rock band, The Angels, had almost completed a blistering preview of their second album, *No Exit*. In the mezzanine, a good three metres above the stalls, an agile but drug-ravaged enthusiast was pogoing along the foot-wide rail that supposedly protects the vertiginous from tumbling on to the patrons below. Thirty centimetres is fairly narrow, but this mandrax-blitzed acrobat made it look like the dance floor of the Balmain

Town Hall. Up and down he skipped and jerked, utterly oblivious of the yawning space to one side of him or the fearful audience in the mezzanine's front row. After about 60 seconds of this heart-stopping performance, accompanied by the dual-guitar-led rock and roll from the band, he was peeled off the rail by one of the numerous but decidedly circumspect guards who peppered the auditorium in their grey serge outfits with the blue badges that looked like something the police had dreamed up.

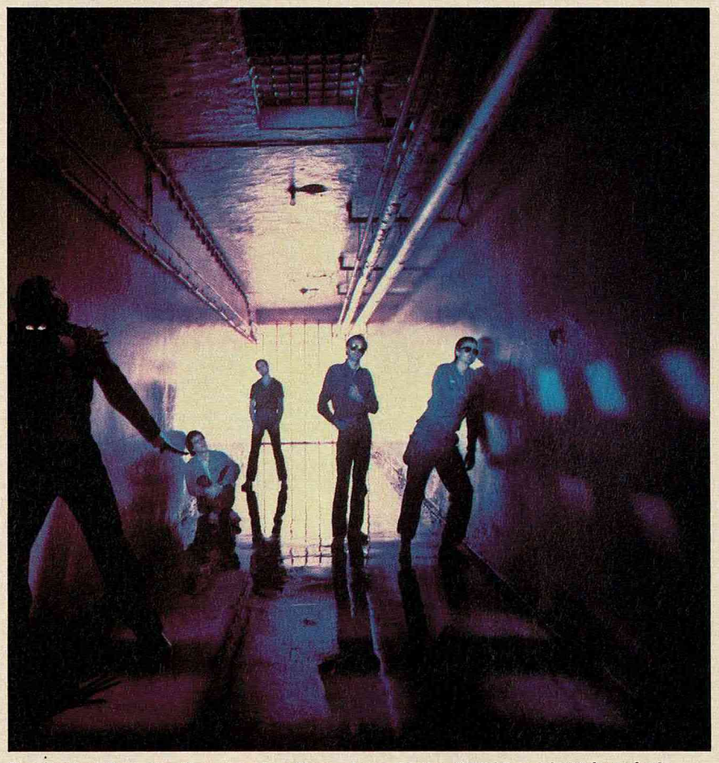
The guard didn't go so far as to fetter him but instead deposited him in a seat a row away from me. There the dancer draped himself over a couple of seats with every limb jerking uncontrollably, his head bowing and weaving in some frightening condition between ecstasy and hysteria. Then he turned, came half out of his seat and started yelling aggressively at anyone within earshot – which at that stage, any stage during an Angels concert, was about 15 centimetres. I didn't get all of the words – the situation was getting more and more uncomfortable – but the essence of the message was a demand that everyone get off their arses and dance, like him.

The security guard had carefully moved away from the scene, but when the yelling started he came part of the way back, easing himself into a seat within reach should the yeller turn into a thumper or a jumper, both very definite possibilities it seemed to me. But he never actually intervened; this was clearly a new phenomenon for him, and from the expression on his face he wasn't game to find out whether the rhythm-addled enthusiast was simply having a good time or was going to explode at any moment.

For the remaining five minutes of the concert the guard fidgeted, apparently on the verge of action but resisting the temptation with an admirable display of self-control and self-preservation.

When the concert ended, our friend with the death wish withdrew into a huddle. I left rapidly. There was no telling what he might do when he realised that The Angels wouldn't be back for another encore. Nevertheless, this particularly noticeable member of the audience is very important to the current state of rock and roll in this country. He's between 18 and 25 years old and he hasn't made it yet into suburbia. He may well be a student, although in this economic climate that could be a forced option in the absence of job prospects. His clothes aren't chic, but then they aren't ragged, either, he hasn't shaved for a few days, more out of lethargy than fashion, and he almost certainly spends more money on records, live music, booze and drugs than he does on housing and food. He's a representative of a class that grew up in the '70s and has now displaced the hippies of the late '60s. His interests in music run to punk and the sort of hard rock and roll, with its mixture of mystery and death and uncertainty and loss, at which The Angels excel. In a world run amok with disco and soft rock, he wants full-on music of such mind-jolting dimensions that it is necessary to be fit but, preferably, semi-conscious to bear it.

I don't want to mislead you into imagining that he is all that there is, or that an Angels audience is all like him, but he's a very large element in the equation. Certainly the music you hear in the numerous live venues in every city of the country is more likely to reflect this man's tastes than those of anyone else.



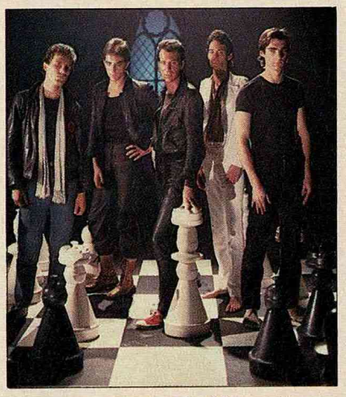
Explosive Angels: they're standing alone in the $4000-a-night bracket.

And, as you might have guessed by now, the style is as close to absolute abandonment as one can get without tipping into outright senselessness. The bands cater for this demand with greater care and expertise than they ever did, and none does it better than The Angels.

If you haven't heard an Angels song then nothing I can say here about the band will make plain their explosive effect. It has three elements. There is a rhythm section which pounds out the basic rock and roll beat. That hasn't changed significantly since the '50s. Then there are a pair of brothers called the Brewsters who play guitar in a style that has fitfully evolved from the beginning of rock and roll, borrowing from the guitarists of the '60s but settled now in a mixture of straight chords and precision solos. In the case of the Brewsters the sound can either be razor sharp, with the power to cut out your memory, or – because of the two-guitar effect – generate deep and driven rhythms. The Angels are musically out of the seemingly ageless Vanda and Young school, the source of AC/DC – who are now one of the few Australian bands to successfully tour America – and the two leading lights of the Easybeats.

The third Angels element, and the one that has set it so far ahead of its contemporaries, is Doc Neeson, a lead singer who combines a remarkable voice with professional training in drama. Neeson's every gesture is aped by the male members of his audience. At the Elizabethan, the band began its performance by winding itself and the audience up with an early Angels song. The air was so heavy with expectation you could have harvested it. When Neeson came bounding out of the darkness to centre stage, the crowd exploded. There hasn't been a band or a performer to extract that sort of reaction for some time, and certainly not one that covers all the bases from age 16 to 30.

Its pulling power can be seen in simple dollar terms. One of the few true professionals on the local promotion scene recalls booking a double-header for a Sydney hall at the end of 1977 for an all-up fee of $500. The two bands were the Sports and The Angels. Today the event itself would be close to impossible. No promoter would have the clout to stitch such an extravaganza together. Furthermore, it would not be feasible in commercial terms. Instead of $500, the promoter would be carrying a band cost of $7000, which means he would have to see at least 1500 fans through the door at $6 a ticket to make a profit after expenses. And that would be so close to break-even that the promoter's palms wouldn't stop sweating until he had 2000 through the doors.



Mi-Sex: turned hot in 10 months.

LRB: concerts sell out in a flash.

Band fees like these are uncommon, even among the top bands in the country. The Angels stand alone on a reputed $4000 a night – in exceptional circumstances. And there are only a handful of bands immediately below that level. Among them are Cold Chisel, Sports and Split Enz, all of which can command fees in the $2000 to $3000 bracket.

Below this group are bands working for between $1000 and $2000 and within this category are the upwardly mobile units and those on the way down. According to one booking agent (who obviously doesn't want to be identified), you can number Richard Clapton and Mother Goose (a New Zealand band that made their name with a song about baked beans) in the latter sub-group and Jo Jo Zep, Midnight Oil and possibly Dave Warner in the former. Hitched at the bottom end are Skyhooks and Dragon, both nationbeaters in their time but now among a large group that will perform for $1000 to $1500. And below them are a few potentially big bands that are just beginning to break, like Mi-Sex (another NZ group), Mental As Anything and The Radiators.

This stratification may seem callous, especially when you consider that the quality of the music played by some of these bands is better than that of their dollar superiors. But it has to be seen for what it is – a good indicator of the substantial changes in local rock and roll over the past two or three years. The Angels didn't get to be a several-thousand-dollars-a-night unit simply by hanging around and producing noticeable songs. That strategy (or non-strategy) has been tried before, and inevitably concludes with a bunch of musicians turning into vein-popped nervous wrecks.

The Angels are in fact the first fully developed examples of a marketing strategy conceived by Ray Hearne and John Woodruff, two of the heads of Dirty Pool, management company and agent for The Angels and a few other bands. Hearne had worked in the UK, sometimes with Virgin Records.

He brought back to Australia a very deliberate marketing strategy that was built on avoiding the over-exposure of his bands plus precision planning of itineraries. Of course, this sort of strategy requires a good product. And, with The Angels, he found what he was looking for.

The aim was to build as wide a following as possible, maximise earnings without killing popularity in six months, and make the band a relatively scarce rock commodity. So, when The Angels blitz Sydney, they do it in a very orderly fashion. They don't go into one venue like the Hordern Pavilion (or in Melbourne The Dallas Brooks Hall) and attempt to make a killing. Instead they stick to the pub, club and university circuit. The rule of thumb is that, once they've been through one area, usually playing to between 600 and 1500 people, they won't be available again in that area for at least a month – usually longer.

In the pursuit of this ideal, Dirty Pool actually works to a geographic grid to ensure that there is a minimum of overlap from one night to the next. If you're an Angels fan, you will have to travel a long way to see them two nights running. On top of this basic strategy there is also an attempt to play at a variety of locations, from pub to club to university.

So you maximise your audience by playing six nights a week in smallish venues and maximise your revenues by playing places that have ready-made audiences. To play the Hordern Pavilion means starting with three-tenths of nothing – you have to create your audience. At a pub or club or university there are already people on the ground, so promotion can be geared to getting the place full.

As a result, the contracts with the promoters are no longer just simple fee deals, or door deals or bar-takings deals. In fact the contracts reveal an increasing sophistication among the promoters as well as the performers and their management. A typical deal will go like this: the promoter checks on the availability of a band and negotiates a fee. Assume that the fee is $3000. The band's management will want to know everything about the deal – promoter's cost of venue, his overheads and the break-even gross. The contract will then be written with a fee plus percentage-of-gate clause. If the all-up cost is going to be $5000 and there are 1500 tickets at $5, the band will probably want 50 cents in every dollar over $6000. This means that, with a full house, the promoter makes $1750 and the band pick up around $3750. Everyone's happy.

For these reasons, some of the stick has gone out of promoter/band relationships which were characterised in the past by acrimonious exchanges, cash transactions and, occasionally, blood on the dressing-room wall.

Compare today with just three years ago. On a tour of western NSW, one of the big rock and roll bands of the mid '70s play Bathurst Town Hall on a Friday night. The show is poorly attended until 10 o'clock, when the pubs shut, and then a raging crowd of drunken gatecrashers starts carving up the dance floor. There's blood everywhere, ending with a fully fledged brawl near the stage. The promoter cannot be found. He's jumped into his Mercedes and headed into the night with the door takings. The band pack up only to discover that, because of their tight itinerary, they have to drive on to Mudgee. Five hours later they arrive to be told that the promoter has

"No thank you, I prefer to stand."

allocated the band and road crew two rooms in the only available motel. Two nights later, in yet another example of bad planning, they are entertained by the randy proprietress of a private guesthouse in another town at 3am. The last thing any of the band needs at this point in a tour is a brief encounter with an unknown, sex-mad landlady. One of them, rather unkindly, offers her his vibrator – the one he uses to straighten out his damaged back.

In the past this variety of nerve-rendering activity was not unusual. All of the major bands – the ones that have long since disappeared into the ether or are running with the pack – attempted to reinforce record sales and make money by hitting the big venues in the major cities and shooting for broad exposure outside the urban areas. The results were often good – although it only takes a couple of big disasters to knock over a carefully accumulated bank balance – but often led to excessive exposure, disenchantment from country touring and only a short stay at the top.

In any event, things have changed. The cities are where bands make their names, and it is mainly in the cities that the money is. One more example will suffice. There is a venue in Sydney which is up near the top of the pile in terms of the bands it shows. It was started not much more than a year ago with a bankroll of $15,000. The man running it has reputedly accumulated some $400,000 since.

This is a figure which gives me a lot of trouble. It implies a net after costs of $8000 a week, or better than $1000 a night. But assuming the figure is inaccurate, it is nevertheless a reasonable indication of the success which is being attributed to the clubs and bars that have either opened their doors in recent years or are simply being better utilised by savvy manager/agents of the Dirty Pool variety.

Apart from this sort of performing, the other major activity that bands cover is the presentation of their new albums to a live audience. The Angels at the Elizabethan was an example. At Sydney's less than salubrious Musicians' Club in July, Mi-Sex, one of the hottest new properties on the scene, previewed their new album. This was an event that had to be seen to be believed. When I arrived, there was a queue of beautiful and not so striking people attempting to extract a free drink from the severely harassed lone barman. The hall in which the presentation was to take place was in darkness, but there were already small gaggles of mean-looking drinkers waiting in the corners.

As it turned out, if one overlooked the re-fried dim sims and other Chinese hors d'oeuvres served up at the end of the event, the unfortunate mispronunciation of the band's name by the master of ceremonies (he consistently called it Mi-Sec, an error that produced ripples of laughter) and a few other minor incidents, the presentation was a stunning success. The band played all of their debut album at breakneck speed to a radio audience as well as those gathered at the club, and finished to a storm of applause.

Mi-Sex are not yet in the same class as The Angels (though my personal view is that they play much more advanced and arresting music) and they come from New Zealand (origins which are not unfamiliar in successful Australian bands), but by any measure these boys are on the make. Under the astute tutelage of manager Bob Yates, they have turned hot in only 10 months, a staggeringly short period when one looks at the competition.

Once a band like Mi-Sex start seeing the pot of gold, it's all go. The band

"It was a night filled with dark apparitions of booze and drugs and aggression, but Flowers played above it with riveting style."

now do six nights out of seven in performance, a crippling routine which turns biological clocks into nervous wreckage. Their day starts at 11am, and by 3pm they're often on the road to one or another distant venue. They perform one or two sets between 9pm and 1am and may not hit the sack much before 4am. But at least Mi-Sex know that the efforts will pay off. If their album, *Graffiti Crimes,* reaches sales of gold status (20,000 copies) they stand to make more than $30,000 from sales and publishing royalties.

There are other examples of bands which are showing the drive and quality which will see them at the top of the charts, and with money in their pockets. For example, Dirty Pool also manages Flowers which, from where I sit, must be the most promising musical property of 1980. Flowers are now the highest paid unrecorded band in the country. Led by former cellist Iva Davies, whose entry to the rock and roll scene was through a girlfriend with lots of records, Flowers turn out an impressive mixture of covers (note-perfect renditions of other bands' songs, all of them classics) and their own highly original and quite stunning material. At Sydney's Manly Flicks (a film theatre that has been gutted to accommodate more than 1000 punters a night) I saw Flowers play second fiddle to visiting English rock group XTC. Again it was a night filled with the dark apparitions of booze and drugs and aggression, but Flowers played above it all with riveting style.

Finally, there are some marvellous images of the way live music has developed. Let me recall two instances . . .

At Sydney's Civic Hotel it is 11pm and a little-noticed band called Loaded Dice are playing hot. Their front man, a wise-cracking bass player who seems always to be courting trouble from an audience that wants to get on stage and perform, has just bent a beer can over his own head. Now he is blessing one of the prime contenders for drunk-of-the-night award with the man's own beer. With gusto the listener joins in the fun and anoints the singer with the remains of his schooner. The band launch into one of their own extremely odd songs. For this they will be lucky, after agents' commission, management fee, breakages and dry-cleaning, to see any money out of their probable $300 fee.

Two or three weeks later the supremo band of this country, Little River Band, managed by one of Australia's three or four international class operators, Paul Wheatley, showcase their new album at the monolithic Revesby Workers' Club. This is something of a work-up to a five-month return visit to America where their last album has achieved platinum sales (more than one million copies). The band play in the huge club auditorium on the first of three nights which will constitute half of all of their performances in Australia since their new album, *First Under the Wire,* was released. Revesby is in the heart of the western suburbs of Sydney and the booze consumption does it justice. Whiteshirted waiters are darting about among the 1200 capacity audience, loaded down with trays of beer and alcoholic exotica. LRB cover many of their older songs as well as most of the tracks off their new album. For the privilege of seeing the band in this setting the audience has paid $6 a head, indicating a gross of $7200, plus bar takings. All three nights at Revesby sold out in the flash of an eyelid. No one will say what LRB are getting paid for this, but I'd be surprised to see any change out of the door takings.

In this business, when things are good they're very, very good.

NEXT MONTH: How the faces behind the glitter manipulate their stars.

Sometimes a great potion

why must gentlemen endure such ridiculous complications for life's simple pleasures?

humor **by Ron Saw**

WARMING UP a plan to frustrate the publicans and excisemen the other day, I asked an amateur distiller for a recipe for mead. He gave me, enthusiastically, a pre-metric sheet bearing the following instructions:

"Take 3lb orange-blossom honey, half an ounce of mialic acid, quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid, one fifteenth of an ounce of tannin and nutrients, and some yeast. Add three gallons of water and allow to ferment. Rack within a week of fermentation. Rack again when a heavy deposit forms and after three months add 50ppm sulphate. Rack again every three months and leave for three years . . . "

I flung the thing away with an oath. Three years, for God's sake! Mialic acid? Tartaric? Tannin, nutrients . . . ? Look, this stuff used to be brewed by honest, beef-witted English yeomen. They'd never heard of mialic or tartaric or any other kind of acid. Asked to produce a fifteenth part of something, let alone 50ppm – whatever on earth a ppm might be – they'd simply have given up and gone Morris

Illustration by Jack Larkin

dancing. Without any of these chemicals and measures they managed to produce mead of high quality; potent enough to have had some important bearing on the marriage bed and the honeymoon's excesses. But I do not want to go into all that.

What has happened since that time? Why must everything today – even a gentleman's pleasures – be so complicated? To reach even deeper into the matter, consider the pleasures of the average gentleman. They may be summed up under the three headings of wine, women and song. (Huntin', shootin', fishin' and Rugger are still classed as pleasures, but might be sidelined to accommodate those chaps who still believe in 19th century public schools and the efficacy of courses of cold baths.)

Once, the pleasure of womanising was marvellously straightforward. Alley Oop, with a bellyful of mastodon giblets, saw a human creature with a different shape and a different smell, experienced a warming of the loins and took up his stone club. He stretched her senseless with a shrewd blow, hauled her off to a cave and had his way – and, should she recover the priceless gift of her senses, hers.

Today a gentleman can't even approach the subject of sex without first laying platitudes on the altar of Women's Lib, mouthing the clichés of sociology, psychology and even a little jolly histology, and swearing that the last thing on his mind, now or at any other time, is fornication. He must even hold still for the preposterous catachresis "male chauvinist". The result of this has been a pullulation of fags and a proliferation of sharp-tongued, embittered, unwanted old maids. But let's pass quickly from that one, too.

Song? It was even simpler. Oop found that by throwing back his head and roaring he could achieve a passable imitation of the cry of the gorilla or, in gentler moods, that of the dog-faced mandrill. A couple of million years later he had learned to blow through reeds and to produce a rhythm by clacking the shinbones of a goat.

Today, in order to drown out any possible conversation and so reach the social norm, one must have about a thousand bucks' worth of electronic garbage including woofers and tweeters and, for all I know, weepers and poofters, to reproduce the screams of an American black apparently having a red-hot poker driven up her anus.

But none of these complications competes with those that have overtaken the once-pleasant business of making the many forms of booze covered by the generic heading of Wine. Mead itself doesn't date back to Alley Oop. It was first made, or first recorded anyway, in Britain about 500AD. Nobody seems to know who invented mead, or how, but it is easy enough to work it out:

"Ar, there, Flod. Ee, why youm red in face an' fallin' over an' larfin'?"

"Aaaarrr, Gwyl. Hee-hee. Hey, youm see this 'ere flask o' honey? Well, moi missus leave un out in rain an' water get in. She stoppers un up an' now there be this strange stuff inside. Tastes right funny, but it makes a chap feel good-oh. Same way chap feels after suckin' on that stuff them Roman chaps makes of 'em little berries."

"Aaarrrgh, Flod. Gimme . . ."

Thirty or forty years later, when mead was all the go, somebody – probably a sailor – got the idea of distilling the stuff. I suggest a sailor because sailors had long made fresh water by boiling seawater and collecting the steam in sponges (ref. Alexander of Aphrodisia) and, as merchantmen, had hung fleeces over boiling resin to collect turpentine (Pliny). It is highly probable that a sailor arose one morning, with a head full of the fumes of a lousy brew of mead, and felt sure that the stuff could be improved by giving it the boiling-and-collecting, or distillation, treatment:

"Today a gentleman can't approach the subject of sex without first laying platitudes on the altar of Women's Lib."

"AAArrr, Gong. Hoy, youm tasted that stuff Tar 'as on the fleece?"

"Nay. What be on fleece?"

"Well, Tar boil up mead and hang fleece over pot and fleece gets all wet, loike. Tar gi' me a bit o' fleece to suck . . . and, whoopee! What we got be like honey. Fair take breath away."

But long before the British had begun sucking sheepskins – say 2000 years before – the Chinese had been making booze, using rice and millet:

"Ah, hon'ble Hong Ping Fat, salutations. Here I have new invention by hon'ble Sun Wun Lung – dragon drink: water mix in lice an' mirret, ret lot. Taste so! Ha! Very hot on tongue. Get up nose. Ah-ah-aaah . . ."

"Ah-hah? What hon'ble Sun Wun Lung name this dlink?"

". . . tchou!"

"Ha! Funny name but nice dlink."

Tchou it was, anyway. When it was distilled, possibly by the Japanese, the stronger form was saluted as "Ah-ssOOO, Tchou!" In time this was abbreviated to Sochoo.

In India and Ceylon they were making arrack out of rice and palm toddy; in Turkey they brewed kefir from cow's milk and from that distilled arika; and a low point was reached in Russia and the Ukraine when people began drinking koumiss:

"If you don't mind my asking, Ivan, what is that frightful-looking stuff you're drinking?"

"Brave little brew I picked up in the Caucasus. Called koumiss. Made from fermented milk."

"Milk! How disgusting. Milk? Just a minute. What d'you mean, milk? There are no cows for 200 leagues."

"Nicholas, ole buddy, ole moujik, we're using mare's milk."

"Are you trying to be funny, Ivan?"

"Not at all. Yeeee-hoo! I beg your pardon. No, no. There are plenty of mares in foal, and . . ."

"Are you trying to tell me that you've been sneaking up on my mare and squeezing her tits to produce the raw material for that slop? You must be mad."

"I sometimes think I am. There are some pretty wild mares around, believe me. Kick Christ out of you, they do. I'd as soon try to milk a bear as that mad bloody Arab of yours. Come to think of it, why not bear-milk booze?"

Possibly because koumiss was so revolting, it was distilled to become a spirit called skhou. The name suggests that even the distillate was awful, but I'd rather not think about it.

In time the Italians distilled brandy, the Spaniards aqua vini, and the French cognac, from wine. The Irish made usquebaugh from beer and the Scots, using peat to smoke their malt barley, made whisky.

But the real strides were made by brandy or, more accurately, by the things some of the sufferers did with brandy. It was then, as now, a pretty nasty spirit. Some found it so unpleasant that they believed it must have powerful chemical qualities. Medieval alchemists, always in search of a new lurk to keep things moving when lead failed to turn into gold, moved briskly into the field of love potions and aphrodisiacs:

"Ah, bonjour, Monsieur Coquin. What's this – soaking oranges in brandy? What're you doing – preserving the things?"

"No, no, my friend. I am adding the properties of the orange to this special brandy. Ah, if only I could reveal the effects of this powerful philtre. Well . . . it's enough to say that I make it for the Comte Forniquer."

"The Comte! The fellow built like a donkey? I was at school with him. We called him Three-Legs Forniquer. Mon Dieu, comme il pend!"

"Of course. Since his cradle days M. Le Comte has been drinking this philtre. Hence his remarkable phallic development. However, it is never too late. I have another brew which will, for only 4000 livres, produce more or less instant results . . ."

All over the world men and women were gulping similar potions, hoping for relief from not only genital underprivilege but also from impotence, falling hair, corns, bad breath, syphilis, trembling of the knees, writhing of the lips, bed-wetting, bilharzia, papsy-row, jitus, sprue and the itch.

None of these afflictions was ever cured by fruit-flavored brandy; but nobody ever complained about the stuff because it was discovered that, delicious as it was, it could be improved by the addition of sugar. So orange brandy sugared up became Grand Marnier, and brandy with sugar and the peel of green oranges became Curaçao. There was crème d'ananas, flavored with pineapple, crème de cacao (cocoa and vanilla beans), crème de framboises (raspberries) and crème de noyaux, the bitter-almond flavor derived from fruit stones.

Not all of these splendid liqueurs were produced by scoundrels. Some of the best and most famous came from the monasteries, monks of the stricter orders sublimating other vile desires by blending herbs and spices to make plant liqueurs. Not all of them, though, did well:

"What on earth is the matter with Fra Grigorio?"

"Matter, your reverence?"

"Yes, matter. That's the third time he's fallen over. He's supposed to be on his knees, not on his back."

"Been overworking, your reverence. It's that elixir he's trying to perfect."

"Hmmm. Well, if we weren't at matins I'd say he was pissed. Oops! Have I lost my wits then, or did I hear you hiccup?"

"Slip of the tongue, your reverence."

"I think you're pissed, too. Look, are we Benedictines or are we . . ."

"Benedictine for me, thanks, your reverence. Hup-hup."

But generally speaking the monasteries made staggering contributions to not only the liqueur business but also the entire spectrum of vinous pleasures. There were, as it turned out, still better things to do with brandy; with cognac, anyway. About 1687 there was a distressing scene:

"Your reverence! On the subject of the new confessor . . ."

"What about him, Fra Grigorio?"

"I can no longer make my confession to him. This morning I began to confess to having been the least bit tipsy yesterday . . ."

"The least bit what? I'd have said slobbering drunk. Tipsy is not the word to use of a member of this order who runs his hand right up the habit of a visiting abbess."

"Mea culpa . . ."

"And who mounts the refectory table to give a dancing interpretation of Chaucer's The Miller's Tale, if you please! Your anus, Fra Grigorio, bared to the sideboard, was surely one of the most . . ."

"Mea maxima culpa. *But the new confessor, the excellent Dom Pierre Pèrignon de Hautvilliers, has still gone too far. In the very confessional he ordered me to reveal the formula of the liqueur I've created. And Benedictine is . . ."*

"I see. Well, I'll have a word with the fellow. An honest monk should be allowed to get a bit pissed now and then without being given a hard time by shrivers and wowsers. The good Dom Pèrignon will just have to look to something else. I believe he's been concocting a mess of wine and brandy in the Champagne district lately . . ."

Which brings me full circle. A pox upon mead. Let's stay true to Dom Pèrignon, Pol Roger, Pommery or Krug . . . and let shrivers, wowsers and excisemen do their worst.

"Pity it's not as big as your ego!"

SEXUAL SECRETS OF THE DARK CONTINENT

an intriguing account of how lovemaking taboos and techniques in africa vary from tribe to tribe

appraisal

By GEORGE MULGRUE

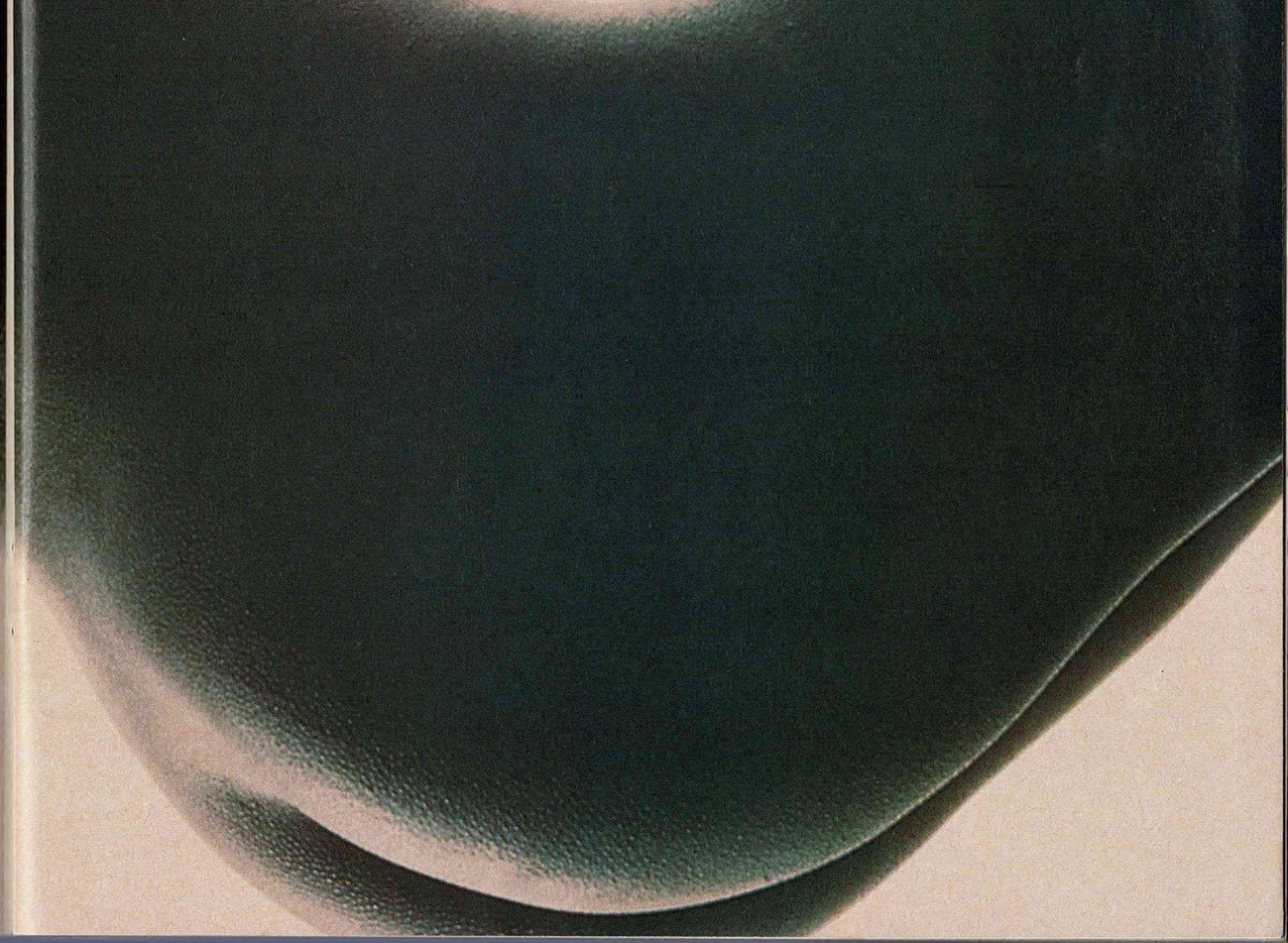
MRS V of Newtown is seeing her teenage daughter off to a dance. "Don't go accepting any lifts. They're only after one thing, and once you've let them have their way, you are finished!" Across Sydney at Rose Bay, Mrs D adopts another approach. "Are you sure you've taken your Pill today, dear? I don't know what I'd say to your father if you got pregnant!"

Mrs M, a Kikuyu lady of Kenya, is seeing her daughter off to an evening at the *thingira,* a hut used by the boys. She is going to have a bit of *ngweko* which, roughly, means necking. But that's as far as it goes and Mrs M has no fears. The girl is well prepared. She wears a soft leather apron under a skirt with two V-shaped tails. She pulls her apron back and tucks it under the back of the skirt. Then the two tails are pulled forward between her legs and tied in front, forming a fairly effective chastity belt. She may lie with her boyfriend and fondle him. It might finish up with an orgasm on one side or the other, but this isn't normally a part of the proceedings.

On the other hand, a Luba lady from Angola, seeing her daughter hanging around the house, might say: "Go and get yourself a *mfuli.* Otherwise you will always be just a hole and nothing else. What man will want to look at you?" You might expect a similar comment from a Hottentot mother in South Africa or a Nkundo mother in Zaire. They are all referring to what is known as the "Hottentot Apron". This is the elongation of a woman's labia majora, produced by continuous stretching from her very early years, until they attain a length of anything up to 20cm. The point is that what is considered immoral in one part of the world is seen as the norm somewhere else, because people differ more about sexual morality than they do about any other subject, including religion. The things that go with sex, too; ideals of beauty and of feminine behavior. Even with hair. For instance, people who normally have sparse hair – northern Europeans, perhaps, or Asians – tend to remove what they have. Hindu and Moslem ladies pluck their pubic hair regularly. But people who normally have a lot of hair, such as the southern Europeans, treasure it. Think of the Spaniard or southern Italian, who would hate his wife to be without her little moustache or her under-arm fuzz.

In Africa, sex is a very important part of life, and sexual ceremonies are part of almost every daily occupation, from farming to funerals, from religion to beauty. And yet there are enormous differences between the various tribes. A number believe in complete sexual freedom for children, but others are as strict as any nonconformist European family. Some insist on female virginity, others are strict about it only after initiation. Some countenance masturbation, but others are members of the "makes you blind and gives you hair on the palms" school.

Let's go back to the Hottentot apron: the long vulval lips. It has been suggested that the practice began in parts of Africa in which the female vagina is an object of worship. But it is far more likely that the idea is to provide more pleasure in intercourse. The African is commonly thought to have a larger penis than his European counterpart, but this isn't really true and, like any other man, he will have a penis roughly proportionate to his own size. And Boris de



Rachewiltz claimed, in his book entitled *Black Eros; Sexual Customs of Africa from Pre-history to the Present Day,* that the bushman tribes have what is called a *penis rictis.* This is a short penis which, unlike the normal *penis pendulus,* remains horizontal even when relaxed. The story isn't easy to authenticate but it might explain rock drawings which show men with what look like erections, even when they're hunting or fighting. At the same time, de Rachewiltz believes the vagina of the African is narrower but deeper than that of the European woman – about 15cm rather than 10cm – and the higher orifice and long perineum tend to allow the forward emission of urine, so she can urinate while standing up.

Many African people manipulate the female genitals in different ways, from clitorodectomy, or female circumcision, to stretching of the labia. Sometimes this is done with chemicals; sometimes girls go into the forest and do it for each other. In some tribes girls use corn cobs or animal horns wrapped in cloth. The Nandi women of southern Ethiopia make their *mfuli* by masturbating, while the Gisu women of the Sudan and Kenya do it by hanging stones from their labia.

However it is done, there seems no doubt that the tissues of the extended labia can become erect and so can fit the penis like a sheath, not only compensating for the short *penis rictis,* but also increasing sexual pleasure. Some authorities believe that this stretching increases genital sensitivity so that a woman can become more responsive to vulval stimulation. Certainly no man from Uganda or Kenya or Tanzania would think of marrying a woman without a *mfuli.*

It is an example of female beauty culture, which anywhere in the world has to do with attracting men. Steatopygia is another practice: the development of fat round the buttocks. Some African tribes consider it to be extremely attractive. But standards of beauty differ from tribe to tribe.

Unlike most tribes, for instance, the Masai of Kenya look for a slim, well-built woman with a slightly rounded form. She certainly shouldn't be fat. She might have protruding buttocks (but not to the extent of steatopygia) and a deep navel. Her face should be oval, her teeth white and her lips shouldn't obtrude, which is completely the reverse of the Congo practice of stretching the lips with large circular plates. Small, dark lips are beautiful, but her complexion should be as light as possible. Her bones should be small, her hands and feet delicate and her breasts upright. Contrast all this with the men of the Ganda, the Nama (Namibia) and the Thonga (Mozambique), who expect a long face and full breasts. The Ganda and Zande (Sudan) favor pendulous breasts and, according to M. De La Harpe, an 18th century European explorer, beauty for them lies in the length and size of the breasts. Young Zande girls are seen frequently pulling their breasts and, at the age of 16 or 17, they usually bind them with cords to make them grow pendulous, often finishing with breasts which reach to the knees.

The Lange (Uganda) like supple ankles, whereas the Ila (Botswana) prefer fleshy ones. The Dahomey of Benin, the Ganda, the Nama, Thonga and the Vende of Zimbabwe all insist on the extended labia. The Thonga look for a rather light skin, but the Chagga of eastern Ethiopia like a dark one. In Mali, the Gambara go for a copper-colored skin.

Then we come to mutilation of one sort or another. Many tribes practise scarification and tattooing. It is difficult to be sure of the origins of this practice, which is a combination of beauty aid and tribal identification. A particular pattern is something like a passport, which indicates to what tribe a person belongs, particularly when it comes to men.

In women it has much more to do with sex, and it is displayed largely on the erogenous zones. In certain Nigerian tribes, for instance, a girl is scarified at specific times in her life. When she is still a child, incisions are made around her navel and, when she reaches puberty, on her arms and at the back of her neck. Then, at harvest time the next year, the buttocks and groin are scarred.

And it all seems to have a tremendous effect on the men. Among the Nkundo, the women's tattoos and scars all centre on their sexual parts. Girls will do their best to show part of their tattooing when men are present, in order to excite them. Dahomey girls have 12 different grades of scarification and each has a particular meaning. The Dahomey tribe believe that the scarifications turn livid when a girl loves a man, and her feelings can thus easily be read.

Somewhere between childhood and marriage, many girls go through the equivalent of what in men is circumcision. Clitorodectomy has been practised all over the world from the times of the Pharoahs to the present day; from Mexican tribes to our own Arantas. And it differs in scope from the simple gash in the pudenda carried out by the Totanacs of eastern Mexico to the slicing away of the genitalia in Moslem North Africa. Plainly this form is not used by tribes who cherish the *mfuli,* though in some cases clitorodectomy consists only of snipping the tip of the clitoris, and doesn't have any effect on the vaginal lips.

Boys' circumcision rituals are similar the world over, and particularly so among the African tribes. The same could be said of the infibulation (clitorodectomy) practices. Some tribes believe that this operation brings greater physical pleasure, others that a man who lies with an uncircumcised woman risks certain death. Some believe that it also assists the woman to become pregnant. You can't help feeling that the whole idea is the product of a man's world. But it's the female establishment which insists on the operation. Among the Gallina of Sierra Leone a girl gets her permanent name only after the operation. In the Biafra portion of Nigeria, the lack of circumcision in either sex is a major cause for divorce.

Whatever the beliefs, the ceremonies differ between tribes, but the preliminaries always have to do with education about the duties of wifehood and instruction in all matters dealing with sex. Some tribes cauterise the parts which are to be removed. Others cut them away with a knife wielded by an old woman who holds up the labia with a primitive pair of pincers. Generally, the girl is made to lie above an old woman, who holds her legs apart with her own while the operation is taking place.

Among the Kikuyu the old woman is a person of high standing, the girl's "godmother", who previously has had to make sure that the girl is a virgin and is in a fit condition. She mustn't be about to ovulate, and menstruation must be three weeks away. If she has broken any of the taboos – masturbation, for instance, or has had any kind of sexual experience – she must confess to her godmother and get herself purified.

But masturbation is not always tabooed. Among the Barue, Gisu, Nandi and Sabey of the Sudan and Ethiopia, boys indulge in masturbation either by themselves or in groups from about nine years onwards. Young Nandi boys smear their penises with a fluid which causes erection, and they sing: "Grow big and I will give you something to eat." But this phase doesn't last, and it is difficult to find men who masturbate.

The Chagga and Dahomey warn their sons against the evils of masturbation and they aren't allowed to have any kind of sexual experience. In some tribes, such as the Thonga, this rule is relaxed after circumcision, when boys are told about interfemoral intercourse and coitus interruptus. Many tribes are extremely tolerant of children's sexual awakenings and the Ganda encourage their children to have sexual discussions. The Chewa tribe of Mozambique encourage sexual experience and young Chewas build huts outside the village and play at being husbands and wives.

Dress patterns differ from tribe to tribe. Before the arrival of Islam and Christianity, nudity was common and it still is among some tribes: the Luo of Kenya and Uganda, for instance, where some women make do with small fibre aprons. In other tribes girls wear banana leaf skirts, which show their genitals as they walk. In South Africa, the Zulus tend to cover up more, but in the Congo only prostitutes cover their breasts, apparently as an indication of their profession.

But clothes are not merely a means of covering the body or of adornment; the codpiece, still worn in Africa and by the people of New Guinea, is also a means of guarding the genitalia from the evil eye. And a woman has to be careful not to allow evil spirits to enter her body through her vagina.

Among the Balante of Senegal, women are allowed to have uncircumcised (and therefore not completely male) lovers. Many of the tribes allow young people to have intercourse as soon as they are able, and among some tribes young girls have a great deal of sexual liberty. There are two stipulations generally: that the girls must not become pregnant (often the child is done away with) and after marriage they must be totally faithful.

Which brings us to marriage. Most African tribes are polygamous, the exceptions being the northern Berbers and Christians. There are good reasons for polygamy, one being that in many tribes sexual intercourse is disallowed for three years after pregnancy, the time it takes to wean a child. This means that the husband would have to abstain for that time if he did not have other women.

In general the senior wife has greater authority, but each wife has her own house, with all that goes with it, and the husband is bound to serve his wives regularly. And, of course, the richer a man is, the more wives he needs as a status symbol. There is one other important reason for polygamy. Wives, as well as being sexual plaything, are thought of as cheap labor.

When a man has many wives, they are allowed sometimes to have official lovers. In some tribes these men are paid by the husband; in others they have to pay for the privilege. In some cases when a husband dies, his wife is expected to marry his brother.

Consummation is something again. In the tribes which allow premarital sex there is no problem about the girl's virginity, but in others the lack of a hymen brings great shame, and the girl often can be subjected to a rather unpleasant inspection, either by the father of the husband or by the husband himself. In certain tribes, if she is not intact, she may be put to death. Marriage in some tribes, such as the Luo, is consummated in public. The man, having achieved an erection, must deflower his bride without having an orgasm. His penis is then examined to find traces of the hymen.

Despite all this, women have considerable sexual freedom in many tribes, and many women are extremely demanding sexually, using herbs and nostrums to stimulate their husbands. If a Gisu woman is not satisfied, she sees that everyone knows about it. "My husband's penis has died!" she cries. Rather like the women of Tahiti, Rega women from Zaire will make love to any man they meet. Dahomey women wear a short skirt which they let down whenever they meet a desirable man. On the other hand, some tribes believe that for a woman to show her genitals is a bad omen.

Some of the tribes' copulatory attitudes are straight out of Masters and Johnson. The Sabey always use the missionary position, with the man on top of the supine woman. The Nkundo have intercourse lying on their sides and make love only at night because they believe that daytime copulation will make them ill.

L. Frobenius, in *The Childhood of Man: A Popular Account of the Lives, Customs and Thoughts of the Primitive Races,* describes the Ethiopian position, in which a woman lies down and wraps her legs around the man, who kneels in front of her. Abyssinian girls learn to dance the Dik Dik – the name of a small deer – which entails very syncopated hip movements and may last up to eight hours. It is said that they can perform similarly during sexual intercourse.

At the same time, many of the most sexually oriented tribes are astonished at what, to Westerners, is normal. Most tribes do not kiss, for instance, because they think it a filthy habit. Dahomey men stimulate the woman's genitals as a prelude to lovemaking, but they are a minority. A Nandi man caresses the woman's erogenous zone but will never touch the vulva. Similarly, a woman will not touch a man's penis except for washing it after lovemaking. A Ganda woman tickles her husband under the armpit to arouse him. But a Ganda woman, asked why she refused to allow cunnilingus, said that the mouth was for eating and the vagina for making love. Fellatio seems to be relatively unknown as well.

Sex, then, for the average African, no matter what his particular habits, isn't merely a matter of making the most out of a single God-given pleasure, as it is with other cultures. Plainly, it's a part of the basic fabric of his life. His sexual life begins almost at birth and stays with him through his every activity until he dies.

"Somehow I always expected someone tall and thin."

YOU BE THE JUDGE

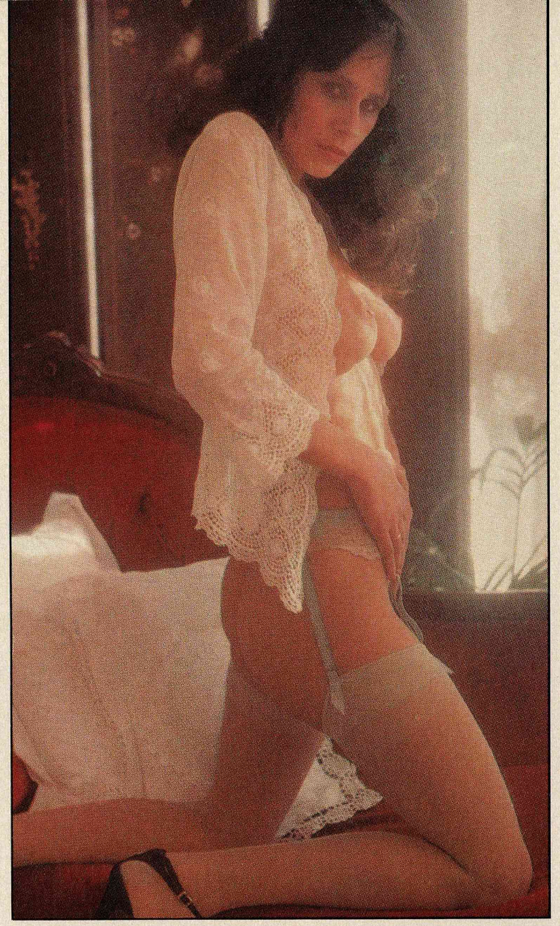
when sensual sharon dons her wig and gown, the finer points of law are unlikely to be overlooked

PETITE AND lovely Sharon Mulligan is a lady who likes to lay down the law. So much so that she intends to forsake a blossoming career in modelling for a wig

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS SCOTT

and gown of a different nature. "I suppose that must sound strange," she says. "But I've been enthralled by the study of law for as long as I can remember. I guess I'm looking for a fulfilment that simply cannot be found in a modelling career."

Modelling's loss will certainly be the legal profession's gain, but what better farewell to Sharon's five-year career than to share her gifts with PLAYBOY? We found brown-eyed Sharon during a holiday in Australia from her native South Africa, most of which has been spent keeping our menfolk at bay. "Don't get me wrong," she says. "I've met some charming guys here and I've had some memorable evenings, but I can't stand persistent types. You know, the guys with gold chains hung around their hairy chests who're convinced they're God's gift. I've got Irish in my blood and I fly off the handle at the least provocation, and there have been occasions here in Australia when I've been, ah, remarkably frank with a number of persistent gentlemen."



"I'm really a very moral person, not at all modern, I suppose. I sometimes wish I wasn't so moody."

Sharon describes herself as "very tough and yet very vulnerable". It's a combination which has served her well in a young life crammed with activity. The daughter of a well-to-do builder and his theatrical agent wife, Sharon, 24, received a strict and formal education at a convent in her home town. Out of school hours she was always encouraged to be adventurous and independent, and it therefore came as no shock to her parents when she announced, the day after final exams, her intention to

"You hear a lot of stories about convent girls let loose in the world. To a certain extent they're true."

live in London and break into modelling. "Mum and Dad were sorry to see me go, but they understood that I would never have been content to sit at home and dream about what might have been."

Two years in London didn't quite bring Sharon the fame and fortune of her dreams, but the stint helped to establish her as a force to be reckoned with in photographic and fashion modelling. On her return to Cape Town she found she was much in demand. Television appearances (she was one of the first beauties to be seen on infant South African TV) followed magazine covers.

"Life started to get pretty hectic," she says. "I found that often I was working around the clock, and it began to worry me. Frankly, I've always believed that all work and no play makes Sharon a dull girl. I like to go to pop concerts, have long dinners with men friends, go to the beach, ride my cycle or my skateboard, anything to relax. I just had to make space in my life for pleasure, even at the expense of some jobs. Once I got my priorities straight, life seemed to be so much more enjoyable."

With the prospect of legal studies looming large in her future, Sharon decided to pack her bags and see some more of the world before settling down to her books. Australia appealed because of its long and inviting coastlines and the cosmopolitan atmosphere of its major cities, so Sharon and a girlfriend struck out for Sydney. She immediately fell in love with the city, and the feeling has been reciprocated. "Maybe I'll come back some day to defend a notorious criminal," she says with a mischievous shake of her long, dark hair.

We hope so, Sharon, even if it does incite a crime wave.

"Gentlemen excluded, my great passions are French cuisine and scotch. I expect to be treated with respect."

"I've tried to organise my life, but I'm always in a rush . . . always finding I'm two minutes late for a bus."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sharon Mulligan

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5·7 WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 12-6-55 BIRTHPLACE: Cape Town South Africa

FAVORITE BOOKS: Even Cowgirls get the Blues

FAVORITE ACTORS: Jane Fonda - Warren Beatty

FAVORITE FOOD: French food

SECRET DREAM: To be sent round the world on an all expenses paid trip

FAVORITE MOVIES: Seven Beauties, Midnight Express

TURN-ONS: Moonlit nights, quiet places at times and being with good company

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stones, Patti Smith, Bowie

RELAXING: Reading, movies, skateboarding & cycling in the country on weekends.

FAVORITE NIGHT OUT: Seeing a good live concert. and having a good meal afterwards

TURN-OFFS: Flashy men.

Oh, I didn't

The girl next door

That's a good one

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Fill that up with ice cream," the customer barked as he slammed the condom on the counter.

"What on earth for?" asked the astounded assistant.

"It's for my wife," the customer replied. "Last year she wanted a new car for her wedding anniversary and she got it. The year before it was a grand piano and she got that. This year she's asked for a deep freeze and I'm going to make sure she gets one."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *necrophilia* as dead boring.

Self-conscious about his tiny penis, the powerfully-built buck steeled himself for the sexual showdown with his girl. Their back seat encounter was going smoothly until the young man placed his member in his girl's hand. "Thanks," she replied, "but I don't smoke."

Do you screw all your models?" asked the shapely miss after the artist had forcibly taken her on the floor of his studio.

"No, you're the first," he replied.

"Really? And how many models have you photographed here before me?"

"Three – a bowl of fruit, an antique vase and an umbrella stand."

The sex therapist had arranged for two husky males to help a couple of frustrated spinsters work out their sexual hangups. As the maids scurried to the nominated rendezvous, they swept by a hairstyling boutique.

"I think I smell hair burning," said the first spinster.

"My goodness," her friend replied anxiously, "do you think we're walking too fast?"

The astronauts were astonished to learn that the inhabitants of Planet Gong called the heavily-automated production plant a maternity hospital for producing children. "We have a completely different method," exclaimed one Earthling as he launched into a detailed explanation of the human reproduction system.

"My goodness," gasped the even more astonished Gongite leader. "To think that's how we make cars!"

He had not counted on the raffle prize being a live bird and he felt somewhat silly standing in the bar with a thrashing goose pinned under his arm; so he tucked it in his trousers. The goose's struggling finally resulted in its neck popping free of his fly, and the new barmaid arrived on duty to be greeted by a loud "honk, honk!"

"Well," she exclaimed, "I've seen plenty of them stand up in my time, but that's the first one I've heard stand up and speak."

Perhaps you've heard about the girl who was so undesirable she even turned her vibrator off.

How nice," said one suburban wife to the other. "Here comes your husband and it looks as if he has brought you a beautiful bunch of flowers."

"Oh, no!" responded her friend. "That means another night on my back with my legs in the air."

"Why? Haven't you got a vase?"

What do you think you are doing?" asked the policeman as he shone his torch on the couple parked in lovers' lane.

"Necking, officer," came the boy's nervous reply.

"Well," barked the officer, "you had better stick your neck back in your trousers and get to hell out of here."

Mr Minister," boomed the back-bencher, "what do you intend to do about the Abortion Bill?"

"Shhh, not so loud," choked the Cabinet man. "I'll pay the doctor tomorrow."

Perhaps you've heard about the matelot castaway who refused rescue from a remote South Sea island where he was venerated as a god. "I have been living," he explained, "in a tool's paradise!"

You were super!" complimented the man as he put on his jacket and then tipped the massage-parlor attendant generously. "It must take quite a bit of experience to develop such technique. How long have you been doing this line of work?"

"I started last week," said the girl.

"No! What did you do before?"

"I worked in a rainwear factory. My job was to test all the umbrellas to make sure they opened and closed smoothly."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"They say Pinocchio's a great hit with the lasses!"

THE SOCCEROOS' SVENGALI

as rudi gutendorf puts his reputation on the line, he has australia's world cup squad hitting the high notes in their charge toward spain

profile **By NEIL JAMESON**

NO ONE had mentioned cockatoos. Rudi Gutendorf bundled up the surrealistic rearrangement of broken wings and crushed feathers and placed it all carefully in the boot of the Mercedes. There was no damage to the front of the old Benz, but the brightly-coloured parrot had not been as lucky. Terra Australis Incognito – the Great Unknown South Land – is proving full of surprises for Gutendorf, the West German commissioned to coach the Australian national soccer team to a place in the World Cup finals in Spain in 1982. Australia's time-warping distances, sub-standard amenities, shortage of cash and semi-professional playing standards had been tipped as the obvious hazards. But no one had mentioned anything about cockatoos.

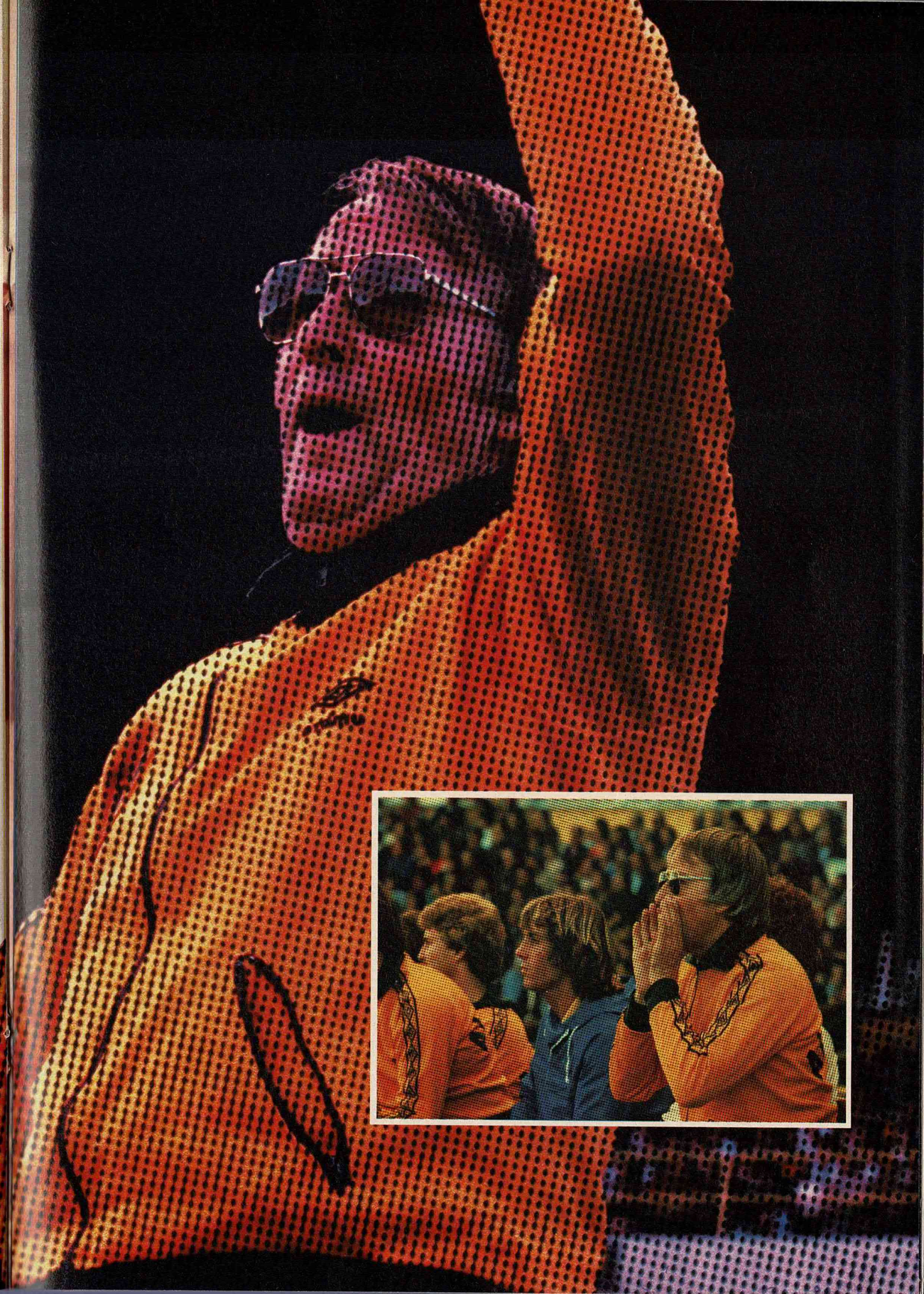
He kept the bird, or at least part of it, and its plumage now forms the centrepiece of a surprising collage the West German has created as a memento of his stay in Australia. The cockatoo will remind Rudi of his 6000-kilometre, eight-week hunt for Australia's best players to join the Socceroos. For the hours spent on the training field, the collage features a boot stud. A leatherjacket skeleton and the claws from a blue swimmer crab will salvage memories of high times by the shores of Sydney Harbor. The walls of Gutendorf's apartment, seven floors above the Harbor foreshore, are post-stamped with his paintings, too. He nods at them and smiles: "I'm not an artist." He almost apologises. "I do it for fun – to relax. There are a lot of pressures in this business."

"This business" is professional football coaching at the highest level. For the past 10 years the West Germans have been showing the rest of the world just how to do it and it is the Australian Soccer Federation's hope that a bit of the West German miracle might rub off on the Socceroos.

Last year, the president of the ASF, Sir Arthur George, took his chequebook on a world tour and snared Gutendorf, 53, whose record revealed half a lifetime of coaching among the élite. But he didn't come cheaply. When Sir Arthur, ASF secretary Brian Le Fevre and Gutendorf sat down for a bit of contract signing in the lobby of the Buenos Aires Sheraton in May, 1978, the two Australians found their new man would join the ranks of the most highly paid sportsmen in the country. The German's salary, added to the massive costs of accommodating, outfitting, preparing and airlifting a squad around the world for the next three years, proved that the ASF would have to be prepared to shake out its coffers to win a spot in Spain.

If he is successful, Gutendorf will stay for four years, but he'll skip back to Europe after three if the Socceroos draw a blank. Soccer is a science and Gutendorf, as one of its academics, realises that it is not healthy to be too long away from the campuses of the European clubs because

Photography by Peter Morris



soccer's history is littered with figures forgotten quickly or burned out by the intensity of the competition.

"I cannot afford to stay out of the mainstream for too long," he says.

His record reads so well that it has prompted some to ask: "If he's that good, what the hell is he doing in Australia?" Gutendorf would prefer to be judged on his performance rather than his record. But he claims it was partly the charisma of Sir Arthur George, plus the challenge, that lured him to the Land of Oz.

"Sir Arthur is a fascinating man," says Gutendorf. "I am confident that if things run against me he will give me the support I need until my policies produce the results."

The length and success of Gutendorf's stay will depend greatly on the ability of the ASF to hold the hounds at bay should the German-Australian detente fail to appease the sporting public's impatient thirst for success. Ultimately, it may well be luck which decides the outcome. And Gutendorf is certain that soccer is the "luck of my life". From the balcony of his apartment his luck – and the view – looks pretty good.

Gutendorf settles with a coffee and a thin cigar and brushes a lock of blond-grey hair from his brow, blue eyes squinting against the sun's glare. If the photographic memorabilia in his living room are any guide, he should have an interesting story to tell: a younger Rudi being chaired shoulder-high by ecstatic Swiss fans, meeting politicians Willy Brandt and Malcolm Fraser and boxer Floyd Paterson. Another photo shows a herd of photographers surrounding Gutendorf and Kevin Keegan, the player he rates as the best in the world. The snaps are the milestones of a career but, like many sporting records, do not show the losses and setbacks

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Gutendorf's father told his son to play sports because "you'll be better for it". Rudi opted for soccer and learned to play it so well that, when World War Two arrived, the boy helped to entertain wounded troops in his Rhineland hometown of Koblenz. It was a macabre experience playing match after match in front of crowds of maimed and mutilated soldiers but, with the cinemas, the dance halls and restaurants reduced to rubble by the bombing, there were few entertainment alternatives. The players counted themselves fortunate; 80 percent of Gutendorf's classmates did not live to make the return trip to Koblenz.

But armed service caught up with the team when Hitler's call for "total war" threw adolescents and the aged into the line. For the Gutendorf family, 1945 was a bad year. Rudi's officer father died on the Russian Front and the Americans caught a frightened, untrained 18-year-old in a cellar in a central German town. "My war was over and I didn't fire a shot," he recalls. (It was a situation he was to remember well 30 years later as he watched sabotage and political discontent boil over into armed insurrection in Chile. The difference was that in Chile, Gutendorf opted for an air ticket out rather than taking refuge in a cellar.)

The German teenager spent a year in prison as a guest of the Allies. He nearly starved before he finally arrived at a camp in the southern French city of Marseilles. He didn't know at the time, but his soccer luck was about to come up trumps again. His ability showed in the prison yard games and, after a time, his goal-scoring class landed him a game with a local team outside the camp. He spoke French and eventually, "after my captors realised that I was much too young to have had anything to do with Nazism", Gutendorf was permitted to return to Germany and, finally, Koblenz. It was 1946 and he had plenty of time to tally the account: father dead but mother and brother still alive; house in ruins. But almost all his team-mates from the TuS Neuendorf club had survived. Gutendorf still had his soccer to fall back on.

The French Occupation forces chief in the area was a Colonel Metzger. When not rooting Nazis out of the woodwork Metzger, a French Jew from Strasbourg, followed soccer with rare passion. He took the TuS Neuendorf boys and helped them through food shortages and mass unemployment. Under Metzger's single-minded patronage, the Rhineland youngsters took on and beat the best teams Germany and France could offer. If the German national league (Bundesliga) had been established then, Gutendorf is certain TuS Neuendorf would have won the championship.

When the rigors of playing and training, attending Cologne University by day and rebuilding the family home at night sidelined Gutendorf with pneumonia and pleurisy, Metzger arranged a stay in the Swiss Alps, where the mountain air provided a cure. It was half way up a Swiss mountain that Gutendorf realised his playing days would one day be behind him. Coaching was the obvious way to stay in the game he loved and it offered the bonus of travel. (He was later to return to Switzerland for a successful eight-year coaching stint with the FC Lucerne club.)

The decision to move into coaching signalled the second act of his soccer performance – and it would provide the hottest scenes. He picked up the German Coaching Diploma under the instruction of the doyen of German coaches, the late Sepp Herberger, in 1953. It was his ticket to international travel, fame and huge contracts, providing he had the talent to carry it off. There also would be back-breaking hardships and years of living out of just a suitcase.

Coaching diploma and degrees in psychology and sports from Cologne and Munich Universities in hand, Gutendorf blazed a 20-year trail through a clutch of major league clubs and a score of teams. He collected a passport full of entry and departure stamps, many friends, some enemies – and a wealth of experience.

The familiar thread that runs through his nomadic lifestyle is that wherever he has gone he has created waves of publicity – and not all of it complimentary – but publicity, nonetheless. The press has picked on Gutendorf's sense of the dramatic and it is obvious he knows how to use the media to promote his plans and the interests of his players. The press was on hand when he stuck a "For Sale" sign on his Mercedes sports while he was coach of the Berlin first division club, Tennis Borussia. He got a buyer for $30,000 and immediately declared he'd put the money in a kitty to buy a star player. No sooner had the news hit the papers that the coach had sold his own car for the team than some businessmen weighed in with $400,000 which Gutendorf used to scoop up Swedish international Benny Wendt.

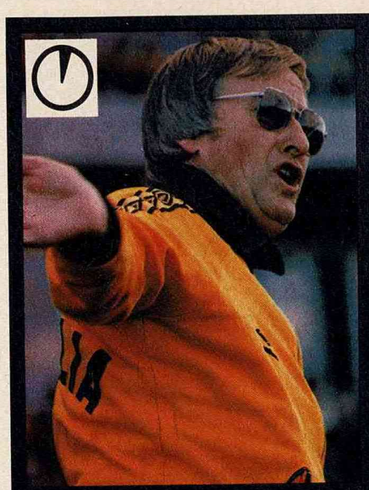
While with the Berlin club he signed a contract which included a super bonus proviso for himself and his players. The plan was that Gutendorf and his squad would cash in on a huge scale if they came up with the results and drew crowds through the turnstiles. He put more bums on seats than anyone could have hoped for and walked away from Tennis Borussia with his pockets stuffed with deutschmarks. He has signed a similar contract with the ASF which means that if the Socceroos reach Spain, players and coach will be up to their armpits in money. If they miss? Well ...

In 1966, in New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Gutendorf met the Budweiser Beer chiefs, backers of the US Pro League club, the St Louis Stars, and the famous St Louis Cardinals baseball side. He signed a $250,000 contract. A few weeks later he was promoting the club with a football match in the middle of a city freeway. When the US fans complained that soccer wasn't providing the high-scoring action which they were used to in other sports, Gutendorf had goal posts, each a metre wide, installed.

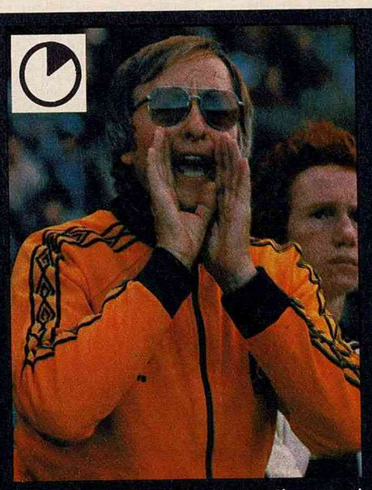
The publicity deal which grabbed the most bold type was anything but orchestrated by his hand. In 1971 he moved into the coaching hot seat of the Chilean national side to prepare it for the 1974 World Cup finals in West Germany. On face value it was a prestigious appointment to one of the leading countries in the powerful South American soccer bloc. Unfortunately for Gutendorf, the gears of revolution were just about to be thrust into overdrive and the government of Salvador Allende was about to be blown into the gutter.

In South America, soccer ranks with politics and religion as an important aspect of public life. In the pecking order of public figures anywhere south of Mexico City, the national soccer coach ranks just below the president, so it was impossible for Gutendorf to keep a low profile. He was lumped repeatedly with Allende and his senior ministers at functions, as it is a universal ploy for politicians to associate themselves with sport. Every appearance drew Gutendorf that much closer to the firing line. So, when the tanks were just about to rumble into the streets, the West German consul rang Gutendorf with a timely warning: "Get out now, Rudi. You're too close to Allende."

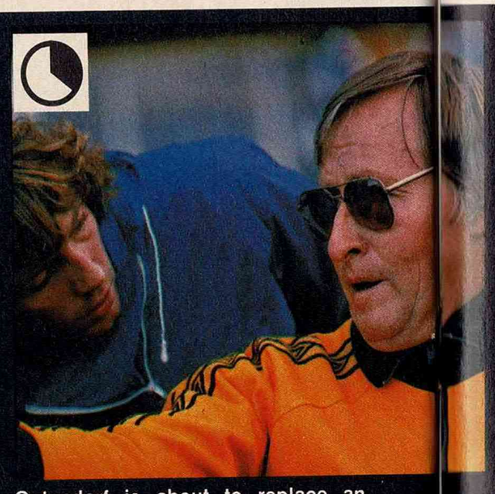
He was right; Gutendorf regarded Allende as a friend. So Gutendorf went. That was in late June of 1973. The attempted revolution was averted but nobody could head off the crunch in September and, as Gutendorf feared, summary street executions were the order of the day. The armed forces of the junta roamed the streets pulling Allende supporters from houses, killing them in front of their families. "That



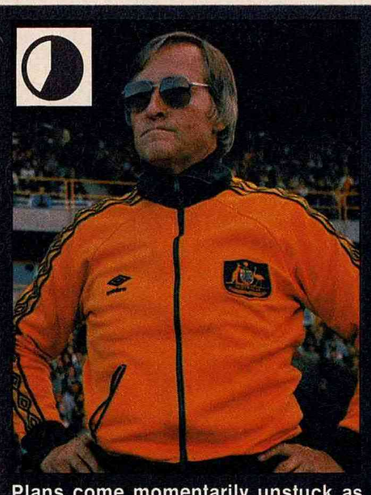
An important preparation game puts Gutendorf's attacking policy to the test. The match is only minutes old as he urges his players on. He has promised goals, but team unity must come before anything else.



In match situations even the most experienced players lose sight of what they've learned in training. From the bench Gutendorf shouts advice and encouragement. More detailed orders must wait until half time.

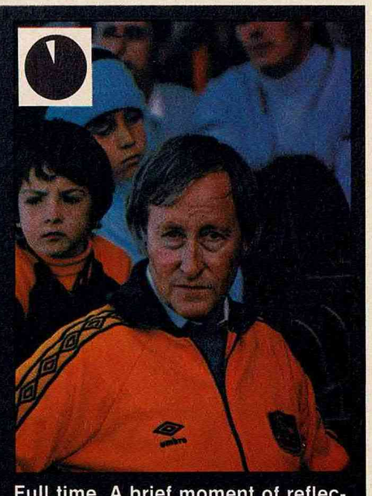


Gutendorf is about to replace an injured player and offers last-minute instructions to a youthful substitute. Key replacements play an important role in the Gutendorf plan. He likes players who slot quickly into the play.



Plans come momentarily unstuck as the opposition jumps to a 1-0 lead. The Australian coach looks long and hard at the players involved in the defensive lapse. The task will now be much harder for the coach and team.

Australia has equalised and the tension washes away through the coach's encouraging smile for the scorer. He'll be looking for more goals yet, but at least the effort and determination to win are evident.



Full time. A brief moment of reflection as Gutendorf waits for his players to leave the field. The match did not produce the free-flowing soccer he had called for, but a draw against a strong team satisfies.

is what I feared and that is why I had to get out," Rudi Gutendorf recalls vividly. Before he left Chile, the West German coach visited Allende at La Moneda, the presidential palace. The Government was besieged by strikes, assassinations, the growing unrest of the forces and the clandestine involvement of the CIA. The attempted revolution was only days away.

"I asked Allende if he could withstand the pressures that were up," recalls Gutendorf. "But he said that he thought it would be too much for him. As I was about to leave, he put his arm about my shoulders and said: 'Rudi, I tell you this now: the only way I will leave La Moneda is in *una pijama de madera',* a Spanish expression for a wooden coffin."

On September 11, 1973, Allende was dead, his head split in half by a burst of automatic weapon fire triggered by his own hand or that of one of the soldiers who attacked the palace.

The revolution badly damaged Gutendorf's two years of work with the Chilean team. The side went to West Germany under a new coach and it performed poorly. Its preparation had been interrupted when the Santiago stadium, the major venue for its matches, was turned into a temporary detention centre and mass torture chamber for supporters of the former president. In the weeks following the coup, the ruling junta of General Augusto Pinochet Vearte continued the executions. Many of Gutendorf's former friends and acquaintances died.

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Gutendorf rubbed his hands over his forehead and drew them down his cheeks as he paused in thought. The Chilean upheaval remains strong in his memory. He still owns an apartment in the resort area of Vinor del Mar, overlooking an expanse of ocean which ends almost at the doorstep of his Sydney apartment, but he doesn't know if he'll see the place again.

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Gutendorf gave it 12 months before picking up the coaching thread in the West German first division. In 1977 he was headline-grabbing again. When approached by the European Cup-Winners' Cup champion side, Hamburg SV, Gutendorf told the club's directors that he would do his best to help them win the German championship if they gave him the green light to sign Kevin Keegan. Gutendorf had a tremendous regard for the Englishman who had helped make Liverpool the best club side in Europe. Hamburg signed Gutendorf, picked up Keegan for $1 million and took on more headaches than they imagined.

Hamburg were expected to set the championship pace. Their fifth placing was respectable, but the directors wanted better for their million. The managing director, Dr Peter Krohn, engineered Gutendorf's dismissal and the club's ranking nose-dived. It wasn't long before Krohn got the bullet, too.

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The hunched figure in the off-white trench coat stalks the sideline like Blucher at Waterloo. The Teutonic tyrant is on the prowl. It is Gutendorf and this is the man caught well and truly in the middle of Australian soccer. In front of him are the members of his national squad, bound up in a tense, vital match. The team is a loaded projectile fired by the planning and hopes of the Gutendorf preparation. Behind the coach sit the crowd and the media. They will observe the projectile's flight, hope that it hits its target, but will be merciless in their judgment if a miss is recorded.

Jimmy Shoulder, Gutendorf's affable English predecessor, missed badly. A victim of circumstance and his own shortcomings, Shoulder did not have the armory to punch Australia through to a place in the 1978 World Cup finals in Argentina. Gutendorf knows all about Shoulder's failure. He knows that the Englishman's discipline was such that players climbed out of the windows of the training quarters to have nights out.

Gutendorf's discipline is as regimented and as ruthless as that of Bismarck's Prussia. For the preparation of his youth squad, which comprised players averaging 17 years of age, he implemented a training schedule so tough that when they stopped they were told to do nothing but sleep and rest. They called the training camp Stalag XIII and Gutendorf was dubbed, only half-jokingly, Colonel Klink. He gave them one night out each week: no pubs, no discos, but they could go to the movies. No, they couldn't see the *The Boys From Brazil,* but *The Stud* was okay. They had never been fitter.

While preparing his senior squad, two players broke curfew and arrived back at base at 1am. When Gutendorf got word of it he sent them home with the news that their national team careers were ended. His wham-bam approach put the skids under national team physiotherapist Peter Van Ryn in lightning fashion. The long-serving Van Ryn was not the man Gutendorf wanted and he was shot off the scene quicker than a referee can announce the words "penalty kick".

Gutendorf also knows about Rale Rasic, the man who steered Australia to the 1974 World Cup finals and then ran foul of officialdom and his own lack of diplomacy. Gutendorf has figured that the press and public would rather have seen Rasic appointed than the ASF dive out of the country for a coach; but he's not letting it worry him. Like Rasic, he is often a bit light on diplomacy but reasons that Australia won't get to Spain by being nice.

Gutendorf's changing moods, which run from the pits of despair to supreme optimism, have confounded the Australian soccer scribes. But all agree the German certainly makes good copy. Quotes, illuminated by his multilingual background, roll off his tongue by the dozen. Take his catch-phrase on his plea for more attacking football and more goals: "Soccer without goals is like dancing with your sister – it's very uninteresting."

When the weight of press and public opinion bears down on Gutendorf's morale, it is ultimately his beautiful wife, Ute, who prevents him from hitting bedrock. A former model, she is his confidante, private secretary and she has often acted as his interpreter when language problems corkscrewed his tongue. Rudi is multi-lingual, but his grasp of our language is not nearly as proficient as Ute's. Her English is flawless and she is brilliant in at least four other languages.

In her 30s, she is slim, dark and bubbling with intelligence. Her femininity is a welcome respite from the exclusively male world of football. Ute's modelling experience has provided her with the poise and confidence to handle the non-stop gallop of her husband's lifestyle. Travel excites her and she loves football, but she will admit readily she has longed for a home and family and somewhere to burrow down a few roots. At the moment she is attuned acutely to her husband's needs and his job.

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"The man's a bloody impostor," the well-informed soccer scribe confided over his beer. "Just take a look at the jobs he's had; he's had to keep moving to avoid being exposed."

The view is not shared by the soccer community at large. But Gutendorf's admission that he has had more stations than any other leading international coach is not seen necessarily as a good thing by some. With so much at stake there are a few furrows of worry on the brows of even the most faithful supporters in Australia.

But the mood of most is one of optimism and it was voiced, bluntly but accurately, by a leading Australian club coach who said: "He just might be an impostor but from what I've seen he's certainly got some magic. The final analysis will be in the team's World Cup performances. In the meantime, we'd be stupid to give him anything less than our full support."

"Actually I'm quarter Cherokee myself."

THREE INTO ONE WILL GO

Some examples of the three-in-one systems now available. Above, from the left, the Aiwa AF5080A, the Akai AC-3800 and the Rotel RM-5010. To the right, the Sharp SG500.

THE three-in-one sound system finally has come of age. Twenty years ago three-in-one was either a popular household oil, triplets or a low-grade combination of automatic record player, radio and single loudspeaker. Serious hi-fi buffs spurned all those who didn't have their walls cluttered with wires, amplifiers, speakers, oscilloscopes, tuners, tape recorders and turntables.

But now the disc has spun full circle and the combination unit is back. It is all a result of moonshots, micro-circuitry and Oriental ingenuity. Most major audio manufacturers are marketing combination stereo units and they have succeeded in assembling the three major electronic components – receiver, turntable and cassette deck – in a single, compact housing, while retaining a level of performance that places their products squarely in the high fidelity bracket.

Essentially, this situation was brought about because consumers saw attractions in three-in-one

those once-despised combination stereo systems are coming booming back into favor, for which we have to thank those fiendishly clever orientals

"Has he laid the carpet yet, Susie?"

units that were not readily available from systems assembled from separate components.

If you are a first time buyer of hi-fi confused by audio jargon and component specifications; if you're sceptical of manufacturers' varying claims or afraid of mismatching equipment; if you are dubious of hi-fi salesmen's high-pressure techniques, then purchasing a combination system is the no-fuss way of buying into hi-fi.

Combination units do, however, have one drawback. If some time in the future you wish to improve the quality of your sound by upgrading your equipment, you will have to sell the whole unit and start again. With a component system, if you decide you would like a more powerful amplifier it is simply a case of trading in the old.

The importance of this disadvantage will depend on the individual owner. If you are buying a system as a first step towards your ultimate audio fantasy, then separates are most definitely for you. But if you're merely after a system that is capable of producing high-quality sound and you're not interested in entering the hi-fi upgrade race, then the combination unit should be considered as an attractive alternative. At present, prices for combination units range from less than $300 to more than $2000.

After deciding a combination system is for you – either as a first system, a replacement system or a second system for the weekender or den – what features should you look for? As a basic shopping list, you might consider the following:

- A belt drive (or direct drive) turntable, semi or fully automatic.
- An AM/FM stereo tuner capable of reproducing the full FM frequency range from 88mHz to 108mHz.
- An amplifier capable of around 20 watts RMS a channel output.
- A cassette deck incorporating the Dolby noise reduction system.

Here is a selective sample of units available currently from a range of manufacturers:

Aiwa AF5050: This sleekly designed unit, owing much to European styling, features a four band stereo tuner, a Dolbyised cassette deck with automatic three-position equalisation and bias settings, a belt drive automatic turntable and a 10 watts a channel amplifier. This rating is a little low by today's standards and would require a careful choice of speakers.

One feature of interest, particularly to those with co-ordination problems, is Aiwa's unique Synchro-Operation. When set for this operation, the cassette deck will begin recording automatically as the turntable begins revolving and will stop recording as the turntable stops. This is a handy feature if you are recording while doing something else; merely set the machine and let it do the work. *Price:* $699.

Aiwa AF5080A: A bulkier and more powerful unit than the 5050, the 5080A puts out a solid 24 watts a channel and features a Dolbyised cassette deck with a quoted frequency response of 30Hz-17kHz (FeCr tape). The unit also incorporates a belt drive turntable, a four band stereo tuner and Aiwa's Synchro-Operation.

Also included is a useful cue/quick review tape transport mechanism, which means fast forward or rewind can be performed without hitting the stop key. With the play key still depressed, you press either the cue or review key and the tape will wind quickly in the desired direction. The required passage will be recognisable by its speeded-up sound. *Price:* $749.

Akai AC-3800 Music Centre: The 3800 is an attractive, well-performed unit that is available in either black or silver finish and offers a solid 25 watts RMS a channel output. The unit also features a cassette deck with Dolby NR and a creditable wow and flutter specification of 0.08 percent; a semi-automatic, belt drive turntable; and an AM/FM stereo tuner incorporating a Sensi-Touch FM preset tuning for up to five stations.

Akai recommend matching the 3800 with their SW-137 speaker systems which, incidentally, are color co-ordinated to match either the silver or black finish of the control unit. *Prices:* $729 for the 3800 control unit and $359 for a pair of SW-137 speakers.

Bang and Olufsen Beosystem 4600: As we have come to expect from this Danish manufacturer, the 4600 compact system is elegantly yet functionally designed. The stylish exterior houses a servo-controlled DC motored turntable (weighted rumble, 62dB; wow and flutter, 0.05 percent), an AM/FM stereo tuner, Dolby cassette deck and a 19 watt amplifier.

The system is recommended for use with the Beovox Uni-Phase S45 MkII speaker system. *Prices:* $1588 for the 4600; $345 for a pair of S45 speakers.

Hitachi SDT 7675 and 2690R: A 25 watts a channel unit, the 7675 features a belt drive turntable, an AM/FM stereo tuner and a cassette deck with Dolby NR. The handsome styling of the 7675 probably gives it the edge over the similar 2690R unit, but the impressive outward appearance means extra cost. *Prices:* $675 for the 7675 and $635 for the 2690R.

JVC MF-33R: This unit consists of a four band stereo receiver, a semi-automatic, belt drive turntable and a cassette deck featuring Dolby NR. The system is capable of delivering 15 watts a channel which, although modest, is unlikely to cause problems as the system can be purchased complete with JVC's BA-33 air suspension bookshelf speakers. *Price:* $739, which includes speakers and an attractive wooden cabinet housing the system.

Pioneer KH-8855: This compact system comes complete with a pair of Pioneer's CL-70 bass reflex bookshelf speakers and includes a Dolby cassette deck, AM/FM stereo tuner, a belt drive turntable with fine speed adjustment and a 22 watts a channel amplifier. In addition, the unit has facilities for the connection of a remote timer control.

The cassette deck features Pioneer's Auto-Replay System which will repeat a tape automatically from the beginning – an excellent idea for people who can't make up their minds about a particular recording or for those who own only one tape. A more practical feature is the PMS (Pioneer Music Select) system. This mechanism detects blank spaces between recordings during fast forward or rewind and allows repeated playback of a desired track or direct skipping from one track to another. *Price:* $899.

Rotel RM-5010: Features a hefty 25 watts a channel output, a Dolby cassette deck, AM-FM stereo tuner and a belt drive manual turntable with speed controls allowing a +5 percent adjustment at either 33 or 45rpm.

The amplifier section, in addition to the standard features, offers the facility for simulated four channel operation. By setting a rear panel control to Quadrasound and using a second pair of speakers, the unit's speaker matrix circuit will produce a surround effect. While this is only an approximation of authentic quadraphonic sound it is still the closest you'll get to four channel reproduction from a combination system. *Price:* $800.

Sharp SG500: The top-of-the-line Sharp model is perhaps the most sophisticated combination unit on the market. Featuring an AM-FM stereo tuner, a pounding 45 watts a channel amplifier and feather touch controls, the SG500 is, furthermore, one of the few units available with a direct drive turntable. Add to that a Dolbyised cassette deck with Sharp's novel Program Search Facility and you have a comprehensive music centre.

But perhaps the most interesting feature is the Sharp remote control unit which allows the user to adjust volume, balance and tone as well as switch between disc, cassette and radio. If you thought remote control television units were fun, just wait until you get your hands on this one. *Price:* Around $2000.

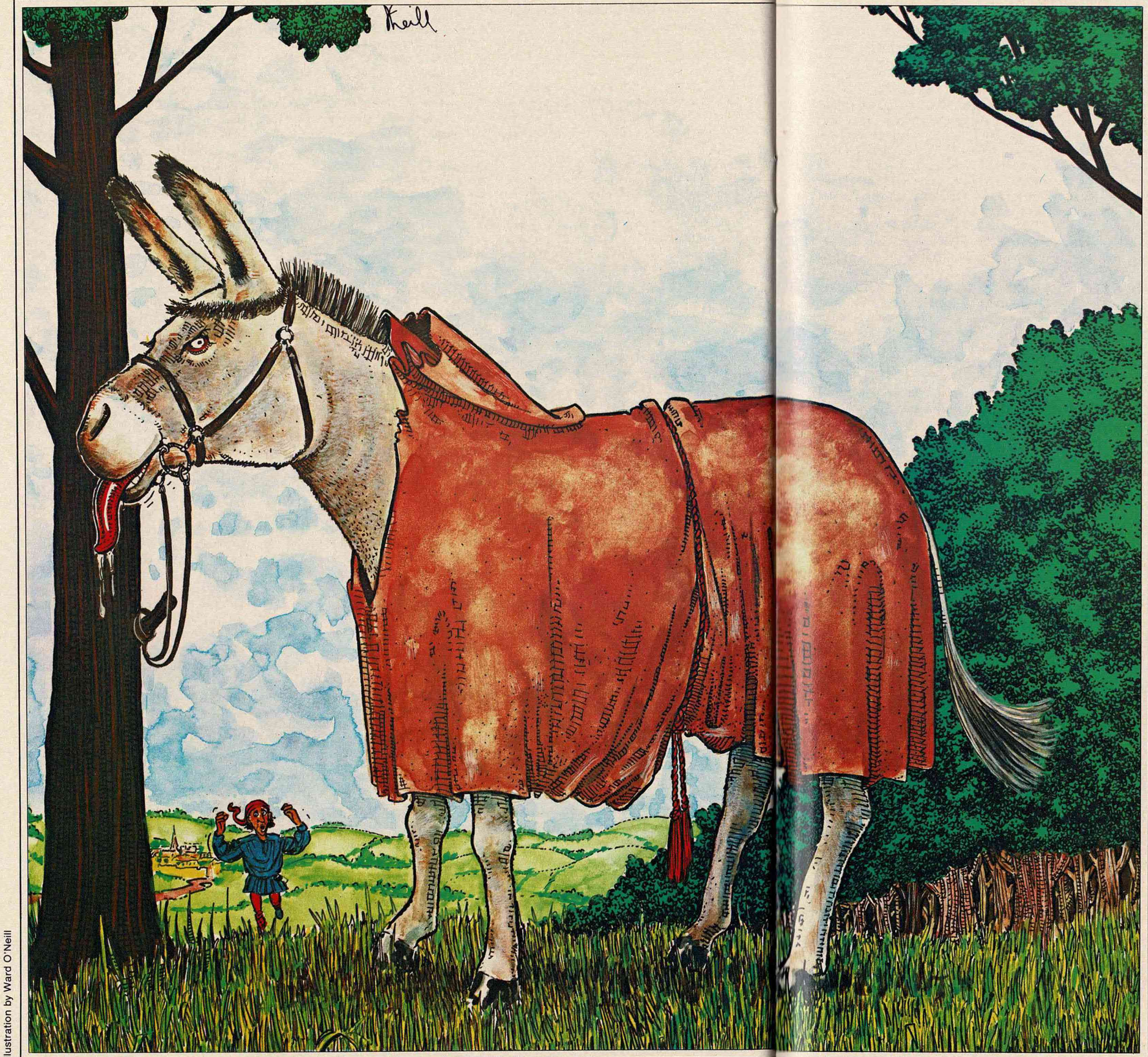


Illustration by Ward O'Neill

THREE TALL TALES

a friar makes an ass of himself; a horny husband plays the goat; and puss in boudoir talks turkey

humor By DAL STIVENS

How a simple peasant outwitted a cunning friar

A POOR peasant of Monferrat called Gilbert had the reputation of being a very simple fellow who would believe anything. You could see the hay growing out of his ear, they said of him. One day Gilbert led his ass along a forest path, tied him to a tree and went deep in among the trees to gather faggots. While he was busy, two fat and rascally minor Franciscans came by and decided to steal the ass. "The difficulty is that we may not get far before the owner misses his ass and comes after us," Father Anthony cautioned. "This beast cannot

carry even one of us, and we cannot move very fast on foot."

"Do not worry, I have an idea," said the more nimble-brained of the two, Father Timothy. "Ask no questions, but lead the ass to the priory. I'll be along some time tomorrow. But first, slip off the halter."

Wondering, Father Anthony led the ass off. Father Timothy put the halter on his fat bald head – it was a perfect fit – and waited for Gilbert.

The peasant was startled when he returned and saw, instead of his ass, the fat friar tied to the tree. He crossed himself fearfully, thinking he saw in this the devil's hand.

Father Timothy addressed the quaking peasant: "Do not be afraid but rejoice with me, for I have now been restored to my proper shape by the mercy and the hand of Heaven. You thought that you owned an ass, but, in truth, it was myself!"

"Can this be, Father?" Gilbert asked. "Are you serious?"

"It is perfectly true, my son," the friar said. "For my sins of carnal lust Heaven thought to punish me by turning me into a vile beast of burden so that I might do penance. Oh, this once wicked flesh of mine which God punished so severely! Rejoice, my son, that God in all his mercy has now pardoned me and restored me to human shape. Quickly, take this shameful halter off me!"

Gilbert did so, remembering all the many blows he had laid on his ass and fell on his knees begging the friar to forgive him.

"Do not reproach yourself, my son," said the artful friar, raising him from the ground. "You but did Heaven's will when you flogged me. Indeed, you are my benefactor because, the more you cudgelled my hide, the quicker was my redemption earned. Would that you had beaten me even more often and more heavily!"

"If you could only have told me, Father, I'd have beaten you 20 times a day," the simple Gilbert said and added ruefully: "You, Father, have gained Divine forgiveness, but I seem to have lost a very good ass."

"Do not count it a loss, my son," the friar said, enjoying himself hugely. "I shall say prayers for you daily and commend you to Heaven for all the blows you laid on me."

The afternoon was getting late and the peasant offered to put the friar up for the night. Father Timothy refused at first, and then accepted. On the way, he drew enough answers from the peasant to be able to pass himself off as familiar with everyone at the cottage. He greeted Gilbert's father, his young wife and two sons by name. Gilbert slaughtered his last two chickens and took out his hoarded bottle of wine for the evening meal. Gilbert's family were no less simple than Gilbert was. They believed the friar's story and remembering their unkindness to the ass – the many blows and kicks, the meagre diet of straw and weeds – showed Brother Timothy every kindness possible in their humble cottage.

The fat friar was encouraged by his success to essay an even bolder trick. He found Dame Cecily comely, well-favored and well-furnished and saw in the housewife's distress at her imagined unkindness to him something which he knew would serve him well. The cunning friar soon saw a way and expressed a wish for some strawberries. He had noted as he entered the cottage that the family had a large plot of strawberries, but that only a few of them were yet sufficiently ripened to be picked.

Dame Cecily remained to keep Father Timothy company while the others, including the old father, went

He tied the ass to the stable door and began to beat him, crying: "Oh, wicked flesh that has turned you back into an ass so soon."

to gather the strawberries. They were away not overlong, but it was certainly long enough for Father Timothy to bestow what he assured her was a very special indulgence upon the simple peasant woman.

"I have never had this indulgence given me by a good Father before," she told him.

"It is normally reserved for ladies of noble birth," he told her, "but, in view of your great services to me, I have a special dispensation."

"It is very true that the poor are ill-served, then," Dame Cecily said. "I would beg a further indulgence."

Dame Cecily was levelling some of the gap between her and the great ladies when Gilbert returned. Father Timothy arose, tugged down his robe and said smoothly: "I have been giving Dame Cecily an indulgence to quieten her conscience."

With that the simple fellow appeared satisfied after some scratching of his head which brought down two straws and a grain of wheat. But he observed to himself: "It appears that friars keep their indulgences where other men guard their cods!" And he had enough wits to put his wife closest to the wall beside himself when all retired to pallets for the night.

Morning came and after breakfast Father Timothy made his farewells. He went only a little way, however, and sneaked back to the house and hid under the hay in the barn.

"I have a wish to give Dame Cecily another indulgence and will doubtless get my opportunity when the peasant leaves for the fields," he told himself and began chuckling under the hay as he thought of the fine story he'd have to regale Brother Anthony with when he went back to the abbey.

Meanwhile, the stolen ass had escaped from the abbey and quickly returned to the farm. As soon as he saw the ass, Gilbert shouted furiously at him: "Ah, Father Timothy, I understand now the kind of indulgence that you administered to my wife yesterday! And what conscience you quietened! Shame on you, Father!"

He tied the ass to the stable door and began to beat him, crying: "This for your penance, Father! And this! Oh, wicked flesh that has turned you back into an ass so soon! This for your sins! This! This!! And this!!! I'll speed your penance this time, Father! With a will! Will!!"

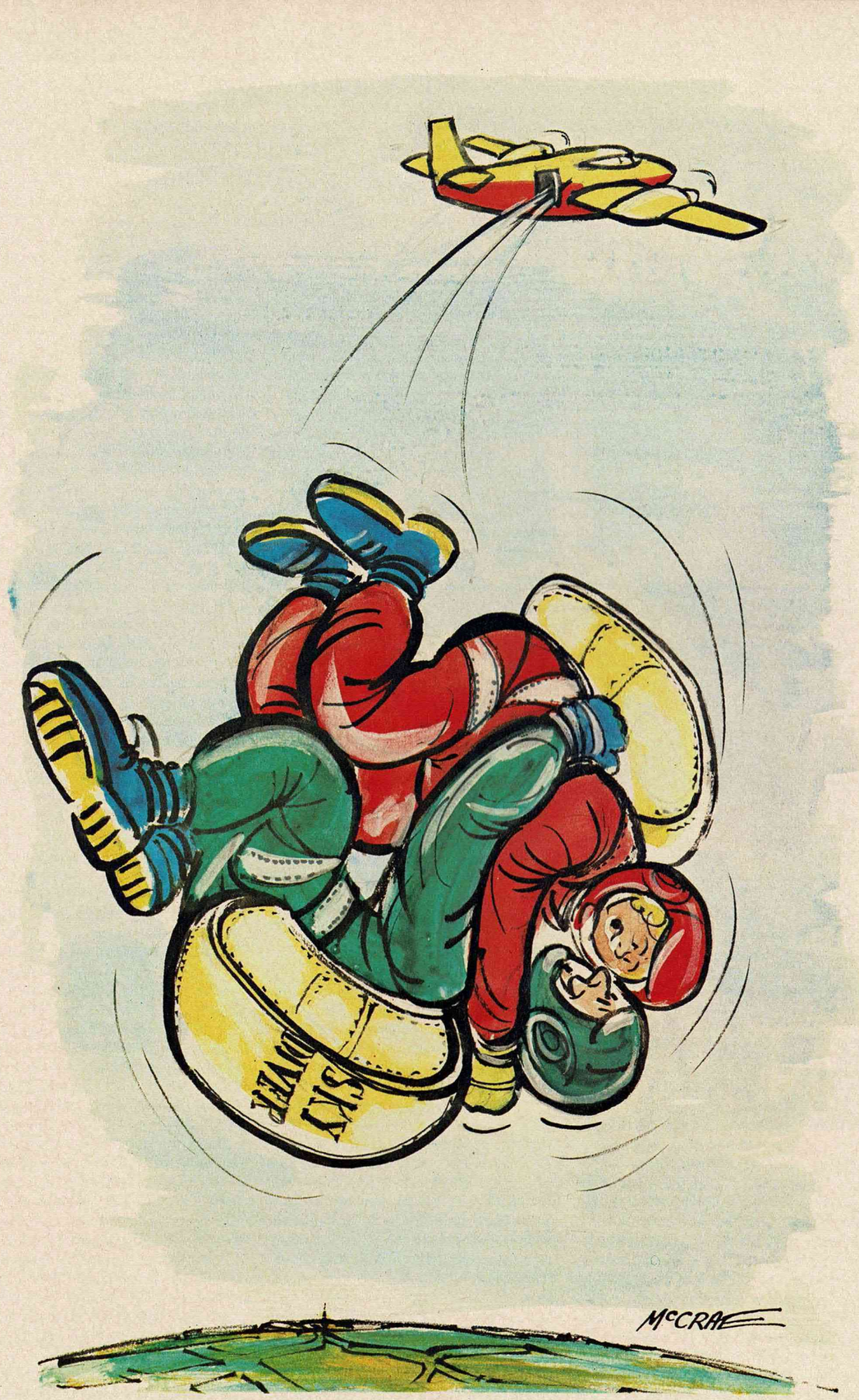
He cudgelled the poor ass so furiously that the astonished animal kicked and brayed mightily. The ass plunged, broke the rope and fled into the barn pursued by Gilbert who threw blows at his rump, crying: "No, don't run away, Father! Wait to take your penance! Penance!"

Reaching the hay, the smarting ass kicked out and dislodged Father Timothy. Gilbert realised now how he had been fooled and cuckolded by the friar. With a cunning glint in his eye, he ignored the ass and seized the friar, groggy from the kick he had received, put the halter over his head and tied him to a post.

Then he laid about merrily with his stick alternately on one fat cheek of the friar's rump and then on the other fat cheek.

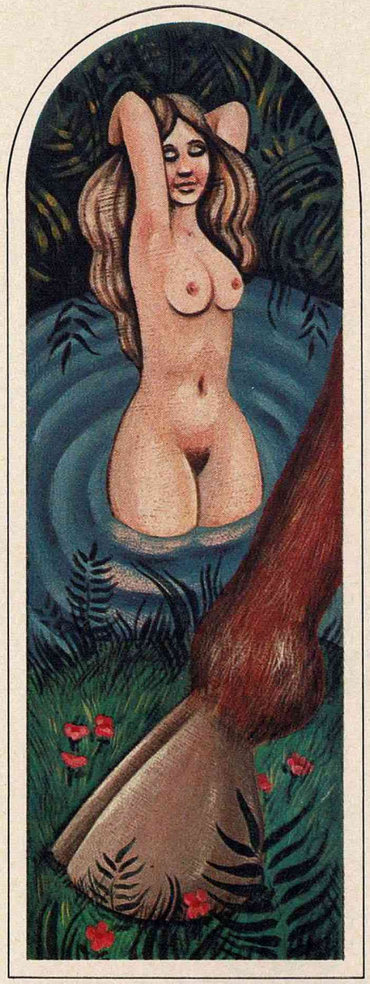
Between the blows, which raised clouds of dust from the scoundrelly friar's dirty robe, Gilbert shouted at Father Timothy: "Do not be afraid, Father Timothy. I see what the devil is doing to you. He seeks to have you avoid Heaven's punishment by turning you back into yourself! But I'll outwit him! Oh, your flesh is weak!"

At each blow the fat friar bellowed with pain and leapt as high into the air as his fat legs would achieve. He begged Gilbert to have mercy, but the shrewd peasant replied: "No, Father Timothy! You'll thank me for this afterwards. I'll not do the devil's work, but the Lord's! With this! I'll help you purge your sins of the flesh with this! And this! I'll



"Oh, all right – but it'll have to be a quickie."

purge you! With this! I'll mortify you!" He cudgelled the skipping, squawling friar solidly for an hour before turning him loose with these words: "You may be a friar, Father Timothy, but now I think you are only an ass!"



Pan's grove

PAYN HOBBING, blond, 180 cm tall, 32, was frowning as he followed his wife, Elspeth, up the goat track. He would have preferred to have been sitting in the spring sun back at the little inn, looking across the Thessalian plains to snow-spread Mount Olympus.

Elspeth's slender nylon-coated legs twinkled ahead of Payn. Fashionable greyhound legs, his mind commented. They'd been plumper with a tender resilience when he'd first met Elspeth.

Elspeth led the way to the top of a rocky hill and down the slope. Then she halted abruptly and Payn looked past her to a little field where peasants were taking a cow to a bull. One man held the cow's rope. Two men were holding the black bull. The cow's back was humped up and she swung her head round, waiting for the bull.

The bull came on, moaning, unsheathed, shining penis crescending, with the men digging in their heels and hanging on to the rope. Slime dripping from his mouth, the bull mounted the cow, his thighs pistoning.

Payn looked out of the corner of his eye at Elspeth, saw her parted lips and swift breathing. Hatred thrummed in his temples. On the way back she'll probably quote D. H. Lawrence at me, he told himself. Or would like to, only she'd fear the naivety. This little spectacle is supposed to be an aphrodisiac. Consummate coupling, and, ironically, he added, I hope she noticed how brief it was. Any wife would complain if her husband was so – he mouthed the word – inconsiderate . . .

Elspeth was walking away now, hurriedly. I should have spanked her years ago, Payn's mind told him. It was too late now. Like other husbands he'd been too weak. His only rebellion since their marriage had been a few small, not very satisfactory affairs.

Payn was drinking his first after-lunch whisky. Elspeth was flirting with the middle-aged, moustachioed Greek waiter. It's her way of flirting with me; tonight's our fourth wedding anniversary, Payn's mind said. It said the words flatly with a sick sense of fear.

Payn's mind appraised her. Golden amber skin, lovely eyes still, but her body was too thin. When we first met it was pleasantly fuller. Payn's blood tingled at the recollection. She does not rouse me now, so why should I be ashamed? Idiotically the couplet coalesced: "My wife's name was Morgan/ She was a sexual gorgon." He said it three times. I'm being unfair and hysterical, he reproved himself. It's funk. I haven't failed her yet, but I'm scared I will.

"You're brooding again, darling," Elspeth's voice cut in.

"Not brooding. Thinking," he said.

They fell silent. It was always like this now, Payn thought. They had nothing left to say to each other. They had discovered most of what they wanted to learn about each other. Separate bedrooms didn't help. Even this holiday to Greece hadn't helped. Payn supposed that they still loved each other, or perhaps it was habit and Elspeth's cycles of fierce sexual desire that kept their relationship going.

The waiter came to the table, set down two whiskies, and then stood by chatting in the good English he'd learnt in London. Elspeth and Payn talked to him, asked questions about the village and its people. The talk grew animated. All three laughed frequently. We always need another, Payn observed to himself.

"Have you seen Pan's grove?" the waiter was asking.

They shook their heads. The waiter pointed through the window to a black tangle of myrtle trees on a hilltop a kilometre away. "There's a pool there. The people here are very superstitious and say that Pan and his nymphs sometimes appear to mortals."

The waiter grinned broadly. "If a good-looking girl visits the pool alone, then Pan appears to her. It is, you see, a very good excuse for the village girls. It is – what you say? – " He paused.

"Convenient," Payn offered.

"Very convenient." And the waiter nodded his thanks.

"I'd like to see the grove," Elspeth said. "What an amusing idea."

Payn himself visited the grove the next afternoon. He was out walking alone and, with intent, found himself near it.

"Trot out your nymphs," he addressed the myrtles as he made his way through them and to the 12-metre long oval-shaped pool. And strangely – and bewitchingly – a girl was bathing naked, the water up to her broad white thighs. She smiled at him, laving water over firm, full curves so that drops hung, diamond-like, in the slanting afternoon sunlight.

Payn paused on the bank, enchanted. He smiled at the girl and greeted her with a few words of Greek that he had learnt.

She did not answer with words, but smiled again. "Inviting, yes, but not wanton. Quite natural," Payn decided. "Lovely village girl." The blood raced in his body. The lovely voluptuous girl – like one of Renoir's women, Payn thought – gathered her long golden hair in her left hand and then left the pool, shaking drops from a full body, white as a peeled almond. She walked slowly away, smiling as she did, and Payn followed her. He did not have far to go. He found her waiting for him, sprawling richly in a small clearing clustered with pink cyclamen.

Afterwards, Payn picked some of the cyclamen. They were a species he had never seen before – of a delicate coral color. He took them back to the hotel and the waiter recognised them instantly. He grinned. "They only grow in Pan's grove," he said. "Nowhere else. And only when Pan and his nymphs appear to mortals, or so they say round here. Peasant superstition."

Elspeth was out. "Madam has gone for a walk," the waiter told him. Payn took the cyclamen up to his own room and put them in a glass of water. He shut the door leading to Elspeth's room and lay down on the bed and fell asleep. Three hours later, he was awakened by the telephone and Elspeth's voice, saying: "Let's not go down to dinner, darling, let's have it in my room. What do you say?

Payn agreed. He sat up in bed and sleepily rubbed his head with both hands. Puzzled by what he felt, he rubbed harder. He was awake now.

He groped with his feet for his slippers. They kept sliding off his feet. He stood up and clattered over to the full-length mirror. His fingers had not been deceiving him. He looked at his feet, bewildered. Only half believing what he saw, he quickly stripped off all his clothing.

"It's true enough," Payn observed. "It makes no sense, but it's happened." He was surprised he was so calm. From the waist down he had the body of a goat, the hairy flanks, the cloven hoofs. "And the vital organs of a goat, too!" he said. He sat down on the bed, suddenly feeling weak. He was still there when Elspeth called through the door: "Hurry up with your shower, darling. I've ordered the dinner."

"Right," Payn said, mechanically. He got up and clattered on his hoofs to the bathroom.

"You're noisy, darling," Elspeth called through the door.

Payne got under the shower. He soaped himself, and the rank smell swam up into his nostrils. He began to laugh and couldn't stop for some minutes. "Elspeth has got a satyr for a husband," he cried to himself several times. "But I can't let her know." It was the greatest of jokes. However, she would have to see him only under soft lights.

Payn telephoned Elspeth. "I'll eat here in my room," he said, and added: "I will join you afterwards."

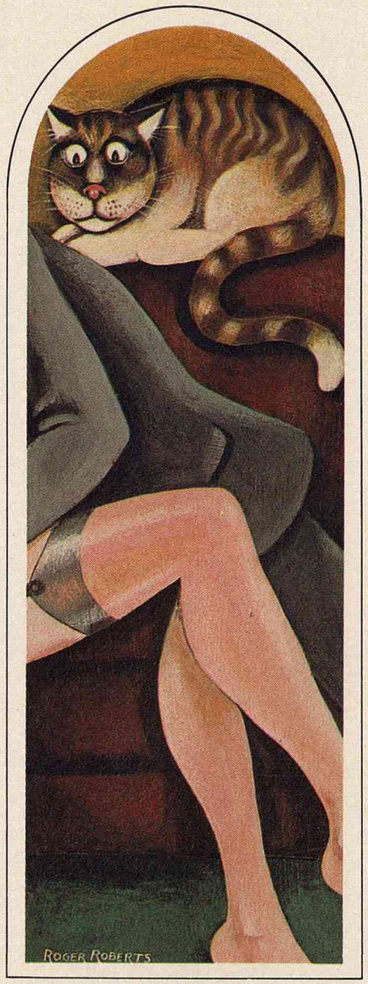
"But darling – "

"I'll eat here," he said and hung up.

Later that evening Payn moved along the hall to his wife's room. Cautiously he opened the door, slid his hand cautiously to the light switch and peered into the room. Elspeth lay on the bed waiting for him and Payn saw in a flash of intense shock that he need not ever be worried about harsh, revealing light.

White as a peeled almond, with full round arms and rich thighs, Elspeth smiled at him from the bed, smiled at him in the same manner as earlier that day the nymph had done. In a bowl over the bed a bunch of coral cyclamen glowed. Pan likes – and makes – his women plump, Payn's mind commented happily.

He threw away his dressing-gown and, naked, clattered joyously to her on his goat's hoofs.



Tom catalyst

IF I may venture an opinion, Evan, you made rather a mess of things tonight," declared the tom cat as he minced across the mustard Indian carpet. He picked his way on pernickety pads past the champagne glass lying on its side and the overturned ashtray with its spilling cornucopia of abhorrent butts and gutted cigarette packs and reached the hearth where he stopped, sniffing disdainfully.

"I'm afraid I did, Prince," Evan Pelham admitted gloomily. Sombrely, he sat on the rim of the black and white striped divan, rumpling thick black hair with his hands.

"A real mess, if I may be blunt," the cat said, twitching his nose. He was a grey and white cat, raffish of visage, swaggering of gait, lean of flank, with tattered ears and a scarred head. "In fact, Evan, I never saw a young man make a more clumsy pass at a passably good-looking wench. Ah, ah, that's not bad at all."

"Not passably good-looking!" said Evan sharply. "Lisabeta is the most attractive girl I've ever seen! She has the trimmest, most pleasantly rounded little figure and brunette coloring, and as for eyes –" Evan sat up abruptly, dark face paling swiftly. "Hey, you – you talk, Prince! You can talk!"

"Of course," said the tom, irritably. "Nothing to it if you're an intelligent cat and set your mind to it."

Evan ran a hand weakly over his face. "Ye gods, a talking cat!" he exclaimed. "I didn't notice at first."

"You were too absorbed with your own problems," the tom said. "You'd better pour yourself a brandy. You look as if you need it, though why you should get such a shock at hearing me talk I can't imagine. All human beings can talk – how they talk! – and you must admit many of them aren't particularly bright."

"I suppose so," Evan said. He poured a large brandy and drank it in a gulp. "Still, Prince, you could have let me know more gently."

"If you want the truth, I did not intend you to know about this comparatively minor accomplishment of mine," said the tom. "If I had not grown to like you and been upset to observe how you bungled things tonight with Lisabeta – well, I might never have informed you at all. Your late Aunt Tabitha never knew I could talk and I lived with her for six years before I was bequeathed to you – along with the million dollars."

Prince stretched himself, yawned and lay down near the fireplace. "You might be hospitable and offer me some of that brandy. Afterwards I'll try to put you right on your love life."

"I haven't any – that's the trouble," Evan said morosely, setting down a saucer of brandy.

"So I've observed," Prince said. "No approach, no suavity, no polish, no *savoir faire*. Still, you're not to blame. One hundred and fifty dollars a week as an insurance clerk is not likely to produce a young man about town. With your Aunt Tabitha's million dollars and my coaching, though, there's some hope for you."

Prince got up, undulated over to the saucer of brandy. He wound both paws round the saucer to warm the liquor, waited for half a minute, then sniffed three times, deeply. "Um, not bad brandy," he said. "Now, my boy, let's take stock of your situation. Assets: one million dollars, a good physique, presence quite good, well-furnished contemporary apartment – though I did like your Aunt Tabitha's old-fashioned armchairs better. A cat

could be comfortable in those. Good lighting, too, for amatory conquests – soft, subdued."

"I can control it from the divan," Evan put in.

"So I have observed," Prince said. "You're learning."

"You mean you saw it all?" Evan asked indignantly. "How dare you!"

"I couldn't help it," the tom said. "I was waiting to get in. It was cold out on the fire escape."

"There was no need to have kept your eyes open," Evan said. "You could have closed them and not played the peeping tom."

"Not bad. You're improving," the cat said. "I'd still have needed to plug my ears."

"All right," Evan said. "If you're so bright, where did I go wrong?"

"Too eager and clumsy," Prince said. "Not enough insouciance."

"It's all right for you to talk of being insouciant," Evan said, staring at the tom's ragged ears. One was ripped a centimetre smaller than the other.

"Of course," the tom agreed complacently. "As has been said, nothing succeeds like excess. Nevertheless, my boy, you must not appear too eager, otherwise the wench may think it is not her you seek but any port. So calmly does it. Relax, my lad."

"I'll try," Evan said.

"And don't make a play for Lisabeta the moment she sits down. Otherwise she'll be on her guard all evening. Let her think she's sage. Then, towards the end of the evening, press your advantage. I've seen this particular ploy succeed many times."

"You mean you've watched other young men?" Evan asked, surprised.

"I couldn't avoid seeing it," Prince said, loftily. "It seems to me that *homo sapiens* wastes a great deal of time on this nocturnal amenity."

"That's fine coming from a tom cat!" Evan said, crossly.

"We cats organise things better," Prince said, positively. "We don't have to fool around with bedmanship."

"I'll try your ploy tomorrow night, Prince," Evan said. "Let's hope it works, because otherwise it is possible that Lisabeta will decorate the bed of my rival, Ted Jones, who lives in this building. He's a TV producer and promises her fame in a panel game."

"The most elementary of ploys," Prince said derisively and in a voice not his own.

"Good Lord, you mimicked Ted's voice!" Evan exclaimed.

"I told you I had other accomplishments," Prince said smugly. "I often visit Ted's apartment. He gives me heaps of caviar. He even leaves a window open for me."

"Well, don't do it again!" Evan shouted at the tom.

"Okay, if you insist," Prince said. "I see in this yet another instance of the superiority of the feline world. If I come up against a rival, I have a short way with him. I scratch his nose, bite his ears and scarify his rump. I suppose you wouldn't do that?"

Prince flicked his beggar's rags of ears and sniffed contemptuously. He stretched to almost double his length, yawned luxuriously and minced across the carpet and out the door.

At 10.30 the following evening the honeyed brunette Lisabeta asked to be excused while she powdered her nose. Smugly Evan sat back on the divan waiting for her return. The cat entered and swanked across the carpet. Before Evan, he checked himself, then stood on his hind legs and joined his front paws over his head in the gesture of a triumphant prize fighter.

"Nice work, Evan!" the articulate tom said, cordially.

"Not bad," Evan said. "I've followed your advice."

"Just take it easy and you're home," Prince said. "The love game is easy if you know the right moves. Of course, what works with Lisabeta might not suffice with some other wench. But that's for another time." The cat winked, wickedly. "Remind me to expound to you sometime a little analogy I've worked out between bedmanship and bullfighting. I don't know if you are aware that bullfighting is a rather inept English term for what Spaniards more romantically call the running of the bulls – "

Prince broke off abruptly, mewed piteously and fled. Confronting Evan was a spitting she-cat – human species.

"Discussing me and how to make me with a lascivious tom cat of all things!" Lisabeta spat. "I never expected it of you, Evan! Well, stay and discuss your scalps with your libidinous tile-walker! You're a good pair! I'm off to Ted Jones who, I know, would never discuss me with a Casanova of a cat."

Snatching up her coat, Lisabeta fled out the door.

"You –" Evan accused, shortly afterwards, finger stiff with anger – "you, Prince, have made a complete mess of things."

"I've admitted it, haven't I?" Prince said. "But I don't want to waste time on recriminations. The day – or more correctly, the night – may not be lost."

"Lost, lost, utterly lost," Evan lamented dramatically. His histrionics were wasted. Prince had hot-footed it out the window on to the fire escape.

Evan, tristful, poured himself a brandy. He was on his sixth when the doorbell rang. He opened it and Lisabeta was in his arms, all of her. "I'm sorry, Evan," she said. "I'm sorry, darling. You may have a rakehell of a cat, but I know you'd never say the crude things to me that Ted Jones did when we sat together on his divan. You can never guess the gross proposition he put to me."

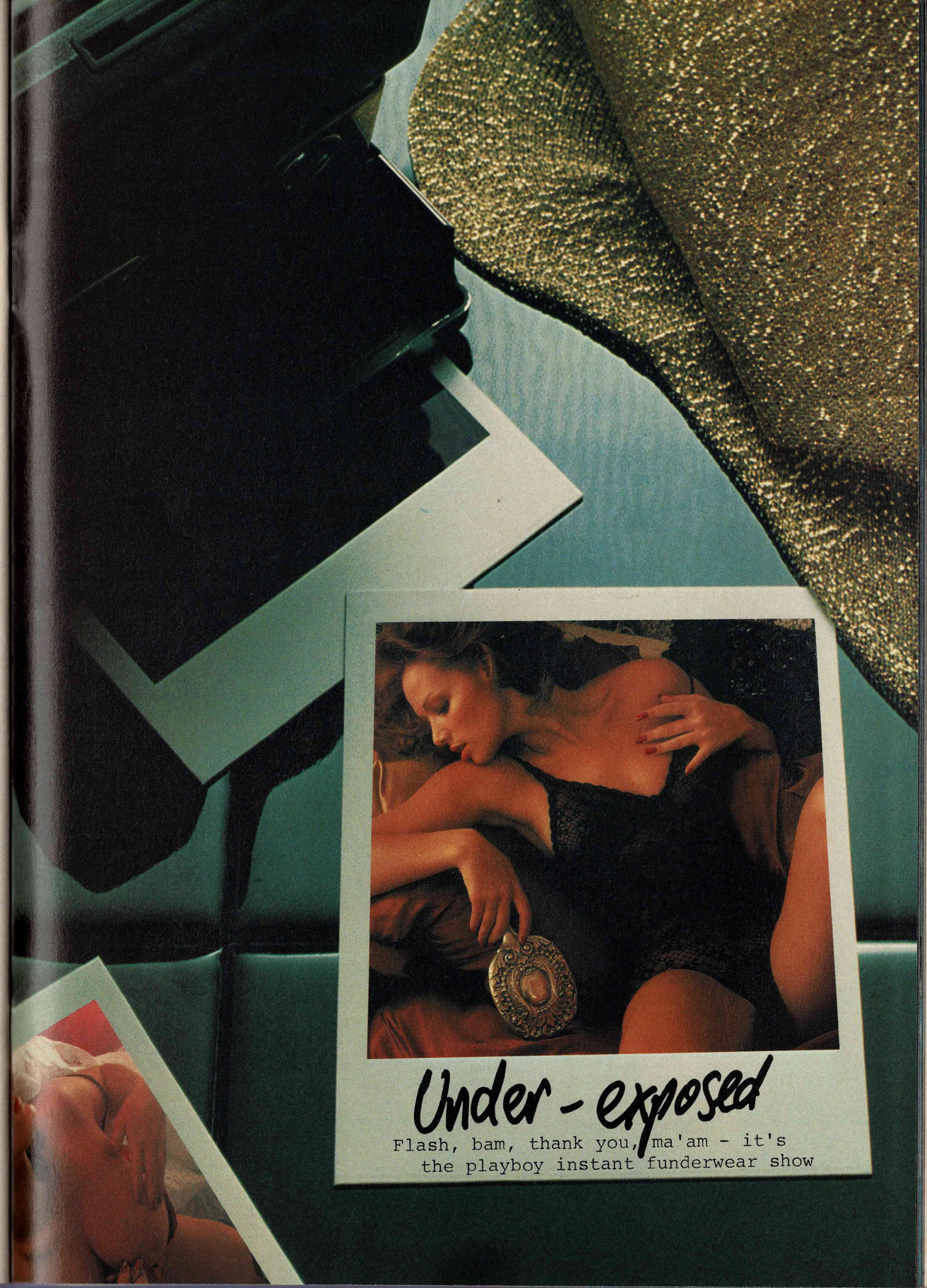
Evan discreetly feigned ignorance.

"I still can't get over my good luck," Evan greeted the returning Prince very much later the same evening. "Fancy Ted Jones being such a fool!"

Prince had been listening with a smug smirk.

"Fool nothing!" he said. "If I'd had time before I scrammed out the fire escape I'd have told you I'm a ventriloquist. I got under Ted's divan and the rest was easy!"

"You and your unusual positions . . !"



POLAROID SX-70 LAND CAMERA
AutoFocus

POLAROID SX-70 LAND CAMERA
SONAR AutoFocus

DIANE CILENTO

In search of the rainbow

in the north queensland tropical wilderness, one of australia's greatest theatre and film stars is getting her act together as she embraces the wisdom of new age philosophers and teaches others to live in harmony with nature and themselves

profile **by Russell Deiley**

A batik skirt hoisted to her knees, mud stirred by 178mm of overnight rain squelching through her toes, Diane Cilento scarcely looks the star of English and Australian theatre or the internationally acclaimed film actress. But her face, free of the greasepaint and the stresses of a first night, is alive. She is in perfect pitch with the sounds and colors of her Australian home in this lush, steamy cauldron at the foot of the vast, sweeping Atherton Tablelands. This is Karnak, Cilento's personal reservoir of hope in the secluded hills behind the green ocean of canefields that support the twin North Queensland towns of Cairns and Mossman. It is a grand-sounding name. Today, as the grey rain clouds roll in at treetop level, Karnak bears little resemblance to the Egyptian temple of many columns from which Cilento took the name. Tomorrow, when the sun will repel the late rainy season clouds, the huge granite pillars propping up the eastern edge of the Athertons will be exposed. It is a natural grandeur to rival anything wrought by the pharaohs of ancient Egypt.

This is the Australian seat of Cilento's renaissance and her pursuit of the knowledge that will help her to understand who she is and her raison d'être. It has been a private odyssey which began with her discovery of the teachings of the Russian philosopher, George Gurdjieff, propelled her back to school shortly after the breakup of her marriage to Sean Connery, and sent her in search of the tropical wilderness she has finally found in Karnak.

To discover what it has that has lured Diane Cilento off the stage and screen for longer and longer periods I, too, had to make a journey. The lady insisted on it. And now we walk barefoot through the warm, clinging Queensland mud as Miss Cilento retraces her fascinating life as a member of one of Australia's most famous medical families, as an Academy Award-nominated actress, as the wife of the screen's most convincing James Bond and as a confidante of many of the New Age philosophers.

The oppressive tropical heat of Mossman is in striking contrast to Cilento's first and other farm school of philosophy on the opposite side of the world in Wiltshire, England. But as different as they are, she regards both farms as essential crucibles of the rebirth process. "When you become aware again, you become aware that farms demand an exclusive time sequence," she says. "You can't hurry on a farm. Things grow quickly here in the tropics, but you still have to take *their* time – the plants' time, the animals' time. You go back into what is natural time. You are not hurrying to catch a taxi. You realise you have a responsibility first to the plants and then to the animals.

"And gradually you get the idea of being responsible for something outside yourself – that the ambience of the farm puts you back into an unconditioned situation where nature says: 'It has to be like this; you can't put your self-will on me and make me give you what you want at the moment you want it; you must be patient.'

"If you realise through experiences on the farms that things develop and take their own time, then you realise that you are not and you can never be in total control. You realise that the world is so much different from the idea man has of it. He realises he cannot stamp his foot and say: 'It has to be like this.' And when a person begins to discover himself, he sees that he works in the same time sequence as the world. Once he has discovered that, he begins to love what is around him and to love the animals, the trees. He begins to feel part of them.

"If he goes out and chops down trees indiscriminately, he hasn't learned to put himself in that position. We are all manifestations of this planet. We are no different from the trees or plants. We just

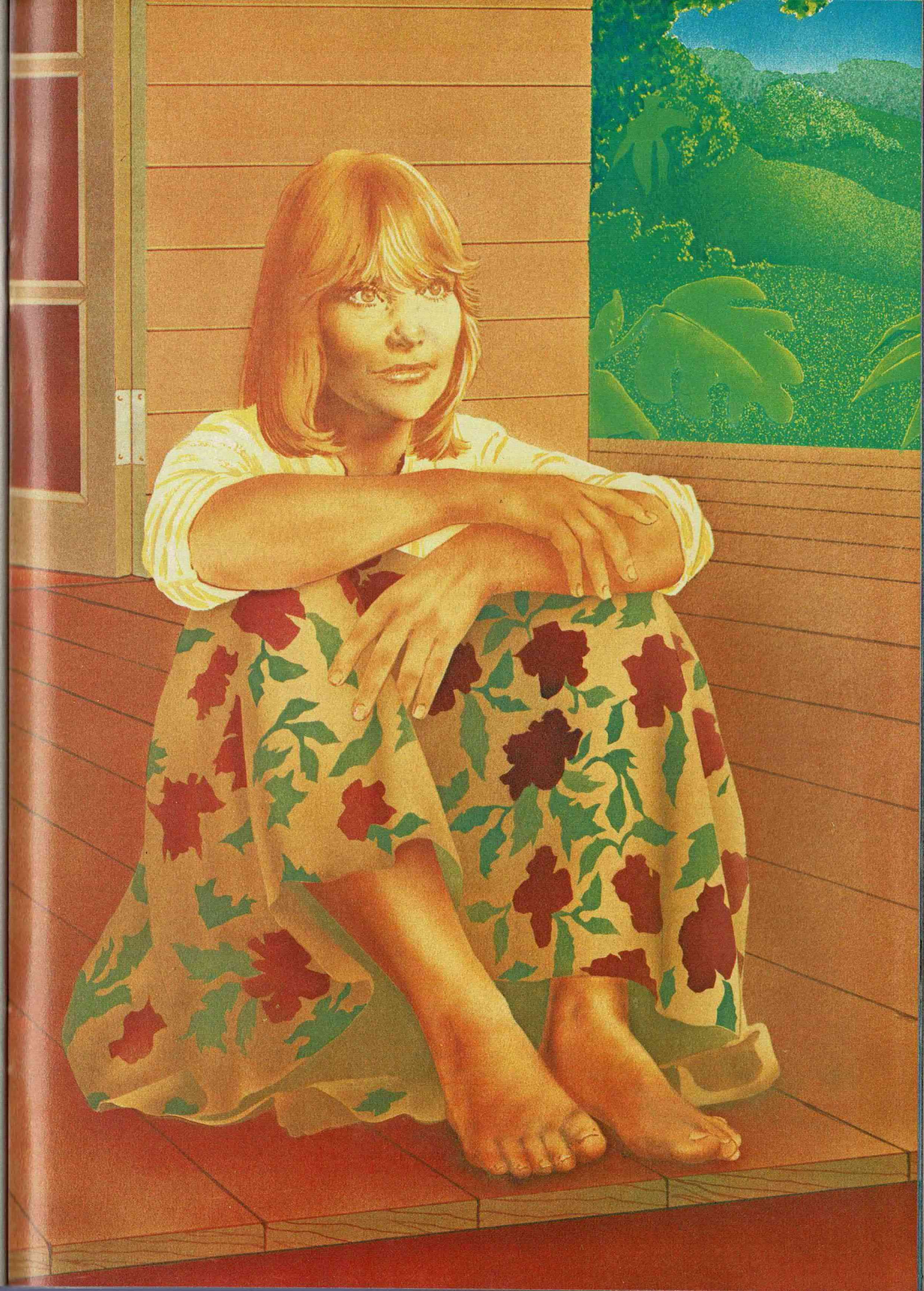


Illustration by Greg Somers

happen to be a higher life form. We are not the highest."

It is an unusual concept of the purpose of life from a woman whose professional career has been shaped for so many years by film and theatrical directors committed to fantasy.

But Diane Cilento has never really been what the public has seen. She has always resisted absorption by her environment. Had it not been so, she would surely have followed her parents, Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, her three brothers and a sister into medicine and perhaps have taken her father closer to his dream of a Cilento Clinic. For a while back in those World War Two days in Toowoomba, it looked as if she might have made it.

Those were the days when Dr Phyllis Cilento used to tote daughter Diane on the baby delivery round. "Sometimes I was allowed to see the babies delivered," she says. "I saw quite a few born, which was quite amazing for a kid. In fact I reproduced a scene like that in my second novel, *Hybrid,* except in the book I cast my mother as a large north country doctor called Bates. My mother has a theory that, as I understand it, when babies are born they are different children. They are, too. Some new babies were like tiny little mosquitoes. Others were plump. Now *Hybrid* is to be made into a film musical and I have started to write the script treatment."

But as the record shows, Diane never quite made it to medical school. In fact she barely made it at any school. A lack of communication between teachers and Diane, coupled with her teenage passion for nude bathing in days before the bikini stunned beach inspectors, left a trail of schools in her wake. Finally she was sent to New York, where Sir Raphael held a UN posting, for a dose of parental control.

The Big Apple was the first major turning point in her life. She was enrolled in a school, but her attendance was, at best, occasional. "I didn't go to school. I used to take my 23 cents and go to the Museum Of Modern Art. All the great classic films were shown in the museum basement – about three every day. I became besotted with acting. I began going to the theatre. I remember seeing *A Streetcar Named Desire.* It sounds funny now to say that you could see reality in the theatre, but when you are a kid, as I was, it was tremendous. Not that I was ever madly in love with the theatre, but I was in love with the idea of being part of the new reality that I thought I had found. There was never any question after that about what I'd do."

So it was that Diane Cilento, the rebellious and reluctant schoolgirl, became an apprentice actress with the highly regarded Barter Theatre of Virginia. Like luminaries Gregory Peck and Ernest Borgnine who had gone before, Miss Cilento learned fast and well as one of the Barter's strolling players. The spell with the company, which took its name from the quaint practice of accepting food or anything else its largely-student audiences had to offer in exchange for seats, also

Diane Cilento in her role as the rich widow, Lady Diana Clark, in the television series *The Tycoon.*

provided her with an education tailored to her spirit and chosen craft.

"We went on one-night stands through the universities and sometimes we would travel as far as 800km a day to get to the next date. It was a tremendous seeing of America for me – every day I was travelling that vast country, looking at it, being stuck in it, doing things in it. And I suppose I got a much better education with Barter than I had been getting from all the schools I'd joined and left. It wasn't a formalised education, but it was a very good education. I mean if you start doing Shakespeare on stage, you have to study him. It becomes a personal thing – it's not as if you're sitting through an exam. The only exam you have is when the curtain goes up and you're there in it and you're being judged by an audience of people."

How the audiences reacted on the unchaperoned 16-year-old Cilento's bus stop tour of discovery across the US has been lost in the files of university and college newspapers. But the package of naturally blonde hair and smouldering green eyes set in a classically-boned face and a voice that sounded as if it had been cured in a Havana testing lab, all gift-wrapped in a precocious empathy for the Bard, was enough to win the young lady a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

If Cilento had to struggle to see her name written in lights above English theatres and cinemas, she is still unaware of it. She neither received nor sought invitations to the casting couch. RADA, the chance to play Juliet in an important production of *Romeo and Juliet* in Manchester and the early film parts were simply an adventure in living. Not that her first Juliet didn't open a number of emotional wounds . . .

"The day after I left RADA, I went straight up to Manchester to play Juliet. It was very odd for me because it is a huge part and I really didn't know anything about love. That's a strange thing to admit, but I think in hindsight that was a wonderful thing for the part. I really couldn't understand what they were talking abut all the time – punching into me that they wanted love, love, love. I couldn't learn the bloody thing for ages. I used to take a bus from Manchester up into the Cheshire hills and shout the lines."

Are you saying that you went into the role as a pure innocent?

"I had never been in love and I didn't understand what it was all about. So I began to think about it a lot and I suppose my whole introduction to that side of life was through *Romeo and Juliet.* I didn't know about sex in the way that I thought it had any connection with love. You knew instinctively that people were going to make passes at you and you gauged the situation to see if you could handle it.

"Romeo and Juliet is an extraordinary play. It involves the most incredibly romantic sort of love ... *'When he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars and he will make the heavens so fine that all the world will be in love with night and pay no worship to the garish sun.'* The play has got such marvellous images of what is possible in the context of love, the connection of what can be with the physical attraction. The images Shakespeare creates in that play about love contain so much hope. I never connected that idea with sex."

Cilento's first film role was not quite as uplifting. Not even the rave reviews of her Juliet nor her euphoria at signing her first film contract could save *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp.* Sitting on the sweeping verandah of the Karnak homestead, she is still embarrassed by the memory of that disastrous film – a disaster to which she admits she contributed by playing the angel with an accent drawn somewhere from the melting pot of RADA, Toowoomba and the Deep South. Forgettable *Angel* might have been, but Cilento was forgiven her sins and in the next 20 years her career embraced some memorable stage and film performances.

Along the way she collected a couple of husbands – Andrea, the son of a patrician Italian family which never really accepted the Australian actress as a daughter-in-law in spite of her Roman roots and name, and then Sean Connery, the Scottish actor and golfer whom the world still remembers as the ultimate James Bond.

"It was almost a Romeo and Juliet situation," says Cilento, retracing her first, brief marriage. "We were very young, we met on a London street and we got married practically straight away. I knew nothing about him or his family. Looking objectively at that marriage now, I suppose I saw part of my own Italian heritage in Andrea."

A common heritage, love at first sight and a daughter were not enough to withstand the intrusion of a very rich and authoritarian mother-in-law. Cilento cut out, taking her daughter with her and, after a two-year standoff, the marriage was annulled.

If her first marriage was made and ended in heaven, Cilento's link with Connery was celebrated in bed and ended on one of a hundred golf courses. It was a tempestuous, passionate marriage which produced a son, Jason, and a feast of headlines for the gossip columnists. Some of the stories were bizarre. Others were warmer. Connery, back in his wife's arms after completing a film with Brigitte Bardot, once described Cilento as the sexiest woman in the world. It was a comment which mirrored the depth and intensity of the feeling they shared.

With becoming modesty, Cilento fields that "sexiest woman in the world" tag with a polite "no comment". Was Sean Connery the great lover he became in millions of women's dreams as James Bond?

"That's a real poser. I thought he was pretty good, yeah. It's funny to talk about sexual attraction and sex. I think some people have it for some people, and others don't. It is absolutely ungaugeable. Sometimes just the smell of a person can be a turn-on. There are some men who are supposed to be amazingly attractive, but when you meet them you think: 'What – is that it?' And they feel the same way about you. It is a chemical thing. If you have that sort of attraction to a man, then to you he is always a great lover."

Although Cilento had just completed *Tom Jones* – the rollicking film in which she won an Academy Award nomination for her portrayal of the pregnant West Country trollop – before her marriage to Connery in front of two Gibraltar taxi drivers and a magistrate, the wedding marked the winding down of her acting career. There have been some significant roles since then – notably playing opposite Paul Newman in *Hombre* and, closer to home, her fire-eating Katharina in the Australian production of *The Taming of the Shrew* – but Cilento has become more and more a dilettante in her selection of parts.

She recently made an overdue return to Australian TV screens in the ABC's 13-part British series, *The Tycoon,* in which she plays Lady Diana Clark, widow of a business magnate who appears a lot more sinister in death than he was omnipotent in life. It is a powerful role and one in which her performance underlines how much she still gives to the acting profession.

But, these days, Cilento is more interested in the meaning of life than drama. Two recent documentary films she has written and directed testify to her purpose. In one, *Turning,* she traces the development of humanity through the archaeological lodestone of ancient Turkey and the mystique of the whirling Dervishes. Her second film, of the New Age Congress in Florence, places man at the crossroads of his own future and destiny. Which brings us back to the tropical Eden that is Karnak.

The sun is now in command and Cilento and her three permanent lieutenants – Allison, Michael and Bari – move into overdrive to ready Karnak for the new season of students. All three have worked and learned on the Wiltshire farm-school. Allison and Bari are Australians, Queenslanders, who understand all the demands of the North Queensland climate and land.

Michael is an Austrian, but already he has proved incredibly adaptable. There are outhouses to be finished for the new students, more acres of guinea grass to be mulched.

The scene is a far cry from the orgiastic pictures painted by the sensational British press when Cilento bought her Wiltshire property and began to develop her prototype farm-school. It is another world, too, from the "idyllic, tropical, self-awareness retreat for Cilento's rich friends" that Australian newspapers were predicting when she bought Karnak two years ago.

The daylight hours are for manual work, tending crops and animals, experimental planting, harvesting today's fruit for tomorrow's food ... the nights are for study, debate, philosophy and meditation.

Cilento hopes Karnak will not only be self-supporting within a couple of years but also will have initiated an agrarian revolution in the Far North. "I don't mean that we should go in for huge, materialistic drives of selling, but we will become self-supporting because there are 200 acres of very good land here and they will be worked.

"It took us quite a long time to find this place, but when we drove in, I just knew it was right. It has a certain grandeur and is almost virgin land. The possibility of what we and the people who come here can do is immense.

"To me, Karnak is both an investment and a dream. All land is an investment, and as long as you don't think you own it, as long as you are always trying to improve it and work it, then it isn't just an investment, it is a dream. Karnak is already a nice place to come to and it asks of you what it wants done. It says: 'I want to have trees growing here instead of being over-run with guinea grass.' If one of the basic ideas of man is to create order out of chaos, he also has to learn not to create chaos out of order."

Many of us hanker after the purpose of life. Diane Cilento is swearing off the darling world of tinsel and the highball roundabout, lifting her skirts out of the North Queensland mud and looking towards the rainbow.

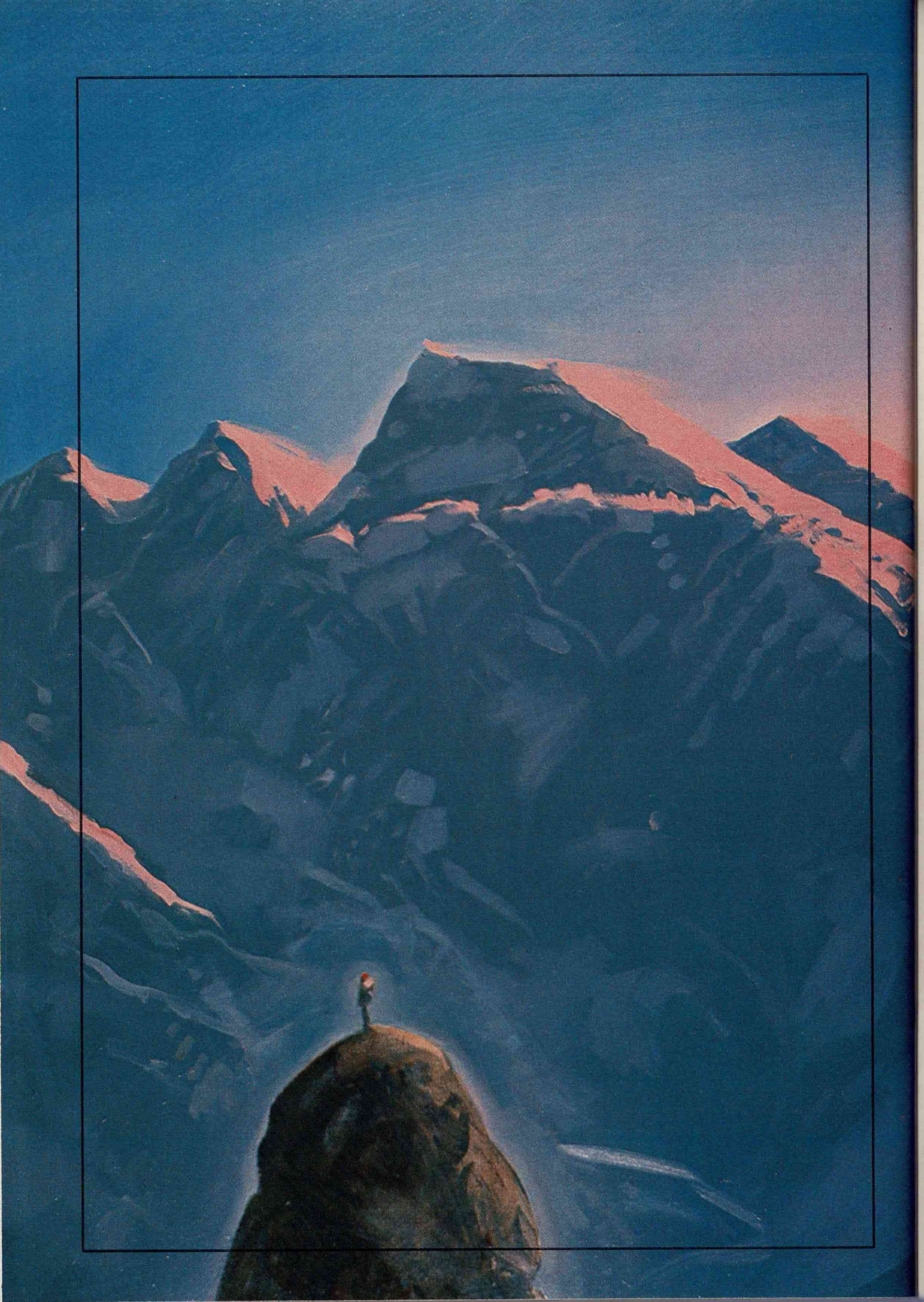


Illustration by Ted Blackall

HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN HIGH

the pink mountains and white water make a heart-stopping combination of ethereal beauty and blind fear up there near the roof of the world

adventure **By THOMAS PRICE**

I WAS handed a boiled lolly as the 727 slipped down into Kathmandu Valley just after sunset. I stepped out into a crisp mountain night. The airport terminal was squat and old and nice and reminded me of Burma, which was a good omen.

A relaxed taxi ride through a picturesque Kathmandu took me to the Ambassador, a modest, friendly, one-price, comfortable hotel; no girls in men's rooms. Two bottles of Star Lager and I still couldn't sleep. But I was sure I had found what I wanted. It seemed to be a peaceful, proud and relaxed little country.

At breakfast I was handed the press release for our raft expedition down the Sun Kosi River, and I read about the "vigorous training program" we had undergone before leaving (hay fever, chest infection, booze). In *The Rising Nepal,* a marvellous newspaper (motto: *pro bono publico),* it said that "of the nine members of the expedition, four are Aussies and six are Nepalese". If the paper's arithmetic was any indication, then I was about to discover the wonderful country that I had been searching for.

We took four days to walk to the Sun Kosi, which rises in Tibet and collects all the waters that flow south off the Great Himalayan Range. I had been told it was a fast and exciting river and, for the experienced river-runner (more about that later), a challenge too good to be missed. We four Australians had eight porters, which I thought was a charming proportion. The tents were erected, meals cooked and baggage was carried for us. After all, it was a holiday.

The brochure said that on the first day we would be "climbing steadily out of the Kathmandu Valley". We climbed steadily, like ants up the side of a wet milk bottle, stopping regularly to admire the green, brown, intricate panorama and to tend each other's cardiac arrests. The views were breathtaking and so was the gradient. That day we climbed to the top of Shiapuri, 3000 metres up and 1500 metres from the Kathmandu Valley. It was a hard day. We were tired, but not exhausted by our strenuous efforts. And we had achieved something which made the rum taste even better. For religious reasons the top of the mountain had been levelled to provide a cleared area of about 20 square metres. My knees were ecstatic on reaching the dizzy summit and my brain blew fuses when I straightened up and saw what appeared to be the birthplace of the world. What looked like just a stone's throw away soared awesome living mountains, their gigantic countenances pock-marked, fluted and lined. Snow lay on their shoulders and ran down their ravines. Giant rhododendron trees framed them for us. Our happy porters took no notice while we stood there, stunned. Then, travelling along the rim of mountains surrounding the Kathmandu Valley, we strolled along windy, dusty ridges, through moss-coated forests and clean hamlets.

I judge countries by their inhabitants. Generally, Nepalese are a short, attractive people with a clean, simple, poor way of life. They are incredibly honest (ever had a taxi driver return your camera and refuse a reward?), their children are enchanting and their happy disposition reflects the whole nature of the country. I respect the Nepalese — and I respect very little.

A hundred metres or so from a village of about 20 one-storey houses we had camped in a howling wind

below the abrupt knoll. We had had a good day. We didn't crack jokes about our "vigorous training program" now. We had started to loosen up. The villagers had gathered to watch us perform such wonderful things as changing lenses on cameras. I was in the tent, out of the wind, with Bob, drinking Khuhri XXX rum. Cumanchin was cooking our three-course, simple, delicious dinner. Urgen knocked on the tent-flap – ex-British Army Gurkhas can knock on tent-flaps – and said quietly: "Mister Bob, Mister Tom, pink mountains."

I was running, pipe stuck in my teeth, camera in hand, children scattering, for the knoll. Three-quarters up, facing east, the wind slowed me to a standstill. I lay on my stomach and my fingers pressed the close grass as I gazed at the massive, craggy mountains, snow flaming as they faced the setting sun, although it was nearly dark for us mere specks on the lesser, lower earth. The mountains were burning bright pink, the cloud-smoke billowing and flowing away from their southern sides. The wind buffeted me. And I lay there, intensely alone, the only living being on a primordial planet, watching the fire die and its mountains salute and retire.

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A day later we were at Dolalghat on the river. The bus brought the rafts, their crews of cooks and helmsmen and the six Nepalese, all travel agents and journalists. The crews were also Nepalese. They and their leader, Rinchhen Dorje Lama, use the rafts regularly on a three-day trip down the Trisuli River from Kathmandu to the Royal Chitwan National Park. The rafts are about 4.5 metres long, take three paddlers on each side, and one to man the sweep oar. The luggage is strapped in the centre and the paddlers sit on the rim, their feet tucked under ropes running along the inflated floor.

The next day, slightly hung-over, we pushed off. We paddled through green cathedral gorges, past tea houses dotted on sandy beaches, and yelled at troops of monkeys. For six glorious days, my life and work in Australia were forgotten and my thoughts were dimmed by the peace.

We talked slowly and were quick to laugh, and we seemed to gain enjoyment from simple things such as smiling. The cook, Cumanchin, received praise that the chef at Milano's has probably never heard. We were on an expedition in a remote, unspoilt part of the world, yet we seemed to lack very little. A life-jacket and three rocks made an armchair. The tea was strong, black and sweet, and so was the rum.

Paddling through the crystal-clear pools produced a complacent rhythm that was magical, but every now and then the pace would quicken. A sound would be heard – a deep bass monotone. Mungalay, the sweep, would stand up. "White water," he would announce quietly.

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I'm on the bow and so is Rodger. We turn to each other and grin. "Sounds like a mother," says Rodger. We put on our life-jackets and helmets. It's a roar now. It's big and seems to curve round a cliff. Mungalay decides to pull over and check it out.

The noise drowns out all but the yells. "Look at that bloody hole!" I shout to Bob. Before the Sun Kosi I would never have understood how a river can have holes. The Sun Kosi does. A large rock in the path of the water causes the flow to accelerate over it and dig out the smaller ones behind it, forming a hole. The river rushes in, leaps out, and forms a rather frightening stationary wave which continually tumbles back on itself. This one is a beaut.

"We'll have to go through it," Bob shouts. "If we try to go around it we won't be able to manoeuvre between those two rocks further down."

"If we get through the first hole, we still have the second," yells Rodger. "If we come out of the first at an angle, we've got Buckley's."

I light my pipe, Rodger pulls out a Salem and Rinchhen pops in a betel nut. We return to the rafts.

The decision is made. Raft One goes through, with everybody watching to learn from our mistakes. Phil from Raft Two grabs his camera, Bob and Rhonda go for theirs. Everything's set. We are fairly quiet. Straps are checked and we push off.

Twenty strokes and we are ready to run in. We look ahead at the darkness of the gorge and the place where the river should be. It isn't. Just past the little rock 50 metres ahead it's a lot bloody lower. The gorge roars for us.

I look down through the clear water. The blurring of the rocks shows the speed at which we are travelling. It's a deep river. When we go over the big rock and into the hole it will be well above us. We're close now. The gorge roars louder. Rodger asks Mungalay if we can stop at the next rest-room.

"Paddle, please," shouts Mungalay. "PADDLE," screams Rodger. We paddle like hell. The raft bucks and bounces as we hit the gorge. Water flowers above us and blankets the raft for a moment. We're paddling fast. The faster we paddle, the faster we go. The faster we go, the more manoeuvrability the sweep has. And if he hasn't, we're gone. Stuffed.

We're out of the initial white and skimming on to the green clear water – then we are on top of the big rock, travelling very fast and down at an easily discernible angle. We are speeding for the hole and the wave, a large pile of foaming water that would do credit to any Australian beach. It's heart-stopping. How terrifying for the average Nepalese. They are not river people. We're roller-coastering into the hole. What is the little kitchen hand at the back thinking? He is not thinking. He is terrified because (we find out later) he can't swim. The raft hits the bottom, levels out for an instant, and drives into the base of the wave.

I am on the starboard bow – I think. A fraction of a second ago the crew were yelling and tally-hoing. The roar of the gorge bashed in our ears. The noise cuts out. It is silent. There is nothing. I am under aerated water. The nose of the raft rushes up like a surfacing submarine. The noise returns. I am on the starboard bow.

I breathe and strike down with the paddle. The paddle doesn't bite. There is no water. Rodger has done the same. We try again and they bite. "Paddle, paddle!" we yell. We've lost Krishna, who was behind me. We drop into the next hole and into its wave. Not so bad, but again that eerie instant of unworldly silence.

We straighten up and zoom between the rocks with centimetres to spare. We cheer and laugh. That was fantastic. What happened to Krishna? You gotta dry fag? We ran over Krishna. Shit, I thought we'd had it. Very good, sirs, very good. Hey, Mungalay, want a cigarette? Did we paddle well? Krishna's okay, he got to the shore – got a split lip. Paddle to the shore and let's watch the others.

Cumanchin wrestles a log out of the sand and somehow sets fire to it. We sit around the fire, drinking rum, talking about the day and looking at the night. Bob tells a joke. Phil tells about how Ian Clough died on Annapurna. We lie in the sand and eat the meal.

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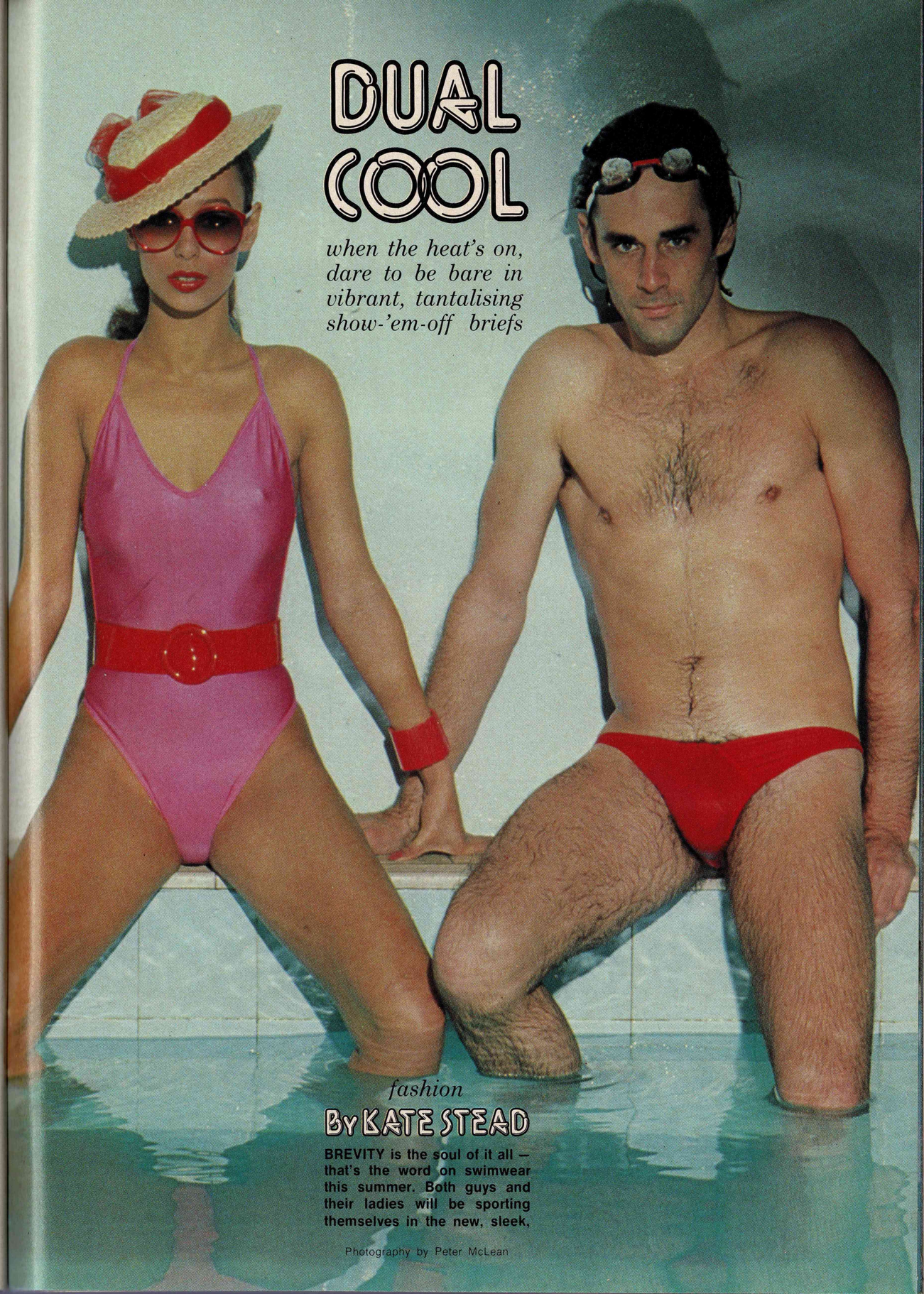
Chatara. The expedition is over. We unload the rafts for the last time. I walk off. I have to be alone, to absorb the final moments. It is over. The day is clear. I can hear the sound of an engine for the first time in 10 days – probably the only 10 days in my life when I've never heard a mechanised sound, except at Dolalghat.

At Biratnagar we climb into the Avro. It's really over. We are on our way back to Kathmandu. The plane lumbers along the runway, gathering speed. It seems to be lumbering a little too long. The engines strain. I look down the aisle. Everyone is leaning out – and paddling like hell!



DUAL COOL

when the heat's on, dare to be bare in vibrant, tantalising show-'em-off briefs

fashion

BY KATE STEAD

BREVITY is the soul of it all – that's the word on swimwear this summer. Both guys and their ladies will be sporting themselves in the new, sleek,

Photography by Peter McLean

form-fitting, down-to-the-bare-necessities bikinis.

Most of the gear will be made of stretchy lycra in solid colors — vibrant blues, greens, yellows and reds. Men will strip to bold, body-hugging briefs.

The big news is that designers feel they have gone about as far as they can go in the reduction of the bikini, and, as a result, bird-watchers will this season be able to feast hungry eyes on enticing new one-piece swimsuits with peek-a-boo holes in the most

provocative of places, and judging by the reactions at Sydney's Gazebo Hotel, where our models posed around the pool, there'll be plenty of eyes a-poppin' on our Australian beaches during the summer. The most exciting styles are slashed low at the back, front and sides with high-cut legs to emphasise the body line. Due to the new brevity, skin gets maximum exposure to the sun in the places that matter. Barely-there shoulder straps will make sure of a perfect tan.

SWIM WHERE

PAGE 133: From left — one-piece by Brian Rochford, $23; thong by Robin Garland.
PAGE 134-135: Left — bikini by Brian Rochford, $30; swimsuit by Brian Rochford, $13. Inset: Left — thong by Brian Rochford, $8; Middle — swimsuit by Brian Rochford, $10; Right — bikini by OMO Norma Kamali of New York, exclusive to Lakiss of Sydney, $35.
PAGE 136-137: Left — strapless bikini by Robin Garland, $54; Middle — swimsuit by Robin Garland, $32; Right — thong by Brian Rochford, $8. Inset: Left — swimsuit by Brian Rochford, $17. Right — swimsuit by Robin Garland, $31.
PAGE 138-139: Left — swimsuit by Robin Garland, $32; Middle — diamond cut-out one-piece by OMO Norma Kamali of New York, from Lakiss of Sydney, $60. Right — swimsuit by Brian Rochford, $10.
All prices are approximate.
Accessories by Nice Things; sunglasses by Jonathan Sceates; swimcaps and goggles by Kevin Junee.
Brian Rochford stockists — David Jones stores Sydney and Adelaide; Walsh's, Perth; 1066 Menswear, Noosa Heads, Qld; Splashes, South Yarra, Vic.
Robin Garland stockists — Robin Garland, City and Double Bay, Sydney; Ross Osterlin Menswear, Adelaide.
Video camera, sound equipment by Sony.

DIAMONDS ARE (MISSING) FOREVER

the amazing mystery of a wartime fortune that disappeared in australia

article

By JAMES HENDERSON

ON MARCH 7, 1942, Jack Palmer, the best-known beachcomber along the Broome, WA, coast, was sailing his lugger north along the beaches when he saw an aircraft floating in the water at Carnot Bay. He rowed his tiny dinghy over and climbed through the cabin searching for anything worth taking. He picked up a brown paper parcel he found near the pilot's seat. Back on his lugger he opened the parcel and poured a stream of gems on to a soup plate and gazed, spellbound, as the light of a king's ransom blazed back at him. "I'll never work again," he announced with unconcealed glee to his two aboriginal crewmen.

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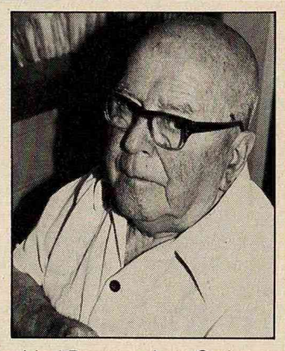
Captain Ivan Smirnov got a flight clearance just after midnight and taxied the Dutch DC3 down the Tjilitjap runway on the last flight out of Java.

As the KNILM (the East Indies branch of the Dutch airline KLM) airliner Pelikaan climbed into the night sky and banked to the south, Smirnov allowed himself a relieved grin. He and his 11 evacuee passengers should have been off the island hours ago, but they'd had to wait around for reasons unknown. Finally an airport official had dumped a brown paper parcel next to him on the flight deck and they'd been allowed to leave. The captain was to hand the parcel to a representative of the Commonwealth Bank in Australia. Smirnov gazed at the shoebox-sized parcel and wondered, briefly, what it contained that required such a delay.

This was March, 1942. The morning of the third, to be precise. The Japanese were advancing south and it seemed nothing would halt them. Since their dramatic entry into World War Two four months earlier they had landed troops in Thailand and on the north-east coast of Malaya. They had sunk the British battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off the Malayan coast, captured the Australian Eighth Division at Singapore, bombed Rabaul, Port Moresby and Darwin.

Against this hostile backdrop the management of the Dutch jewellery company N.V. de Concurrent, at Bandung, about 100 kilometres north-west of Jakarta, anxiously packed their remaining stocks of diamonds. Their only chance of getting them out of the reach of the advancing Japanese was on the last

A 1942 search for the missing parcel of diamonds at the site of the Pelikaan crash in Carnot Bay. "Diamond Jack" Palmer (arrowed) is standing beside WO Gus Clinch, who led the army patrol to the wreckage. The Aborigines and mules came from Beagle Bay mission. The only trace Clinch found was some wrapping paper, string and seals.



FROM LEFT: Lieut Zenziro Miyano, one of the Zero pilots who raided Broome; Ivan Smirnov, captain of the DC3 they shot down; and Col Cliff Gibson, who enlisted "Diamond Jack".

evacuation flight due to leave Tjilitjap, a town on the south coast of Java, for Australia on March 2.

The dawn of March 3 brought frantic activity to the recently-established Japanese air force base at Koepang on the southern end of Timor. Nine Zero fighters, each armed with two machine guns and two cannons, were ready for a raid on Broome. Another eight were to attack Wyndham. They all took off at 7.05 am.

At nine that morning, Brother Richard Bessenfelder of the Beagle Bay Aborigine mission, about 100 kilometres north of Broome, looked up to see nine single-engined aircraft overhead, flying fast in formation towards the south.

Half an hour later the nine Japanese fighters jettisoned their long-range belly fuel tanks and swooped on Broome to destroy methodically 16 flying boats and all but one of seven planes they found as sitting ducks on the ground. An hour later, with only one Zero shot down, apparently from ground fire, the Japanese left the pall of black smoke behind and headed north. They raced up past Beagle Bay toward Cape Leveque. On board the Pelikaan Maria van Tuyn, a

serviceman's wife and the only woman on the flight, nursed her baby son Johannes on the seat next to Captain Smirnov. The DC3 had droned through the night in radio silence and it nervously met the sun off the north-west coast of Australia. The passenger seats had been removed for its wartime role and the heating was not working. Ten tired, cramped and cold Dutch servicemen sat huddled on the floor.

Later in the morning Smirnov and his radio operator received a strange reply to their inquiry about Broome airfield: "Okay for the time being." As the WA coast came into sight near Cape Leveque, Smirnov saw the distant column of smoke in the south and understood. Almost immediately the aircraft shuddered as machine gun bullets ripped through the cockpit. Smirnov was hit in both arms and the hip, but the World War One Russian fighter ace who had shot down 12 German planes maintained control and flung the airliner into evasive manoeuvres as he spotted two more Zero fighters peeling off their formation to attack an easy prize.

Mrs van Tuyn, hit in the back by the first burst of bullets, slipped off her seat. "My baby, my baby," she cried. Among the passengers rolling helplessly on the floor was Sgt-Major Pilot Leonardus Vanderberg, who reached forward and grabbed the child, holding it under his body as the bullets sprayed along the roof. Several bullets thudded into his hip and thigh, and one blasted the baby's tiny protruding foot into a bloody mess.

Smirnov flew the greatest performance of his much-decorated career, twisting and turning the DC3 for about 50 kilometres southward until, with the fuselage riddled and one engine on fire, he saw the end was near. He pushed the control column forward and sideslipped close to the sand dunes of Carnot Bay. A daring Zero pilot made a run over the sand dunes below the DC3 and fired another burst, but Smirnov landed brilliantly on the beach, swinging into the sea as the damaged starboard tyre and undercarriage snagged in the sand. The surf providentially extinguished the fire.

Smirnov ordered his passengers out as the Pelikaan floundered about 100 metres from shore with the Zeros still circling. The four seriously wounded were helped from the plane as the Japanese disappeared to the north.

Mrs van Tuyn died on the beach that evening and a wounded man the next morning. The rest faced the likelihood of dying of wounds or the blistering heat and thirst. They had very little water from the plane. Then came the drone of an approaching aircraft from the south, but the survivors' hopes were soon dashed. As the big four-engined flying boat roared overhead they could see the crimson Japanese markings on the wings. The flying boat circled and dropped five bombs, but none caused any injury. (At least one of these failed to detonate. Servicemen on August 17 this year demolished a live 100kg World War Two bomb found by two men at the high water mark near the wreckage of the Dutch DC3.)

Smirnov organised the survivors to rig up the DC3's three parachutes as a shelter for the wounded, and sent parties off for help. A couple of efforts were made to retrieve useful items from the plane but water was swirling through the cabin and nobody was able to reach the mysterious brown paper parcel. The problems of survival seemed more pressing anyway to those who were left.

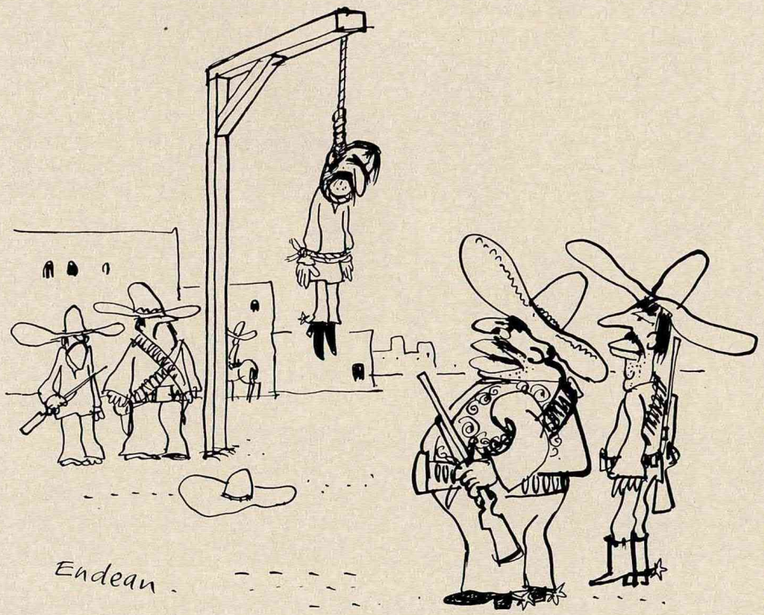
On the morning of March 5 at his Beagle Bay mission base, Brother Richard received the news from an Aborigine, who had travelled overland from Broome, of a plane shot down to the south. The location he described was vague, but Brother Richard and Warrant Officer Gus Clinch (a serviceman there at the German Catholics' request to dispel any rumors of espionage) set off in a spring cart pulled by a mule team. An Aborigine named Joe Bernard accompanied them on horseback and another team was to follow as soon as it could be organised. The first party found two groups of Dutchmen wandering along the coast, and that night Joe Bernard found the rest of the survivors at Carnot Bay. Brother Richard and Gus Clinch reached the crash site the following afternoon and found four Dutchmen still alive. Brother Richard later wrote of the sad discovery:

"The initial indication of our closeness to the site was the strong sickening odor of dead bodies, made more pronounced by the still, hot weather customary to the area during this time of the year. As the smell became stronger we noticed the silhouette of the plane in the dim moonlight. Next we noticed apparently sleeping bodies on the beach.

"I woke up one person, Captain Smirnov, and after some abuse from him I managed to piece together the events leading to the forced landing of the plane." (Smirnov had been alarmed at Brother Richard's accent and said: "You're a bloody German," but Richard was patient and unruffled.)

"I noticed four people were still alive. (Mrs van Tuyn's baby had died only half an hour before the rescue party arrived, Leonardus Vanderberg told me when I interviewed him many years later.)

"We made a billy of tea using aviation fuel poured on the sand and then set alight as a fire to boil the water. The survivors enjoyed their first cup of tea – previous attempts by the unfortunate survivors at distilling salt water with a blow torch had not proved successful. Smirnov was wounded in the arm and Vanderberg was suffering a groin wound . . . "



"Well, he always boasted that he was well hung."

•

Conscience was soon to trouble beachcomber Jack Palmer. After his discovery of the diamonds he sailed up to Pender Bay and anchored there. About a week later he met a couple of friends, Jim Mulgrue (then 66) and Frank Robinson (then 42), and told them of his incredible find. Palmer showed them a breathtaking sight of a plateful of diamonds and offered them some – he had plenty. The two men were bewildered and frightened, but they accepted some.

The next day Japanese aircraft were sighted racing south to give Broome its second raid. It made the three idle men uneasy. Palmer had become blasé and would leave numbers of diamonds lying on a camp table ashore.

One day Robinson and Mulgrue were discussing whether it might be better to hand the diamonds back to the authorities and claim a reward. Palmer overheard them and he was furious. "What are you two putting your thick heads together about?" he shouted. "If you don't want the diamonds, give them back to me."

Some of the diamonds were given back to Palmer (it is not known to this day how many). Then Palmer started thinking about the realities of the situation, and he told Robinson and Mulgrue he had decided to take the diamonds to somebody in authority. He was going to leave – he didn't care what happened to his lugger – and he would try to enlist in the Army.

Palmer left next morning. He gave the other men some more diamonds which he said could not fit with the rest he had poured into a couple of salt and pepper shakers. Mulgrue told Robinson: "You'd better pack them up for safekeeping."

Jack Palmer the beachcomber meant what he said about joining the Army. Major Cliff Gibson, the officer in charge of Australia's north-west force of about 200 soldiers based in Broome, was sitting in his office in the former magistrate's residence when Jack Palmer walked in and announced: "I want to enlist."

Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Gibson told me he remembered Palmer saying he had walked 150 kilometres down the coast to join the Army. He was astonished when Palmer suddenly upended the salt and pepper shakers. "Diamonds cascaded all over my desk," Gibson recalled.

Palmer's explanation was that he had found the diamonds in a parcel on the beach at Carnot Bay and that the parcel had been waterlogged, so that a few of the diamonds spilled out and were lost in the sand. It was pretty casual, considering the circumstances. Palmer was a rough-looking figure, but Gibson thought he was a good man. He accepted him into the Army and gave him an observation task a few kilometres up the coast. But something had to be done with those diamonds. Major Gibson flew down to Perth in an American aircraft with them the following night.

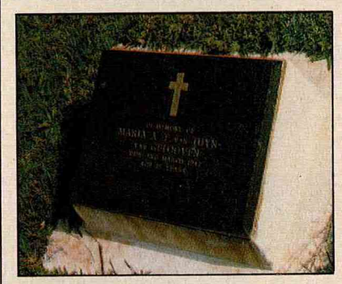
Cliff Gibson arrived at his Perth home in time for breakfast, and his schoolboy son Athol was startled to see his father pour a heap of diamonds on to a plate at the table. (Athol Gibson, later to follow his father and become a notable figure in WA legal circles, kept the matter secret.)

During the day Major Gibson went to see the Army intelligence officer, Colonel Moseley, and they handed over the diamonds to the manager of the Commonwealth Bank in Perth, Alfred Ward. (There were thousands, and some were quite big, Cliff Gibson told me before he died recently.)

The search for the remaining diamonds went on and some finally did turn up. An aboriginal woman named Connie at Pender Bay had some she said had been given to her, and an aboriginal welfare officer handed Major Gibson a matchboxful that he had got from Aborigines. (Years later, a small package was found in the fork of a tree.)

•

About September, 1942, an Australian Army corporal, Arthur Williams, was at his home in Perth when he had a telephone call from a captain in the intelligence branch. "We've got a special job for you, Williams," the caller said. "Report to the Commonwealth Bank tomorrow morning."



TOP: The grave of Maria van Tuyn at the Karrakatta war cemetery. ABOVE: A WA museum expert examines part of the crashed DC3.

Arthur Williams had been managing director of the Perth jewellery store, Dunklings, before enlisting (a job he returned to after the war). He found that his special task was to count, grade and value the diamonds from the crashed DC3.

They were beautiful diamonds, all of the high quality Dunklings of Perth dealt with, for which they believed they were internationally famed. (Mr Williams, recently retired, remembers that the average size of these diamonds was between 10 per carat and three per carat, the size you would expect to find in an average engagement ring.)

Corporal Williams completed his task and went back to his army camp, where he was surprised to find himself in severe trouble for having been AWOL. The commanding officer wouldn't believe his story, but eventually Williams phoned Colonel Moseley, who smoothed everything over. Arthur Williams was called back later to value some more of these diamonds for the bank. They would have been worth at least $1 million today. Their official value at the time was to be given in a criminal court hearing in Perth in 1943.

In 1942 the rumor and popular belief around the north-west of Western Australia was, according to Brother Richard, that the diamonds were thrown into the sea before the Dutch DC3 made its forced landing. "This rumor, I believe, was started by Jack Palmer," he said. "He once told me that he was near the crash site, fishing, and when he was spearing a dugong he noticed a glitter from the sea-bed. This, Palmer said, was how he discovered the diamonds. However, I disputed his story on the dugong, as that kind of fish was never found in the type of water he described . . . "

Then Palmer agreed with Brother Richard's conclusion and virtually admitted that he found the diamonds in the Dutch DC3.

Late in March of 1943 an Army officer found some strings with seals attached, and some torn wrapping paper, with only the letters "Comm" remaining, at Carnot Bay. And Major Gibson heard about Palmer's meeting with Robinson and Mulgrue at Pender Bay. Palmer had told him nothing about this. Gibson sent an Army patrol, including Palmer, to bring in Robinson and Mulgrue.

When the patrol came up with the two men, Palmer was heard to say to them: "Don't say anything about the diamonds." Robinson and Mulgrue

later admitted to Gibson that they had been given some of the diamonds and knew where some were hidden. They were released to bring these diamonds back to Broome, but did not return. Detective-Sergeant Bert Blight of the Perth CIB took over inquiries.

Some of the aboriginal women had been given quantities of the "little white stones" and there was some panic when the police party arrived at Pender Bay. (The story persists to this day that the woman known as Connie flung a handful of diamonds down a well at Pender Bay.)

In March, 1943, a Chinese tailor, Ching Loong Dep, of Broome, was arrested when he stepped off an aircraft at Perth Airport. Detectives found that he was carrying several hundred diamonds, and they did not believe his explanation. He was charged with unlawful possession.

Ching eventually admitted that he got the diamonds from an Aborigine in exchange for some clothes. He was fined £10 in Perth Police Court.

Palmer, Robinson and Mulgrue were arrested and brought for trial before the Perth Criminal Court, jointly charged with having stolen and received a quantity of diamonds, the property of Messrs N.V. de Concurrent of Bandung. All pleaded not guilty.

The total number and value of the diamonds was not stated in court, but the Commonwealth Bank's WA manager, Alfred Ward, said that the several packets so far received by the bank made a grand total of 6136 diamonds valued (by 1941 diamond prices) at £20,447 6s 7d.

The Perth manager of Dunklings, Charles Williams (brother of Corporal Arthur Williams, who had done the valuation), then confirmed Mr Ward's figures. He said all the diamonds were of jewellers' quality – not industrial.

In their defence the three accused said they had thought the diamonds were "salvage" and they had never intended to steal any.

Palmer was acquitted, and so naturally were Robinson and Mulgrue.

Private Jack Palmer went back into the army at Broome, and was thereafter known as "Diamond Jack".

What did the Commonwealth Bank do with the 6136 diamonds it had? The corporation's acting WA manager, J.A. Andrew, wrote in reply to my inquiries recently: "We are able to confirm that the parcel of diamonds from the aircraft shot down north of Broome was held for safe custody by the Commonwealth Bank.

"They were held, initially in Perth and later in Melbourne, in terms of instructions provided by the original consignors. The diamonds were then released, also in terms of these instructions, between September, 1942, and November, 1943. We are unable to provide you with any further information beyond that contained in press reports covering the trial of Messrs Palmer, Mulgrue and Robinson . . ."

I have established, however, that the bank sold the Dutch diamonds, and I understand that the proceeds were handed over to a Dutch-Australian organisation set up during the war for the relief of refugees from the occupied Netherlands East Indies. To whom and for how much the diamonds were sold, I have not yet discovered.

I also believe that the unfortunate consignors in Bandung did not survive the war, but that a relative of the diamonds' owners wrote some years later (through her solicitors) to the authorities in Australia to advise that the balance of those diamonds were still legally her property.

However, what happened to the majority, worth about $12 million on today's diamond prices, that didn't reach the Commonwealth Bank?

A number of years after the war, according to the Air Force Association WA Aviation Historical Group's research officer, Mervyn W. Prime, a Broome resident, Mr Jack Pryor, employed a handyman to make some renovations to his house. "When Pryor went out to check the progress on the job, he found the handyman gone, the job incomplete and a small hole in the building where he had been working. It was later found that more diamonds had been hidden away in this niche and obviously the handyman had finally built up enough courage to come and collect what it seems he had hidden away years before."

It was generally believed around Broome that "Diamond Jack" Palmer had managed to hide many of the Dutch diamonds and that he disposed of a few through a "fence" whenever he needed money. He certainly established a reputation for carrying an impressive bankroll for a man who had no permanent job.

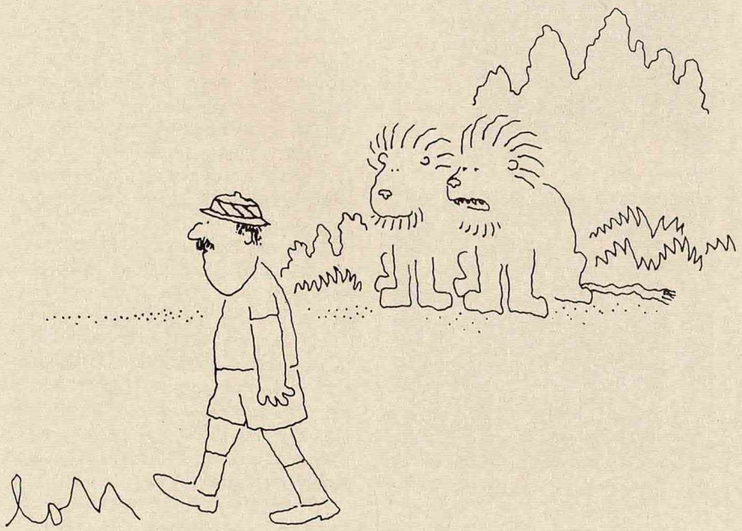
Eric Christiansen of Perth, now a marine master, was working as a baker on the State Ship *Kabbarli* in 1952 when he met "Diamond Jack" in Broome. Palmer came aboard the ship and had free meals; however, when Christiansen and others went drinking with him in the Broome hotels over the next few years, Jack Palmer always had plenty of money on him, even when there were no jobs.

Christiansen, who had no doubt about the source of "Diamond Jack's" income, asked him what he had done with all those diamonds. Palmer replied: "They keep the gins happy."

In the 1960s Jack Palmer became ill. He went to Perth and was nursed by Roman Catholic nuns for some years before he decided to go back to Broome to die.

Father McKelson, of La Grange Mission (south of Broome), went to see "Diamond Jack" one day and he was surprised just how much this rough diamond of a man had changed. After a little discussion Father McKelson asked: "What did you do with all those diamonds, Jack?"

But "Diamond Jack" just smiled above the pain of his stomach cancer and said: "I handed them all over to the authorities, father."



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LOTUS BLOSSOMS

there's magic in the cars of a quiet british genius

article **By BROCK YATES**

TWO REMAIN. One is the patriarch of his craft and a national hero. He lives in baronial seclusion in a small northern Italian city, where the multiple dramas of his life have unfolded. The other, 30 years his junior, is at the height of his powers in a field of endeavor that soon will leave him the only pure, classically complete automobile manufacturer in the world.

The old man is Enzo Ferrari, *Il Commendatore* of the vast automobile works that bears his name and his adopted crest, the flying horse of Maranello. The younger is Anthony Colin Bruce Chapman, design genius and impresario of Lotus Cars Limited, of Norwich, England.

The men are unique in a world where cars are almost exclusively conceived and manufactured by committees and where vehicular distinction is being washed away in a sea of government regulation and mass-production practicalities. Men such as Ferrari and Chapman carry the heritage of the purist car builder – the man whose personality dominates the products that issue from his factory.

In the beginning, it was all that way. Benz, Daimler, Renault and Peugeot built automobiles according to their own hard notions about everything from how many cylinders their cars' engines should have to how the cowling should be curved to how the advertising should read. They were part engineers, part technological artisans, whose best efforts were as much 20th-century art forms as they were impressive transportation devices. The Great Depression and the war that followed ended most of those alliances of art and technology. Those pioneers who survived were for the most part swept away by modern economic realities and the hard truth that lay in the commonparts bins of mass production. Even Ferrari, now in his 82nd year, has had to seek financial refuge under the massive umbrella of Fabbrica Italiana Automobili Torino (Fiat). And that, in a sense, leaves Colin Chapman and his Lotus cars as the sole survivors.

Photography by Adrian Van Valen

To be a classic automotive impresario, the following qualifications should be met: (1) the individual must control all aspects of his operation, including finance, design, engineering and marketing; (2) his products must use their own specially created components and not engines, chassis, etc., purchased from other vendors; (3) he must carry his marque into battle in major motor sports competition.

At present, only Ferrari and Chapman begin to fit the parameters. Ferruccio Lamborghini is one of many contenders, except that, like so many others, he gave up majority control of his small Bologna company, which also made tractors and oil burners. Also, he never actively raced his products.

Chapman is doing beautifully. His three passenger cars are selling at a profitable rate and 1978 saw his brilliant JPS79 Grand Prix car dominate Formula I competition while carrying one of his drivers (Mario Andretti) to the sixth World Driving Championship for Lotus in 20 years of competition.

This lean, rather aloof man drifted into the automobile business with a civil engineer's degree,

which he earned at the University of London in 1945.

Chapman's first machines were fabricated for himself, on a purely part time basis, while he tried to build a future in the engineering department of British Aluminium. Then, in 1952, he created the Mark 6, a cleverly designed sports racing car that could be purchased in kit form and would accommodate several small displacement power plants, including the 1100cc converted fire pump engine built by Coventry Climax.

He left British Aluminium in 1955 to enter the car business full time and made his first major splash two years later with a vastly improved version of the Mark 6 called the Mark 7. This lean, lithe little roadster, with its stiff tubular frame and impertinent fibreglass front fenders, was an instant hit, and before production ceased 16 years later more than 3000, in various permutations, had been sold. Modified versions of the Seven and the Super Seven are still being raced and a small English company is now manufacturing replicas.

By 1958, Colin Chapman had expanded sufficiently to enter his first Lotus in Grand Prix competition. It was a front engine design built on the verge of the massive revolution that was to see all racing cars carry their power plants behind the driver in a "mid-engine" configuration. The car was not successful, but prompted the Mark 18 two seasons later.

This car was a pyrotechnic display of Chapman's engineering genius. Light and dainty, with a masterfully supple independent suspension system, the Mark 18 brought Chapman his first Grand Prix victory (the 1960 Monaco Grand Prix, Stirling Moss driving). That year brought an added bonus. A Mark 18 driver rose out of the Formula Junior ranks, marked for stardom. His quiet, reflective nature dovetailed perfectly with Chapman's basic reticence. He was a smallish, round-faced Scotsman named Jim Clark.

Before Clark died against a German tree trunk on April 7, 1968, he and Chapman had formed one of the most enduring relationships in the history of motor sports. When this 32-year-old superstar was killed so suddenly on the rain-swept Hockenheim Ring, he had won 24 Grand Prix races for Lotus, a number of major sports car events and the 1965 Indianapolis 500. Two world championships (1963 and 1965) had come to him at the wheels of the bright green, cigar-shaped Lotus cars.

The Clark tragedy renewed the single blight that Chapman has carried through his career: that in his search to pare unnecessary weight from his vehicles, he has sacrificed durability and strength.

He pressed on following the loss of his friend and ace driver. A month later, his brilliant Mark 56s appeared at Indianapolis — four-wheel-drive turbine-powered wonders that were finally banned because they threatened to make every other car at the track obsolete.

Behind him were such classic passenger cars as the pretty Mark 14 fibreglass Elite coupe (1959) and the Mark 26 Elan roadster, probably the finest-handling sports car of its time. Chapman was also credited with the epochal Mark 25 Grand Prix car, the first fully *monocoque* modern racing machine and a car that not only won 25 Grand Prix races but also revolutionised motor sports design philosophies. In 1966, he moved to the small village of Hethel, near Norwich.

As his passenger car production flourished, Chapman's Formula I machines brought the world's championship to Graham Hill in 1968 and to the brash Austrian Jochen Rindt in 1970. But Rindt's victory was again torn by strife and sadness. After he clinched the title, he died when his Lotus crashed in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza and, once again, cruel allegations about Chapman's weak cars wracked his conscience. He persisted, developing the excellent Lotus 72 that carried Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi to the championship title in 1972.

It was during that period that Chapman and engineering director Tony Rudd perfected the first legitimate Lotus power plant. Previously he had employed engines purchased from other manufacturers and modified for special Lotus applications. But the new type 907 engine, first announced in 1971, was a pure Lotus. It was an all-aluminium, twin-overhead-cam, 16-valve, four-cylinder engine of impressive compactness and light weight. The first versions were sold to Jensen for use in the new Jensen-Healey sports car, but it was widely accepted that the 907 would become the basic engine for a new-generation line of production Lotuses.

The first model appeared in 1974 as the stunning Elite. Unlike previous Lotus highway cars, a majority of which tended to be tiny, somewhat rudimentary two-seaters, the Elite was a shockingly civilised four-seater with all of the amenities. Moreover, the vehicle was such a virtuoso design effort that it received the prestigious Don Safety Trophy from the British Minister of Transport.

The year 1975 also generated the Esprit, perhaps the most exciting and beautiful Lotus ever produced. This wonderfully compact (330cm long, only 87.5cm high) mid-engine coupé was a product of the fertile mind of master Italian stylist Gioretto Giugiaro and, like the Elite, carried the 907 four-cylinder connected to a five-speed gearbox. While the Esprit was attracting raves, Chapman also introduced a two-plus-two version of the Elite, called the Eclat. It was essentially a twin but carried a slightly restyled interior for more cargo capacity at the expense of rear seating room.

However, for the first time in years, a Lotus was excluded from the victory circle for a full season during 1975 and Chapman set out on a hard-nosed campaign to regain past glories. He composed a 27-page white paper outlining his detailed thoughts on the engineering direction future Lotus Grand Prix cars should take. The document was turned over to Rudd (a brilliant engineer and team manager for the once-glorious BRM racing operation). He, in turn, created a small research and development team.

As Rudd's group labored through 1976, a new man appeared to bring energy and daring to JPS cars, as the Lotus racing offshoot became known. Mario Andretti, ebullient, skilled as a test driver and a pure racer to the soles of his feet, signed on to run several Grand Prix races for Lotus and ended up by bringing home the team's first victory in 31 races at the rain-drenched Japanese Grand Prix.

Suddenly, "the old man", as Andretti called the greying Chapman (though he was only 48 years old), became as deeply involved in racing as he had been in the old days.

It all came together last year. The group's efforts bore fruit with the stunning JPS79, a machine which ingeniously utilised "ground effect" to create suction, thereby increasing traction. The JPS79, Chapman and Andretti were a perfect combination from the start, winning five races to claim the World's Driving Championship, the Manufacturers' Title and widespread acclaim.

The "old man" goes on. As the rest of the automobile world rushes toward greater homogenisation by committee, Colin Chapman stands nearly alone, very likely to become the last of that special breed of men who breathed life and personality into their automobiles.

LOTUS IN AUSTRALIA

JUST as Colin Chapman steered Lotus from the kit club racer days to the heights of Formula One and super-sleek road machines, so James Smith took the Mini-based Peter Manton Motors in Melbourne into a much broader and rarefied market. As well as gleaning dealerships for Lancia, Fiat, Volvo and Alfa Romeo, Smith pulled off probably his greatest coup — certainly his most stylish — in 1975, when he managed to convince Lotus that their cars should become an established part of the Australian market, rather than being imported "one-out".

The date was significant, since it ties in with the projected model life of the Esprit S2, probably the purest of the Lotus thoroughbreds with its mid-engine and uncompromising two-seater format. The Esprit is seen as a car whose concept will last 10 years, so one assumes that by 1985 Colin Chapman will have produced some new fantasy on wheels to titillate motoring taste buds.

After quitting his dry-cleaning and laundry business to buy Peter Manton Motors in 1969, Smith, no mean Mini racing driver, secured a Jaguar franchise from BMC. He no longer sells Jaguars, but it was a first step into the top end of the market. The company is now based solidly on Volvo sales and sells as many as it can get. But before the Volvos — in 1971, to be exact — Manton's became first a dealer, then distributor, for the Jensen range. Although it was not appreciated at the time, this move was crucial because it led the way into Lotus.

The extent of growth in this luxury sports car area can be gauged from the fact that Smith believes there were about 140 Lotus cars in the country at the end of 1978 and he now estimates the market at 80 units a year. Smith doesn't expect these extra sales to happen automatically. He is canvassing energetically for expansion and has dealers in Perth, Surfers Paradise, Tasmania and Sydney. They are people with the right background and the guts to provide the money and time necessary to sell cars that are priced between $42,000 and $47,000.

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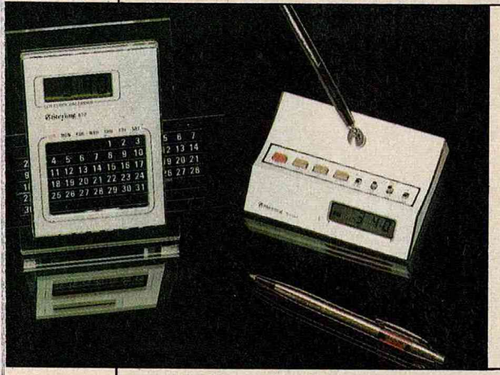
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CONVINCING COUNTERFEITS

Mickey Rooney would love 'em. Liz Taylor wouldn't. Mounted in 18 carat gold, these counterfeit diamonds are made of cubic zirconia, which costs about a 50th the price of real diamonds. They won't cut glass – or a hole in your pocket at $328 for the Triplet, $520 for the Star cluster and $420 for the 3.45 carat Tiffany. These convincing counterfeits are available from Windsor Jewels in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide.

WINNER BY A HEAD

The summer season gets off to a racing start at Flemington with the Melbourne Cup and all its razzle-dazzle. But for originality nobody has topped England's Mrs Gertrude Shilling whose fashions, like this rocket, stun staid Ascot.

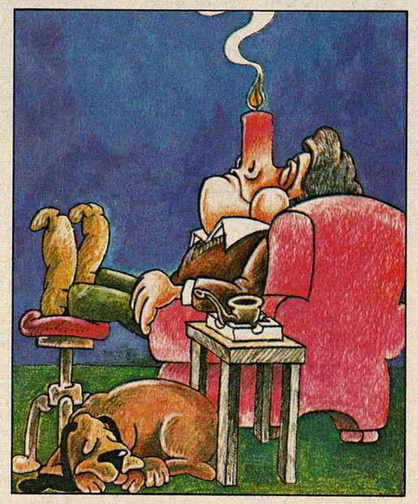


PRETTY USEFUL

For the executive clockwatcher who likes something functional with a pretty face, it's worth looking at the permanent calendar clock ($35), the gold-plated pen watch ($35) and the pen-stand clock ($40), which incorporates alarm and snooze buttons for businessmen who like to nod off while they're on the job. They're all available from LM International Mail Orders, 52 Pitt Street, Redfern, NSW 2016.

GOOD SCENTS

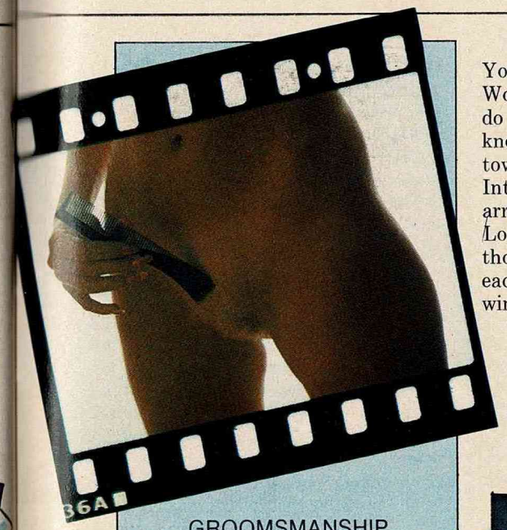
If the smell of smoke gets right up your nose, strike a match to an odor neutralising candle. Sold for $2.75 at chemist shops throughout Australia, it's packaged with the slogan "Kills Tobacco Odor". The candle burns for approximately 50 hours and is available in a variety of colors. The manufacturers claim that one candle, burning its concentrated ingredient vaporised by the flame, neutralises the fumes from five smokers in an area of 20 square metres. It is also effective against bathroom odors, cooking smells, paint fumes . . . and messy pets.



BIRDS IN HAND

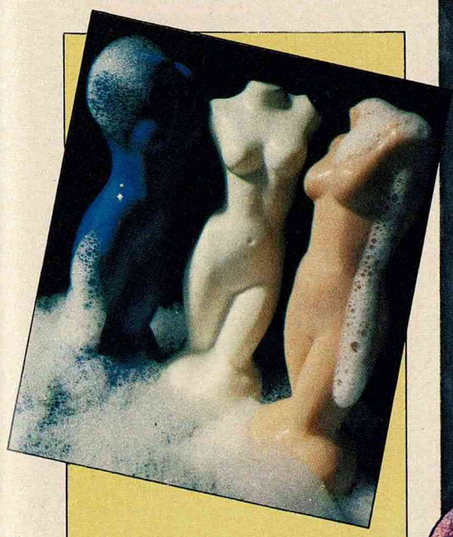
For a mere $2000 there'll be Bluebirds over at your place. Not the feathered variety, but Carlton Football Club's recently formed 20-strong cheer squad, pictured above in all their glory. For that price they'll do a half-hour routine before flying off with your cheque. Pay the additional air fares and the troupe will fly anywhere in Australia. Further inquiries to the Carlton Football Club, Princes Park, North Carlton, Victoria 3054.

Illustrations by Scott Kennedy



GROOMSMANSHIP

Even if you're not right into pogonotrophy (growing of facial hair) you'll dig this Ted Lapidus comb that combines the regular variety with a moustache sprucer. Your girlfriend or wife can also use it! $2.50 from department stores.

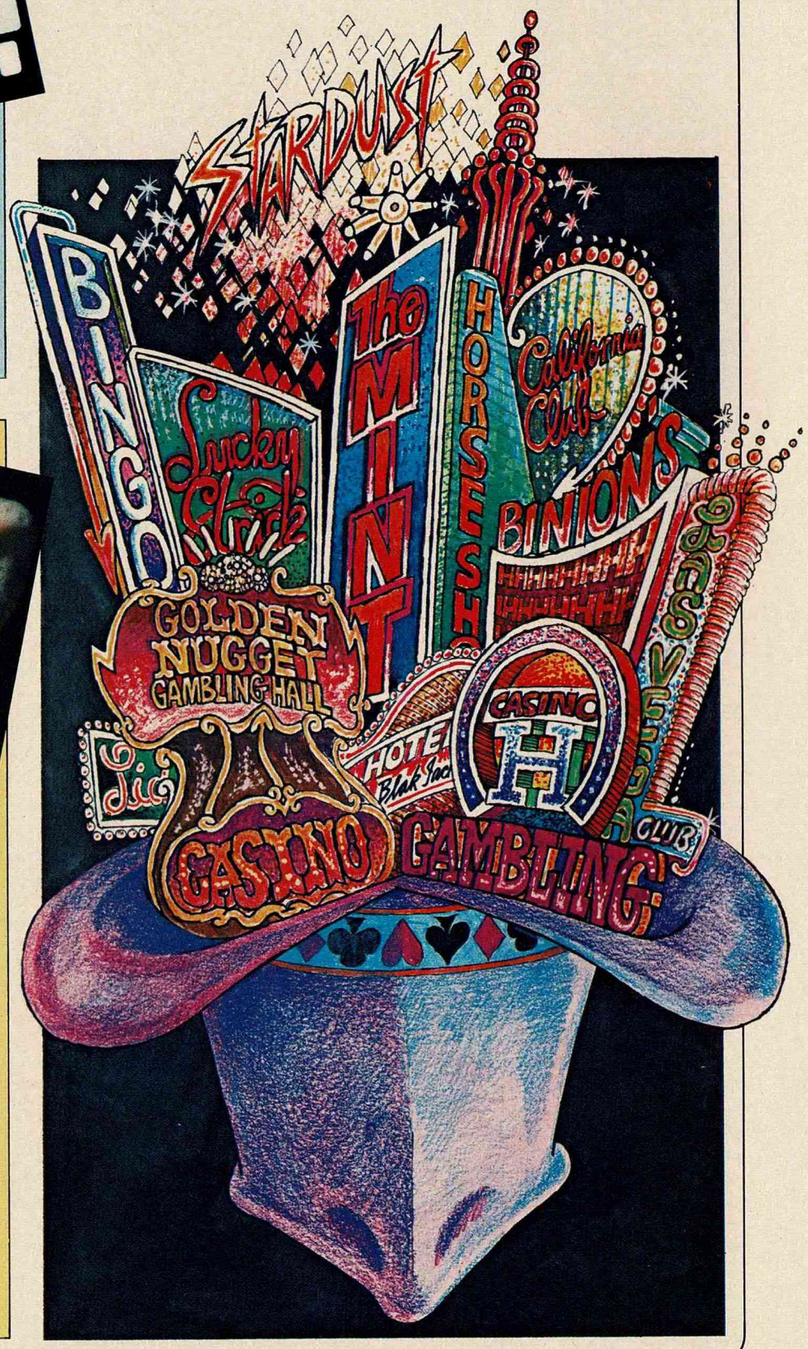


SHOWER WITH A FRIEND

Dally under the shower with the goddess of love in the form of these Venus de Milo soaps. Your lady might prefer Michelangelo's David – or even a Percy – also available in soap shops and chemists for around $5, or direct from the Victorian manufacturers, Selph Soaps of 677 Whitehorse Road, Mont Albert, Victoria 3127. One witty company director we know of bought 100 Percys and gave them to his employees as Christmas presents "because that's what they think of me all year round".

LAS VEGAS HOLIDAY GAMBLE

You don't have to be an experienced player to compete in the second Annual World Championship of Blackjack in Las Vegas in December. However, you do have to be at least 21 – the name of the game in the US of A. And a knowledge of the rules, helpfully laid out in the travel brochure, will help toward winning the $US50,000 first prize or the many other cash prizes. Interested parties should contact the Wales Travel Service, which has arranged a 20-day package tour ($1549, including stopovers in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu) and free entry to the championships thrown in, though you'll have to pay for your own $US500 buy-in before competing in each round of play. Or you can just go along to watch. Not only professionals win. Last year a retired plasterer from Denver, Colorado, took the big prize.



THE BODY BOND

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST SEX SURVEY-PART TWO

all too often we fall in love with large breasts and firm bums, only to discover that they offer little relief from inner turmoil and emotional confusion

THE IMPORTANCE our society attaches to physical attractiveness is revealed incessantly in advertising, literature, films and television. The message from the media is very clear: the beautiful girl gets the man with the snappy car; if you smell good you look good; if you drink a certain brand of beer you will be irresistible to the sun-tanned beach girl.

As researchers Glenn Wilson and David Nias have pointed out, physical attractiveness has profound implications in a number of life's central areas. It affects, for example, not only our chances of attracting a mate and obtaining a job, but also the way we regard ourselves, are looked upon by others, and our overall happiness. One of the hard realities of social life is that attractive people are preferred not only because of their physical appeal but also because all manner of wonderful qualities are attributed to them.

Thus the heroes of the endless TV police stories are not only good looking but also wise, sensitive, intelligent and charming. Likewise the beautiful goddesses who adorn the screen have a generous abundance of talents that make them almost spiritually, as well as physically, attractive.

Because we attach so much weight to physical beauty in choosing a partner, our judgments often are vague and superficial. The man who, in his early 20s, falls in love with large breasts or firm buttocks often finds during his mid-life crisis that such delicacies offer little relief from his inner turmoil and emotional confusion.

The woman who seeks out a tall, good-looking, broad-shouldered partner finds frequently that physique has nothing to do with either sensitivity or sensuousness. Being able to stimulate another person physically and to give and receive love does not necessarily relate to the size of your shoulders or the firmness of your buttocks.

Unfortunately, physical attractiveness as a commodity is assuming increased importance. As we become more urbanised, and as our children gain familial independence, the number of transitory encounters with other people increases. And there is a great temptation to judge these encounters by superficial criteria such as the physique of the other person. In spite of the emerging trend among some people to seek mature love relationships, the idealisation of love – which includes physical attractiveness – continues unabated. Paradoxically, this trend is happening at a time when many feminists are divorcing themselves from civil libertarians who argue that we should be able to view and read what we want. For many women such arguments are irrelevant, given the objectification and depersonalisation of members of their own sex resulting from abundant and easily-obtained pornographic material.

There are, of course, enormous problems inherent in judging what people see as physically attractive in other people. In addition, the analysis of attractiveness into single components such as buttocks and genitals is highly artificial because, in gauging attractiveness, people often base their judgment on an overall impression.

Nevertheless, physical attractiveness judgments based on particular attributes of the body are being made constantly by both men and women. These judgments are not confined to interpersonal relations. In masturbation and fantasy, people dwell on those parts of the body which are considered stimulating and sensuous.

In a number of questions to my respondents, women were asked to state what they found physically attractive in men. Almost all the stereotypes about height and body build were confirmed by their answers. Overwhelmingly, tall men with slim legs and medium-sized chests were most favored.

"I like a strong, well-built man with good slim legs and an athletic body. If he has tight, firm, masculine buttocks then that suits me even better." – *Female, 26, nurse.*

"He has to be tall with a real tapering body. I don't like baboon chests with hair, but his chest has to be strong looking." – *Female, 33, teacher.*

"A bottom which fits snugly into tight jeans is exciting. I think of all parts of a male it is the bottom I like to look at. Not that I notice the bottom before the face, but once I look at the face and like it, it's the bottom that comes next." – *Female, 29, secretary.*

Although many of my female interviewees mentioned that they observed the penis of a man, few rated this organ as physically attractive in itself. While a lot of women objected to covered penises in male pin-ups in their favorite magazines, almost no one rated the penis as an object of heightened voyeuristic desire. When asked to describe the type of penis they admired most, the few women who gave answers varied their description of length and breadth characteristics. This demonstrated that, in spite of what men might think, penis characteristics are not considered important by the opposite sex.

"Circumcised penises are my favorites no matter what the size. I sometimes think that uncircumcised ones must be a little bit unclean." – *Female, 35, barmaid.*

"Long, thick penises which fit into the general body build. I mean, if a man is small and squat, it looks out of place. But if he is tall and well built, then it's appropriate." – *Female, 19, trainee teacher.*

"Partly I suppose because of the unpleasant experiences I've had during intercourse with men with large penises, I prefer to look at men with smaller sizes. The penis is not all that important to me to look at." – *Female, 27, textile factory superviser.*

The women were very particular about other aspects of a male's anatomy. Next to buttocks, legs were most mentioned as being stimulating and erotic. Invariably, long legs with muscular thighs were considered sexy and attractive. After buttocks and legs, hair was most admired. Some respondents preferred long, flowing hair, while others preferred it cut short in a neat "packet". They all wanted their man's hair clean and healthy.

It was also clear that women attached great importance to the eyes of a man and how the man used the eyes. Eye contact either threatened our females – making the male appear predatory and, as one woman put it, sex-obsessed – or, alternatively, eyes demonstrated warmth and understanding. In any event, the way in which a man looked at a woman – for how long, with intensity or shallowness, directly or indirectly – determined fundamentally her reaction; whether she considered him attractive and whether she wished to get to know him better.

But we should not over-emphasise the importance of the physical attractiveness of a man in a woman's initial assessment. Most women said this was of secondary importance to other features such as personality, conversational ability and, sometimes, vocational interest.

"I like general good looks but don't really consider looks important. It is important to find appealing charm and charisma. It is hard to put into words, but it is very important that there is some kind of general attraction." – *Female, 34, home duties.*

"To an extent good looking men put me off. They're so full of themselves. Every other woman is after them. I'd rather go out with a man who is plain but interesting to talk to. It's the kind of attraction I find extremely difficut to explain." – *Female, 29, shop assistant.*

"Attractive men are good to look at and to consider getting to know better. But there has to be something else – a feeling about him that tells you that this, rather than all the others, is the one. – *Female, 41, divorcee.*

Queensland sociologist and psychologist **Paul Wilson,** in the final of two extracts from his revealing new book, *Intimacy: A Love or Sex Experience?* – which will be released by Cassell Australia throughout Australia on October 29 – takes a broad sample of 1300 Australian men and women to reveal a host of surprising facts so intimate that people are not usually willing to talk about them. Questions are raised about how we select a partner. Details on our sexual fantasies and how they may differ between males and females are documented. Dr Wilson also examines what we think about love, and whether it has anything to do with sexuality.

Compared with women, men tend to compartmentalise the other sex in terms of how they judge attractiveness. This is not unexpected, given what can be described only as a "meat rack" approach adopted by the media, advertising and contemporary pop culture when displaying or presenting the female body. I found that most men could be classified easily into three groups – breast men, buttock men and leg men – in terms of how they rated the various attributes of the female body. Let's take breasts . . .

"Breasts that fit into your hand and are small but hard are my favorites." – *Male, 35, retailer.*

"I like boobs which flop around and which you can lift up with your hands. It doesn't matter if they're not too firm." – *Male, 43, salesman.*

And legs . . .

"Nice long legs with well cut thighs rising to a pair of bikini panties. The legs should be smooth and the flesh firm." – *Male, 28, public servant.*

"I like slim legs with no fat on them and narrow ankles. I can't stand thick thighs. Legs like Chris Evert's turn me on." – *Male, 38, nurse.*

And buttocks . . .

"A really nicely shaped bottom is a wonderful sight. Very few women have one, which is a great pity. I suppose that to be attractive a bottom has to be free of extra fat but able to be fondled." – *Male, 27, student.*

"Bums are the part I like best. I like them to protrude and really show the crack when their owners wear jeans." – *Male, 31, electrician.*

In surveying the literature on attractiveness, it was found that preferences vary with personality. Thus men who liked big buttocks were characterised by a need for order and passiveness, whereas men who liked big-breasted women were extroverted and masculine in their tastes. This evidence suggests that preferences for different parts of the female figure are linked with the man's general personality and lifestyle. It came as no surprise, then, to find in my survey that differences emerged between generations and social classes. There was a tendency for highly-educated, younger men to prefer small-breasted, slim, almost boyish-looking females. Older, less educated men liked women with large breasts and bigger bodies.

"Big boobs and a nice, rounded body are what I really like." – *Male, 50, clerk.*

"Those with hourglass figures turn me on." – *Male, 46, unemployed.*

"Small breasts with a slim little figure. Firm but not large legs with trim buttocks." – *Male, 23, solicitor.*

"Small, petite women who wear jeans and are curvy without being too curvy. They can't be big, because I like to feel I can hold them all." – *Male, 25, postgraduate student.*

Whether these differences in preference between younger and older men reflect anything more than the recent tendency to elevate unisex images in advertising and pop culture is difficult to say. Yet it is clear that the Miss Universe figure exemplified by Marilyn Monroe and Jane Mansfield is no longer the only prototype among men.

What are the fantasies that people have and what function do they serve? Erotic imagery is not just a random

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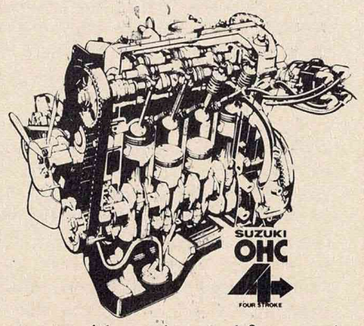

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event designed to titillate and excite our sensuality. Fantasies serve quite specific and important functions. Sexual fantasies aid the biological drive of sex, heighten sexual interest and, therefore, assist procreation. We arrive at an ideal, distilled picture of the partner we would like to meet, fantasise about him or her and experience sexual attractions when we meet that person. But like most images we hold about romantic love, fantasies – modelled as they are on the heroes or heroines of television or movies – set up unrealistic expectations about the nature of relationships between men and women. The old love-sex trade-off often is perpetuated by the idealisation of physical or personal characteristics in our mental images about a real or mythical loved one.

It is foolish to think that fantasies, like sex generally, simply serve a biological function. Sexual fantasies allow us to rehearse what we might physically want to do with another person, or they allow us to think about how we might react when we receive a sexual proposal.

What would you do if your partner asked you to wear gumboots and hold an umbrella while he performed cunnilingus? How do you want to initiate sex with a man to whom you are attracted physically? By mental rehearsal in fantasy we are able to cope more adequately with our own desires and the possible consequences of the sexual proposals of others.

Fantasies also allow us to escape from dull and restrictive sexual and interpersonal environments. There were many examples in my study of men and women locked into punishing relationships with spouses or partners who, momentarily at least, were able to achieve some sort of vicarious gratification by mental imagery. In fantasy, others were able to plan a way out of a punitive relationship by considering alternative sexual partners and sexual interests. The evidence is that there is a positive correlation between fantasies, wanting to do things with other people, and actually doing them.

It is quite normal for contented wives and husbands to engage in visual titillation about other partners just for the sake of novelty and adventure. One woman put it well when she said: "I really like to think that, in my fantasy at least, I'm glamorous enough to excite someone rather than my husband – movie stars, other girls' husbands or boyfriends – although I am very happy with my husband." Others also reflected her feelings.

"If I see a girl on a seat in a mini-skirt with her legs slightly parted and I can see her pants, I fantasise about spreading the legs even further and publicly giving her cunnilingus through her pants. While masturbating I try to vary my fantasies so they won't get boring. A good one I have is about a girl who has to go to the loo. But all the loos are full so she just spreads her legs and urinates through her pants on to the street. Only she and I know what has actually happened and we keep walking home." – *Male, 22, technical officer.*

"I pretend that I'm being watched, usually by someone I have a liking for. He comes over to me. I open my legs and he begins to lick me from my toes upward. He does it very slowly and I become really excited, really keen." – *Female, 36, receptionist.*

Not all people keep their images secret. Many couples describe each other's fantasies openly and, in this way, share parts of themselves which otherwise would be unknown. Provided both the man and woman are broad minded, tolerant and understanding, the degree of closeness between them can be increased. At other times, though, fantasies seem to reinforce jealousies and generate feelings in one partner that he or she is sexually inadequate and insecure. If a husband is not making love to his wife or is doing so inadequately, his disclosure of his lustful thoughts often leads to resentment and hostility on her part. This, in turn, leads to the woman withdrawing erotically and physically from him while he aimlessly pursues his imaginary sex life. Fantasies, too, in the case of particularly disturbed people such as Charles Manson or the Moors murderers, Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, often reinforce destructive personality traits. There is no evidence, though, that violent sex crimes are caused by fantasies.

Many of my respondents said that in fantasy they imagined themselves engaging in homosexual, sadomasochistic or other sexual acts which they would not be able to engage in or did not want to experience in reality. In doing so, many people were able to explore their sexual potential and relationships in the safety of their minds without damaging or having to hurt other people.

My study tended to confirm other research, with the men generally reporting more fantasies and describing them with greater imagery than the women. There were exceptions. Autonomous women who had passed successfully through their mid-life passage approximated most of the male respondents in either daydreaming about erotic topics or fantasising about them during intercourse or masturbation.

The differences between male and female sexual fantasies can be summarised thus: Male – absence of emotional involvement with other person. Female – emphasis on emotional aspects of relationship. Male – emphasis on physical characteristics of the partner such as buttocks, breasts, vagina, legs. Female – emphasis on wholeness of male figure as tall, athletically built; no mention of specific physical features. Male – not uncommon to have many different women involved. Female – usually involves a single man. Male – man

"Thanks to the Arabs it looks as if we're out of petrol."

takes active role. Female – submissive and passive themes common.

There are similarities in the sexual fantasies between autonomous males and females, both of whom emphasised anonymous partners who were prepared to engage eagerly in a variety of sexual techniques for extended periods.

"I imagine this man who I've never met rubbing himself up and down my body, all over my breasts, around my thighs, down to my toes and finally into me. He does this for hours and hours. – *Female, 28, nurse.*

"I've got this bird. I like to go into her slowly and as I enter she spends about 15 minutes manipulating my buttocks. She makes a lot of noise, a low groaning sound, honest moaning. I can hear our bodies hitting, which adds erotically to the noise level." – *Male, 29, clerk.*

It is important to note that autonomous females were far more likely than other women to fantasise about engaging in a variety of sexual activities with anonymous men. But across males and females as a whole, the differences in the type of sexual fantasies were more significant than the similarities. It was common practice for females to emphasise how much they loved the person with whom they imagined they were engaged sexually, regardless of whether that person was a real-life past or present lover or if he was unknown. In addition, women rarely talked in the same manner about specific physical characteristics such as the shape or size of the genitals. Instead they emphasised the overall presence.

"Generally, the man is sexy, tall and handsome in the Hollywood sense. He talks to me softly while we are making love and I'm in love with him. He can do anything he likes to me and usually does." – *Female, 20, home duties.*

"I imagine love-making with specific people I'm in love with or was in love with. He uses his fingers and penis to stimulate me for hours and hours until I have to come to orgasm." – *Female, 33, housewife.*

"I often fantasise about making love to my husband in a high rise apartment that can be viewed from the next building. We do everything to each other in full view of everyone. I want them to see how happy we are and what we do when we are in love. I do this when I am masturbating or during sexual intercourse." – *Female, 42, no occupation.*

I discovered that males, unlike females, usually saw themselves as being sexually active in their fantasies. Exceptions were again found among autonomous women.

"I'm taking this shower and this man comes in who's a plumber or something. He's really good looking and I'm ready for anything. He's a real, how do the kids say? hunk or spunk. He's embarrassed when he sees me and turns to go out. I step out of the shower and tell him to hand me a towel. He's embarrassed, but he does what he's told. As he gets closer I put my wet hand on his fly and slowly unzip it. He is extremely aroused. He is very hard and firm and I press him against my body. After a while he enters me and, wow, it's great. But suddenly the door opens and it's my husband. And does this guy move! Although he's very aroused he whips it back in his pants and gets out of the room before he's discovered. I go back to the shower and masturbate thinking about what happened." – *Female, 36, saleswoman.*

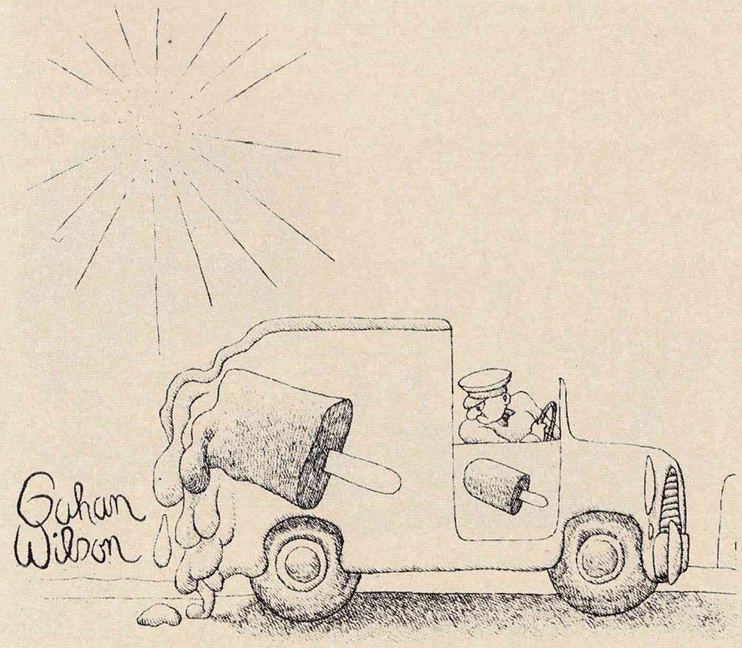
While women tend to link their erotic fantasies with a loved person, the opposite is often the case among men whose scenario frequently involves a stranger whom they are able to dominate. Nowhere is this clearer than in the most preferred male fantasy – seducing a virgin.

"I often fantasise over young girls. I am a sort of superman on hire to break them in. They are usually amazed. I often imagine coming for half an hour." – *Male, 29, clerk.*

Men often like to see themselves as being pursued, being overcome and having the woman do things to them. It is not nearly as common as men wanting to initiate sex and dominate women, but the fact that it is not uncommon, especially among autonomous males, indicates that at least some men are beginning to recognise their need to play passive roles instead of being the dominant party.

"I have a fantasy in which I am in a room with six girls, all of them naked except for their panties, which are small and of different colors. I lie on the floor, I am very aroused and they come over to me and take off their panties and, one at a time, slowly crouch over me. It is very exciting and sensual. They take turns doing this and when one has finished the others start. While all this is going on, I'm being kissed on my toes, legs, chest, neck and anywhere else they like. They can do anything they like to me." – *Male, 50, engineer.*

There are differences in male and female rape fantasies and these differences reflect the position of the two sexes in sexual and social relations generally. Typically, the males have images of overpowering and dominating females they know as well as the creations of their minds. These dreams



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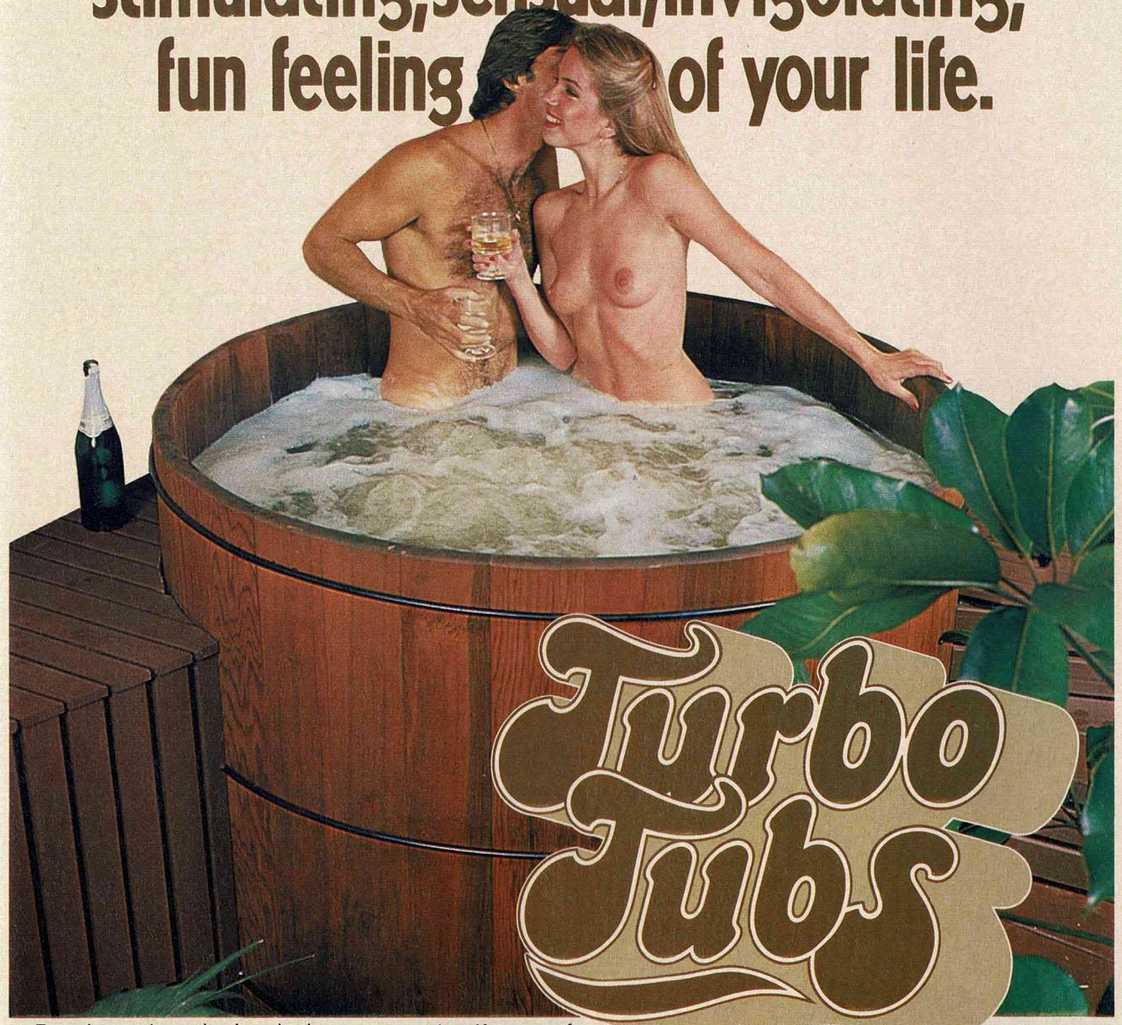

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"I've been on picnics before...but a Club Med picnic is a whole new ball game." *Kevin Trasler of Auburn. (third from the right.)*

"We started playing beach volleyball, sitting down...we had to – the punch they served was outrageous.

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are often reflected in how they act with women both sexually and emotionally, even if their behavior falls short of rape. Many of their rape fantasies also reflect the current myths surrounding rape – the girl really wanted it, that she will enjoy the sex even if she doesn't initially think she will, and that girls really like to be physically abused and terrorised.

"The women I fantasise about taking often have to be restrained because of their terror. But it is not rape because they always lap it up afterwards." – *Male, 29, office worker.*

"This girl I see at work is the one I have fantasies about. I want to crawl into her room and screw her while she is asleep. I want her to scream with pleasure when she wakes up and finds me inside her. I dream of this, of strongly rubbing and massaging her nipples and her back. She likes it and we become good friends afterwards." – *Male, 37, clerk.*

Fantasising males also see themselves being overpowered by women and playing a passive sexual role. Like many autonomous women, their desire to be dominant and assertive vacillates with the equally important desire to be passive and soft, to withdraw from the constant pressure of having to pretend to be manly.

For women, the rape fantasy fulfils a number of personal needs. Being raped relieves them of responsibility and guilt. By putting herself in the hands of an imaginary assailant, by making him the aggressor, the woman gets the man to do what she wants while being forced to accept it. However, women do fantasise about overpowering and raping men.

"I have this 'visitor', in his 20s . . . very tough, always in denim. But he is clean. His method of entering the room varies and, although he is very mean looking, he never uses strong threats. He usually screws me doggie style, forcing me into position. I rarely see his face. He leaves quietly, immediately after he's come, and I regret that he doesn't come more often." – *Female, 19, apprentice.*

"Occasionally I pretend I've been tied up and am being taken by more than one man, but I always let them know I'm enjoying it. In reality I would hate to be raped." – *Female, 36, doctor's receptionist.*

"I fantasise about meeting a man, handsome, with all the attributes I like in a man. I believe I am a virgin and he teaches me to make love and takes my virginity. He is a super lover. I usually end the fantasy with masturbation, but I also want to be dominated and be overcome physically by the man." – *Female, 22, jillaroo.*

In spite of the relatively healthy functions that rape fantasies serve, some caution is needed. Even if women fantasise about rape, this does not mean they want to be raped in real life. A few women have frightening rape fantasies, particularly those who have been subjected to sexual assault in the past. Many of these suffer from nightmares which are a traumatic spinoff from their actual experience. Nevertheless, rape fantasies for most females are normal mechanisms allowing them to explore their sexual potential free of guilt and conflict.

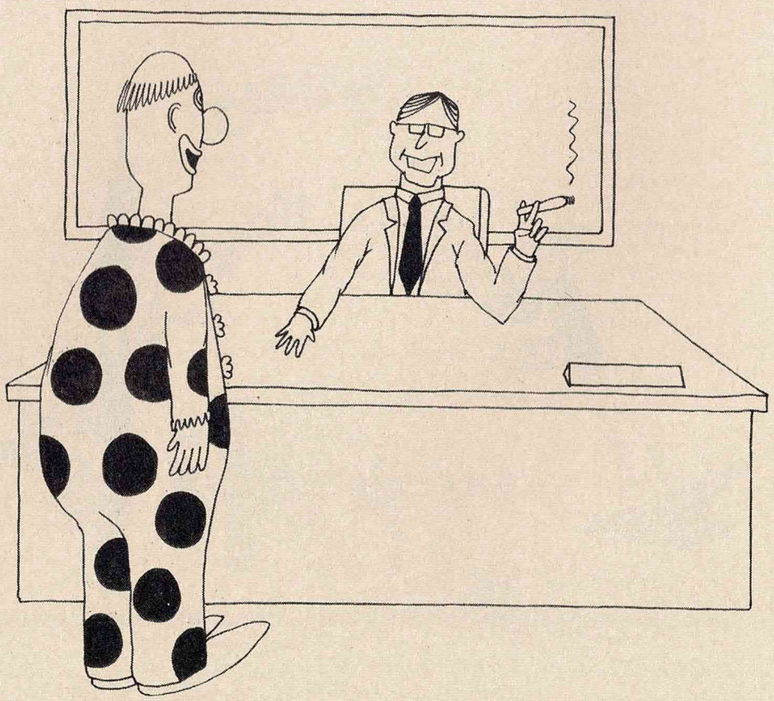
•

Of all human emotions – fantastic or real – love is the most difficult to define. The feelings involved in loving your children or parents are very different from those involved when a man says he is in love with a woman. After carefully perusing the case histories of people who contributed toward this study, it seems to me that many of the experiences they described as love, or relationships which evolved from this emotion, were undeserving of the name. Rather, the relationships might well be deep friendships or physical obsessions, but they hardly deserved to be called love.

If a man is strongly attached physically to a woman but does not consider her feelings or take into account her desires and aspirations, it would be foolish to say the man loves the woman. He might well like her, lust after her or desire to possess her, but he can hardly love her. In love it is the caring, sharing and helping components that distinguish this emotion from the selfish, sexual or egocentric concerns that make up other relationships. The spark or fire, however, is an essential ingredient.

It was not uncommon for my respondents to say that they had interests and values which were at marked variance to those of the people with whom they felt in love. Many men, for example, who were dominating, controlling and aggressive, deliberately attempted to balance their personalities by attaching themselves to females they described as quiet, submissive, loyal and dependent. Similarly, women who described themselves as indecisive, scatty and disorganised often looked for decisive, consistent, organised men.

In spite of the move by many young people today to love without losing control and to be cool in a relationship, most adolescents and young adults cling to the hopes and aspirations of



"I'm the new manager – I take it you're the office clown?"

experiencing what is called romantic love. Our respondents were clear that the people they were romantically in love with were imbued with ideal, admirable qualities (beautiful, sensitive, supreme), were unique ("no one else is like him", "she is one in a million", "I've never met anyone like her") and that the relationship would withstand any social, economic or personal obstacle. Among males the sexual attractiveness of the female often is wedded to these feelings.

"When in love I feel on top of the world, happy, and see good in others. I disregard their faults and their idiosyncrasies. I feel fantastic. There is a heightening of awareness about everything for me. Peak sexual experience occurs for me when I am in love." – *Female, 22, jillaroo.*

"Physically, love means a great feeling of elation at the thought of going to see someone. You can't believe the other person is real.. I have a peculiar sensation in the pit of my stomach at these times – a knotting or sinking sensation. The only other time I get the same sensation is when I hear a particular piece of music. Love has now become more idealistic for me. I believe it now to be whatever the other person desires." – *Male, 46, social work administrator.*

"Love means a great deal to me. I've been in love probably eight times since I was 12 and usually I have been heartbroken after each one. Love to me has been great, almost Shakespearian." – *Male, 25, laborer.*

Contrary to popular opinion, girls, though they may fall in love earlier than boys, are more realistic about the traps involved in romantic love when either marriage or a permanent relationship is imminent.

Society expects women to fall in love, to lose control and to experience the emotional lows and highs of the love experience. These expectations and feelings often cancel out or reduce the economic and social considerations that women seek in partners. The love experience – in part modelled on the heroines of the celluloid age and imitated by watching close friends – leads young women to convince themselves of the unfathomable depths of their affection and loyalty to the man with whom they fall in love.

Men are not immune to the same feelings of love and of the emotions involved in falling in love. Indeed, more men than women in the survey described their initial love experiences in explicitly passionate or romantic terms. They also tended to fall in love more on the basis of the physical attributes of their partners.

Men traditionally have seen their status and success patterns in work and other masculine activities such as sport and can, therefore, better afford than women to succumb both to the intensity of the emotional feelings attached to being in love and to the cultural expectations of that emotion. For these reasons we generally find women less likely than men to love a person who is lower in the class or economic hierarchy.

Conversely, at least until fairly recently, women were more likely to marry or become attached to older men. Older men are likely to be more secure occupationally and socially.

With increased economic independence among females, we should expect more women to marry men lower on the class ladder and younger.

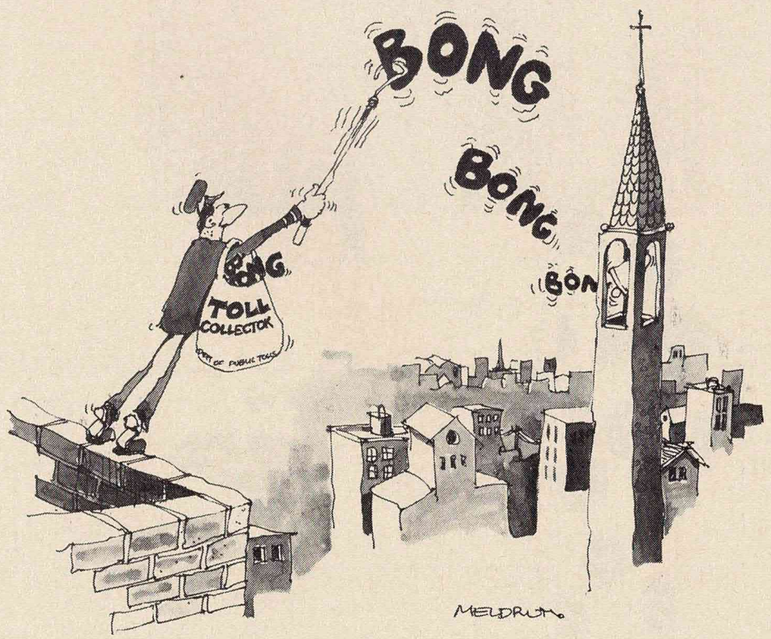
"My job as a doctor gave me the freedom and stability I wanted. I had my own unit and car, enough money to buy a holiday home and plenty of spare cash for travel. I never thought about younger men as possible partners, but one night I re-evaluated my position. Why did I always have to get tied up with older men? Surely I was falling into a pattern that most girls think might be appropriate for them but not necessarily for me. I could afford to look for anyone I wanted, regardless of age or position. As long as I found them attractive it did not matter what they did or how much older I was. As it is, I'm very close to a medical student seven years younger than me. I think he is more worried about this than I am." – *Female, 33, GP.*

A common pattern for men and women who have been living together for some time is to adjust to each other and become close companions, sometimes without any pretence of being in love. Companionship relationships can occur when the idealisation of the other person so common in romantic attachments burns out and each partner begins to recognise faults and weaknesses in their partnership.

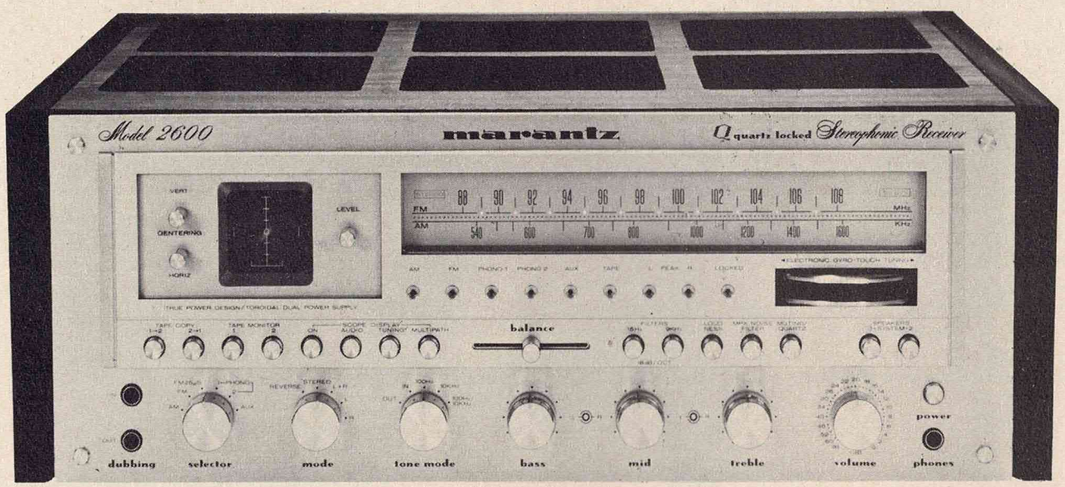
When people's faults are no longer submerged under the protective armor of physical attractiveness, status or personality, a more substantial and profound relationship can occur. There are not the highs and lows involved in being in love but the relationship is based on attempts to solve personal and interactional problems.

"When I was young, love meant feeling happy, excited, sad, anxious. Now that I am older, love has more meaning, more depth than just physical attraction. It means being able to rely on my husband, but being able to depend on myself." – *Female, 44, part-time office worker.*

"I can't say I love him, but at least I can live with him now. We have worked out a lot of things about ourselves and what we want. We both can't handle infidelity and we both



OUR BIG ONE



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want sex and we both want to keep what we've built up over the years." – *Female, 36, housewife.*

One of the major themes to emerge from the survey was the concerted effort made by many young, educated, middle class women and some men of similar background to achieve mature love. The implications of forming a mature relationship as a result of mature love were quite profound. In such a relationship your own sense of identity and self-worth are not submerged in caring unrealistically about the other person to the detriment of yourself. Instead there is a growth and warmth between two people with each acting as a catalyst for the other's self-growth and awareness. The mature love relationship is dynamic, ever-changing, with constant stimulation and personal development occurring as a result of the quality of the intimacy between two people. But unlike companionship, there are still very strong emotional and physical feelings of being in love with many of the same visceral responses that occur among people who are in a state of romantic attachment.

"I love this man I'm with very deeply. To be near him makes me feel excited and alive. I constantly want to touch him and be close to him. He brings me out of myself. But I will stand up to him when this is needed and will never let him stand over me." – *Female, 26, student.*

"I find it difficult to clarify my thoughts about Margaret. It is just so very different from anything I have felt in the past. I feel as excited physically about her as I did in my last love affair, but there is more to it than that. She really makes me want to demonstrate to myself what I'm capable of doing. I think I do the same for her – I hope I do, but I don't know for sure." – *Male, 45, manager.*

In their attempts to achieve mature relationships, some of my respondents failed to reconcile the almost contradictory needs of security and freedom. Most of them wished to have a warm, stable, strong relationship with their partner but, at the same time, they required other intimate friends with lifestyles, philosophies, beliefs and aspirations similar to their own. At least a few wanted to keep open their options on sex outside the partnership.

"I would love to love a man with honesty and warmth. He would have to allow me to grow and I would encourage him to grow. We would both be free and yet be together. But to be free to form other relationships is perhaps the most important part of all. I would like the option of having sex with other men." – *Female, 28, social worker.*

It is difficult enough to form a mature relationship without all the added complications of multiple sexual affairs. To allow the other person to have friends with whom he or she shares an emotional life can tax even a mature relationship.

"I said to Jill that we both could go out and have other affairs. But when she does, I can't handle it emotionally. I know all the answers – why should sex be so important? what's in a body? and so on. But I can't handle the thought of her holding on to someone else, making love. Yet I can do it with another girl and not feel any less for Jill. How's that for hypocrisy?" – *Male, 35, teacher.*

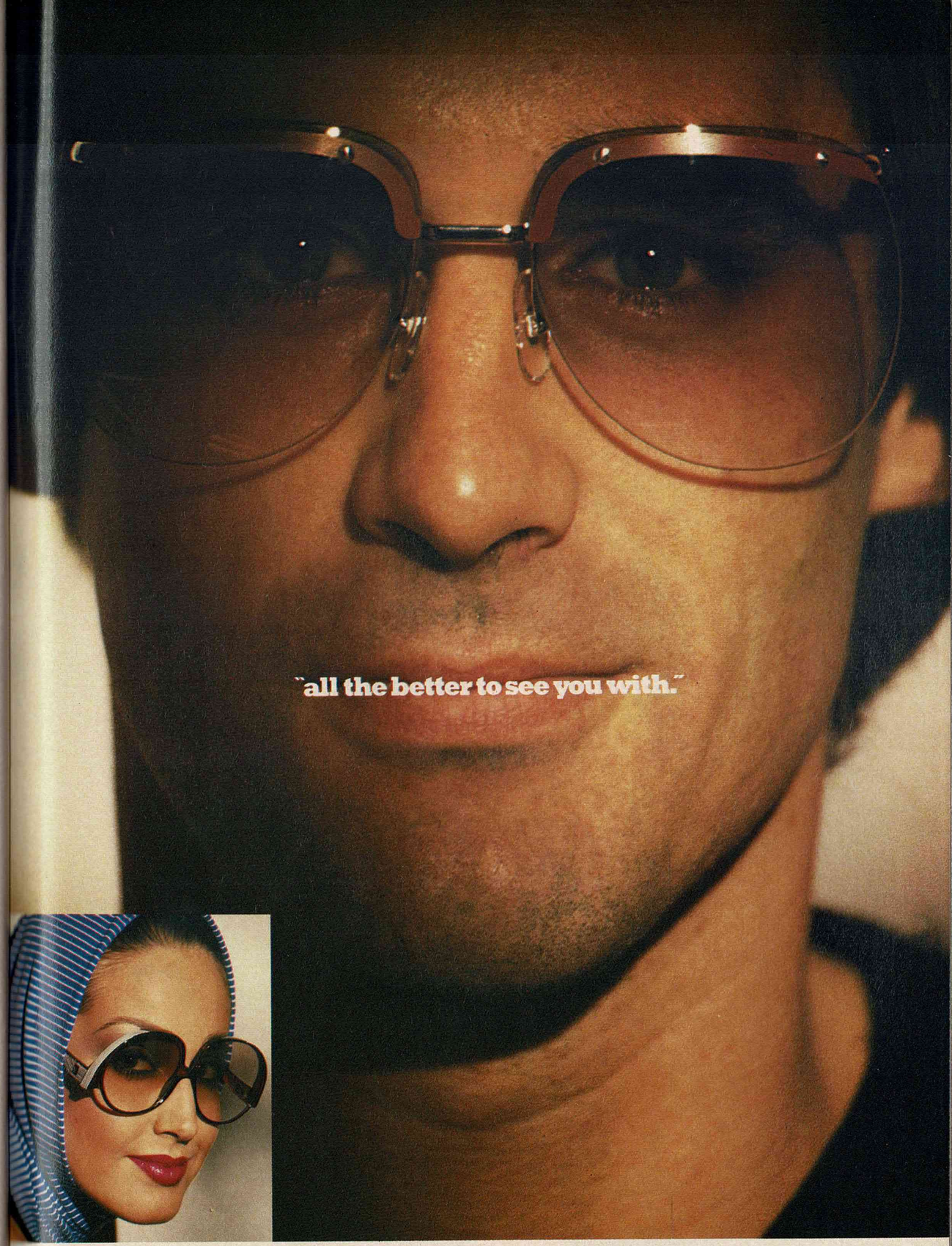
Even among men and women who have broken through the rigid and traditional sex roles and who have some social and economic equality with their partners, mature love appears difficult to obtain. Most people cannot cope with feelings of jealousy, no matter how liberated they may be. While autonomous men and women seeking mature love might cope with their partners having multiple emotional relationships with intimate friends, very few in this survey could cope with sexual infidelity, either by themselves or by the person they loved.

Sex without love is the domain of hedonists. To them, sex becomes a synonym for love, and the moment of sex becomes the moment of love. For them, love has no other elements.

"Sex has no future if love is present. Sex alone is enough. Love ultimately destroys any sexual activity." – *Male, 27, machinist.*

"Right now my definition of love would be to have my penis enclosed inside my girlfriend's vagina as an expression of the love we share for each other." – *Male, 22, technical officer.*

"That's it, Edward. Go right ahead and make a damn fool of yourself."



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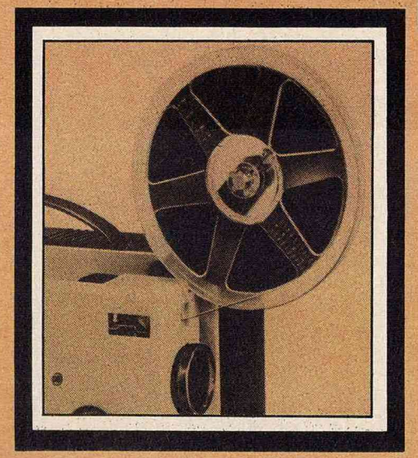

HOW YOU CAN PROJECT A NEW IMAGE

IF YOU want to liven up your next party, or you simply want to add another dimension to your memories, Super 8 home movies should be your next hobby. You don't have to be a Bertolucci or an Ingmar Bergman and you don't need Cecil B. DeMille sets and extravaganza to make good home movies. Super 8 film, introduced in 1965, has brought quality film-making within reach of the enthusiastic amateur – both in cost and concept.

Technological breakthroughs have created cameras than can "think" for you with an almost unbelievable range of automatic functions. Previously difficult special effects such as fades and dissolves now can be produced at the flick of a button with a $600 home movie outfit.

While the costs of 16mm, and particularly 35mm, movie-making are astronomical, 8mm movies can be produced for little more than the price of a few rolls of film and a capital outlay around $600. Major camera manufacturers and suppliers recommend $600 as a minimum for a "reasonable quality" home movie outfit, giving you a camera, a microphone, editing machine, projector and screen. For a few hundred dollars more, the home movie buff can get an outfit that will give access to some of the really professional film-making techniques. It all depends on what type of films you decide you want to produce.

The basic tool for your film-making is the camera and popular makes include Bell and Howell, Sankyo, Eumig, Hanimex, Chinon, Ricoh and Yashica. Most of these cameras offer models that are inexpensive (below $300) and versatile. Bell and Howell market some of the lowest priced models and boast a network of dealers and service centres around Australia – an important point. In the slightly more expensive, semi-professional field are Nikon, Bolex, Canon, Minolta and top models of other brands including Beaulieu, Agfa, Cosina, Gaf, Magnon, Titan, Carena and Elmo. The enthusiast can spend up to $1500 on a new Super 8 camera. But keen shopping will clinch a deal on a good new camera, to suit most purposes, for between $300 and $400. Alternatively, a top make $1000 camera will sell for $300 to $500 second-hand.

SMOOTH ZOOMING

Features to look for in a Super 8 camera include automatic exposure – possibly with over- and under-exposure warning systems – a zoom lens of sufficient range (at least four times zoom), two-position trigger for checking exposure, 18 frames a second and possibly optional 24 fps. Other desirable features include slow motion facility, fade control and power zoom.

Most of the major camera makers also produce projectors, with Bell and Howell, Eumig and Hanimex among the most popular.

Super 8 itself is a term which confuses many aspiring film-makers. Eight millimetre movie film originally was introduced as Standard Eight, which had a minute projection frame size of 4.37mm by 3.28mm. Super 8 features a redesigned format with perforations placed more sensibly, increasing the projection frame size by almost 50 percent. This results in a much-improved picture quality. Super 8 film will take stripe sound and, with minimal equipment, films can be produced at home with a mixed soundtrack – talking and music.

While technical training is not necessary to produce good home movies, some basic knowledge will make a big difference to what goes on the screen. Unedited, assorted shots of you on your holidays mixed with footage of your new car in the back yard will bore your audience blind and rapidly shrink your circle of friends.

TIPS ON TITLING

Editing is a must in any motion picture. First, a rough cut is necessary to remove all mistakes, wrong exposures and retakes. Then fine editing can join sequences into an enjoyable story, linked either chronologically or in subject matter.

Much of the required knowledge can be obtained from good text books. One such book which covers everything from go to whoa is *Cine Craft* by J. David Beal, published by Focal Press, London and New York. Books such as this will give you tips on titling, editing, splicing, sets and lighting, and they will introduce you to some of the golden rules of film-making such as using a tripod. Buy and use a tripod for every shot if possible. Even your breathing will become a flicker on the screen in Super 8 films.

Another publication worth buying before you buy your equipment is the *Australian Photography Photo Directory,* available at most camera shops. It lists almost everything on the market, mostly with prices, and outlines features of each piece of equipment.

Armed with a basic technical knowledge and a Super 8 movie outfit you are on your way to producing an assortment of creations. Surprisingly funny movies can be put together from "sneak" filming of your friends (and enemies). You can make good documentaries from your travels – and even your own sexy movies as long as you have a willing friend. – JIM MACNAMARA

STRIKE 1

There's nothing predictable or boring or passe about it: Pants for guys with a certain style– comfortably fashionable, tastefully contemporary with a dash of European sophistication.

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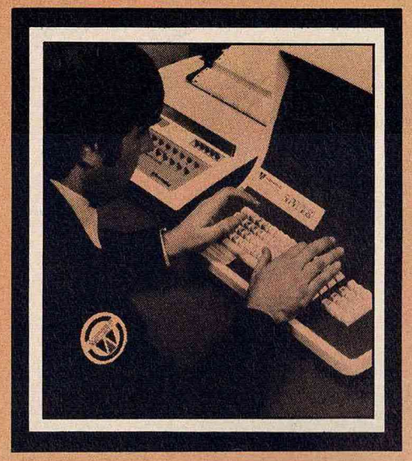

LOCK UP YOUR QUARTERS

LIFE'S been good to you. You've acquired a nice den, good car, all the electronic goodies you could wish for: everything from a swept-up stereo system to a video recorder and a microwave oven in the kitchen. But, with its high resale value, all that gear is a very inviting target for burglars.

However, the electronics industry which brought you your treasured equipment can also come to your rescue with some truly sophisticated new security devices and systems. They range from simple ultrasonic detectors to remote-controlled lighting systems that should discourage anyone going bump in the night.

The cheapest form of protection, but also probably the least effective, is a pre-programmed light control unit which can be fitted by most electricians. The lights will turn on and off in a pattern that makes it look as if someone is home. According to Rick Honan, marketing manager in Australia for Wormald Security Controls, you get what you pay for in the security line. You can spend as little as $90 for a bedside detector or you can spend thousands on a direct line silent system which summons help immediately.

REMOTE DIALLING

The direct line system comes in two classes: one which uses standard Telecom cables to alert you by telephone or one which uses its own wiring to report to some remote point such as the 24-hour monitoring stations Wormalds (and other security companies) maintain in most cities in Australia. Both work off alarms installed in telephones and, by the use of electronics, sense any intruder and automatically dial a pre-programmed number. If, for example, you had one in your office and it dialled your home, when you answered you would hear a series of beeps. That's the machine's way of telling you your office is being robbed.

Honan says that, for domestic use, his company can install one of the systems for as little as $600, but the cost could run into thousands depending on how sophisticated the customer requires his alarm system to be. As well as alerting the customer to an intruder, Wormalds can also provide a backup security guard.

Honan says that the installation of domestic systems now totals about a third of his organisation's business and the percentage is rising each year. He contends there is no such thing as an effective alarm system which can be purchased off the shelf because each customer has individual requirements.

Honan also says most alarm systems which rely on making a noise with the intention of scaring off a burglar or alerting passers-by are practically useless. Very few people respond, as they don't want to become involved. He advocates the silent direct-dialling system for the most effective protection.

This type of alarm cannot be blocked off or put out of action and can also be linked to alarms which detect fires or breakdowns in refrigeration. Honan says it is surprising the number of calls his security patrols answer to switch off a radiator, turn off a running tap or lock a door left open.

"Of course," he says, "the number one message is prevention – good locks, secured premises." Honan advises the owners of valuable products such as stereos, television sets or jewellery to record the numbers or distinguishing features. He says this makes for easier insurance claims in the event of their loss or for easier claiming if police should recover them. As well, he recommends that householders arrange before they go on holiday for friends, police or a security service to make regular checks on their home. Wormalds offer a system for hire for a month upwards for people going away on holiday.

Although Honan is not keen on the low-priced ultrasonic detectors, they still are favored by many people. However, they can be set off by a prowling pet or a ruffling curtain. Part of their appeal is the way they're packaged in a number of disguises and often look like books on a shelf or part of a stereo system. It's their unobtrusiveness that helps make them so popular.

ON THE WATER

While all of the systems so far discussed are for homes or offices, thefts of or from boats are an increasing problem around Australia. If you tie your craft up at a marina, chances are that you can connect the boat to a central alarm system which either alerts the proprietors or a security patrol. But if you tie up to a mooring there are several options open.

The simplest, and again probably the least effective because of the poor response it will draw, is an audible signal or flashing light. Or you could install an electronic alarm, much like a commercial paging system, which transmits a beep back to you if an intruder boards. The trouble with this apparatus is that it is effective only over about two kilometres. Again, the centrally controlled alarm seems to be the answer.

But, like the man said, you get what you pay for. Security isn't cheap, and you will have little change out of $500 if you opt for even the simplest remote-controlled system. – JOHN COCKERILL

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SUN AND GAMES

Try adding dash to this summer's splash with a really dapper wrapper. You can't fail to be noticed in the bright red beach towel, $30 from Myer. To increase your sporting chances beside the seaside, you could play draughts on the red and black chequered beach towel for $18.95. And while the red and white washer ($2.95) won't cover much more than your face, it doubles as a noughts and crosses board. Complete with pieces and rules of play, the Towel Games are obtainable from The Squire Shop, Double Bay and Cremorne Glory Box, Sydney; Designa Fashion House, Claremont, Western Australia; Doug's Gifts, Surfers Paradise and Towels Galore, Burleigh Heads, Queensland. Snakes and ladders, chess and backgammon towels are also available.

SPREAD YOUR WINGS

for little more than the cost of a car, you can build your own plane and soar above the snarling traffic

There you are, stooging along at 3000ft, leather helmet flapping, white scarf streaming out behind. The Red Baron is grounded and everything is whizzo. The dream is fine, but how the hell do you get up there in real life? There are not too many Sopwiths or Spads to pick up for a song, and the smallest light aircraft costs $25,000. Well, you can always build your own. A lot of people are doing it. The best place for advice is the Sport Aircraft Association of Australia (SAAA) which has branches in all States. Once you have chosen one of the more than 50 designs available, talk with the Department of Transport for approval to build. Plans cost from $50 or, if you don't want to start from scratch, kits are from $2000. The biggest cost will be your engine — from $2000-$4000. Putting your own plane together can take only a few months or, like one Melbourne man, 17 years! Average construction time: 3000 hours, or three years.

VH-EZI

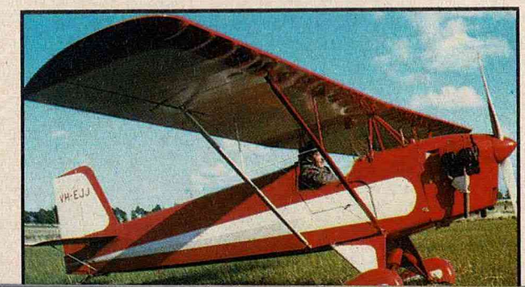
VARI-EZE: Pronounced "very easy", this home-built plane stood the amateur builder movement on its ear when it was introduced several years ago. Its foam and fibreglass sandwich construction, and speed both in flying and construction time, make it a favorite with amateurs. Capable of carrying two people about 1000 kilometres at 185 knots, the Vari-Eze attracts admirers wherever it lands. Powered by a 100hp engine, the plane is strictly for paved runways. Cost: about $9000.

STEEN SKYBOLT (above): It's probably the prettiest home-built plane, and the Skybolt is also a delight to fly. A two-seater, it sports a healthy 250hp Lycoming engine. A composite structure — tube steel fuselage and wooden wings covered with fabric — the Skybolt is fully aerobatic and cruises for three hours at 130 knots. Ideal for fun flying, and costs about $13,000.

PITTS SPECIAL (above): To the amateur builder the Pitts is a plane with pizzaz. A well-proven design, it first flew in 1944. It is fully aerobatic, and has won aerobatic championships by the score. A single-seater, the Pitts can be obtained in three different packages — plans only, as a kit, or you can buy it off the shelf. And it's likely to set you back around $8000.

CORBY STARLET (above): Designed by Australian John Corby, this tiny all-wooden aircraft is semi-aerobatic and powered by a 1600cc Volkswagen engine. It has a wing span of less than six metres, and cruises at 100 knots. The design was equal fourth in a 1964 racing planes competition. Cost: about $6000.

CORBEN BABY ACE, MODEL D (below): The first Baby Ace flew in 1931, and it was the first aircraft built in any numbers by amateurs. The fuselage is steel tubing and the wings wood, all fabric covered. The plane's cruising speed is 80 knots. Cost: about $4500.



NAUTICAL BUT NICE

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THE daily rum ration might have fortified ancient mariners against the elements, but today's skippers are keeping goose bumps and mutinies under wraps by decking out the deckhands in all-weather gear.

The head to toe cover-up is on with the Ocean Racer jacket at $69.50 and matching chest-high trousers for $49.95. Made by Marlin International, they are available in bright colors including dark blue and red as shown above. The orange Ocean Master is also by Marlin and sells at $54.95, and the Marlin featherweight nylon jacket in eye-grabbing yellow costs $16.95 at the Bosun's Locker, Bridge Street, Sydney 2000. Splice the mainbrace in a pale blue Seamaster yachting jacket by Taft. Specially designed for ocean racing, it retails for $60.

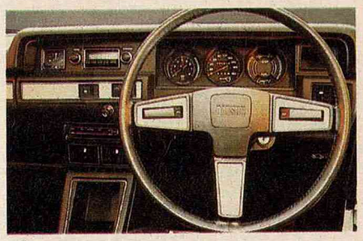
New 1980 Datsun 200B SX

THE SPORTY FOUR WITH MORE

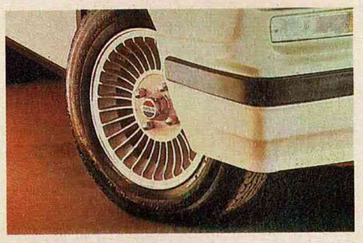
Sports appeal:
Ease into the cloth seats with the broad sports stripes. Look around, it's all there. Tachometer. Slick four-on-the-floor gearshift. Black dash. Distinctive soft feel steering wheel. Quartz clock. Radio. Laminated windscreen. Power assisted dual circuit brakes with front discs. Quartz halogen high beam headlights. Variable ratio steering for improved road feel.

Cruisin' comfort:
SX is a four that's fun to drive even with a load of five. It's spacious. All with the added comfort of wall to wall carpet. Heated rear window. Three speed heater/demister and reclining front bucket seats.

Open up the door on the sporty four with more at your Datsun Dealer, now.



Cruisin' power:
The superb 2 litre fuel efficient engine gives full-blooded performance. It has power to spare for towing a boat, accelerating on the open highway or negotiating city traffic.
The new 1980 Datsun 200B delivers brilliant fuel economy. A Datsun 200BGL achieved 35 mpg in the 1979 Total Oil Economy Run, proving once again that Datsun "saves".



Sports equipment:
It starts with wide alloy wheels. Chunky steel belted radials. Taut sports modified 'phase-matched' seating/suspension. The 2 litre overhead cam engine makes the four with more SX a sure winner. Up front there's the race bred air dam and extended body coloured bumper. The 200B SX has built-in sports appeal.

1980 DATSUN 200B

The four with more

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

Mexico. Land of the legendary Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Black Russian, Brown Cow and Bandit.

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another super-natural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of Sunrise, the God of the East.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess.

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit.

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Banditos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggested that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

10838

MOVIES

in the latest of the spy series, bond blasts off into a cinematic void

ROBIN Boyd, the late and lamented prophet of the Australian ugliness, and our most perceptive social critic of the '60s, once sourly laid it down that the latest overseas trends take five years to reach Australia. Which may explain why the James Bond movies do so well in the local cinemas. For all their desperate up-to-the-minute trendiness, the Bond movies always look about five years out of date. The cold war themes of the early novels were a little tatty around the edges by the time the first movies were being made, and seeing *Thunderball* the other night on the home viewing machine, I was distracted by Sean Connery's short haircut and his unfashionably narrow ties. It's a fact, of course, that, while the Connerys and Moores march on indestructibly from film to film, no girl has ever appeared in a Bond film more than once. In the Saltzman/Broccoli scale of values, nothing is more disposable than yesterday's starlet. Ursula Andress, where are you now?

Moonraker, the latest Bond epic, has 007 blasting off into orbit for a space-age climax involving rockets and ray-guns and other leftovers from *Star Wars.* It was an unfortunate coincidence that the film was released in this part of the world at the same time that Skylab was lobbing on Western Australia, symbolising the imminent demise of the Space Age. Just when I was looking for some respite from translunar injections, orbiting modules, re-entry problems and other symbols of the Kennedy era, along came this latest Bond movie (the cost of which, roughly estimated at 20 million bucks, would probably have paid for a couple of real-life space launchings in the early space-race days) to revive the whole boring business.

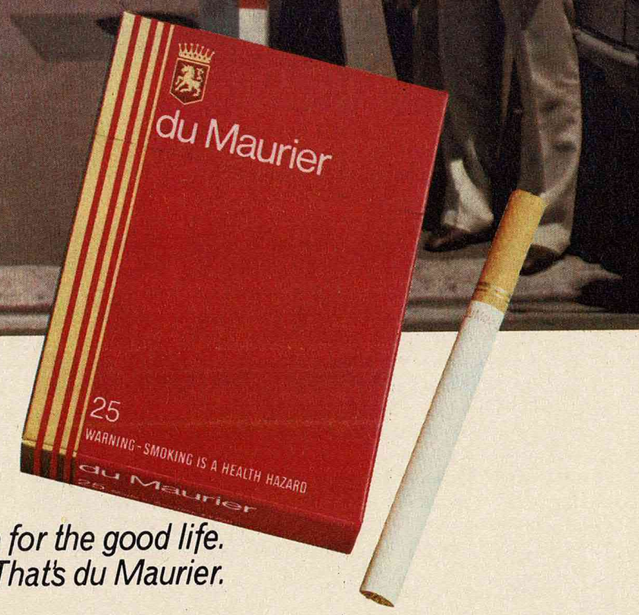
The point I'm somewhat laboriously making is that space hokum is now a trifle passé, and that once again we are given a Bond movie which isn't as trendy as it pretends to be. Of course this wouldn't matter in any other sort of film, but the point about Bond films (if they have a point, which is more and more open to question) is that, however mindless, violent, escapist, superficial and corny they may be, however extravagant, wasteful, badly acted and ludicrously plotted, at least we had a right to expect the very latest in glossy gadgetry and world conspiracies. Why is it that the whole genre now seems so stale and overworked? Are our senses sated by too much telly-spectacle, our responses finally dulled by an excess of movie mayhem?

Bond films, like Malcolm Fraser's promises, have become more and more expensive and less and less dependable. The bigger their budgets, the less inclined the film men are to take risks. The formula is all. Those early low-budget movies stuck closely to the Fleming novels – with their audacious wit, expert craftsmanship and outlandish but believable villains. Films like *Dr No* were simple and tautly plotted thrillers. Bond had a fancy sports car, a luscious girl and a comic proficiency with weapons, but these were the only conventions. The rest was done with a good story and expert casting. (The late Robert Shaw was a superbly frightening figure as Red Grant, alias Krassno Granitski, alias Captain Norman Nash, the SMERSH executioner in *From Russia With Love* – perhaps the best single performance in any of the Bond movies.) The rot set in with *Thunderball,* when the producers discovered it was easier to pad films out with special effects than to script a good adventure thriller. The result, in that instance, was an interminable underwater swimming sequence which rivalled for tedium the more excruciating longueurs of Antonioni and the French New Wave. In later films the Ken Adams sets became more outlandish, the weaponry more preposterous and the characters more remote from reality. The general air of hysterical improbability increased exponentially from film to film, with each movie appearing more and more like a self-conscious parody of its predecessor.

Moore as Bond is as insipid as before.

The fault is not Fleming's, of course. The later films bear no more resemblance to his novels than the novels did to real life. All that survives in the movies now is the title of the book and the names of one or two characters. It used to puzzle me that *Moonraker,* one of the first and best of the stories, should be one of the last to make the screen. Perhaps Sir Hugo Drax, the fearsome, red-headed, fanatical villain of *Moonraker,* was too rich and subtle a character. More likely the plot – destroying London with a rocket – bore too close a resemblance to the plots of *Thunderball* and *Dr No,* both of which featured the standard control room set where the evil genius plotted his dastardly vengeance on the world. The things I loved in the Bond books were not the car chases or the torture scenes so much as the superb descriptions of people and places. Fleming was a consummate travel writer. Raymond Chandler observed that he was the only English writer who could convey the authentic feel of American life. The descriptions of American restaurants, racetracks and air-conditioned cars in *Live and Let Die* are still among the crispest and best in the language; Fleming never lost his fascination for the American scene. There is a brilliant passage in *Diamonds Are Forever* when Bond climbs down the side of the Queen Elizabeth during a freezing night at sea to rescue Tiffany Case from two hoods in a cabin below the decks. Nothing could be more dated now than a trans-Atlantic luxury liner, but the scene never loses its grip on the imagination: "The night wind tugged softly at him and swayed him against the black iron rivets, and from far down below sounded the deep boom and whoosh of the sea. From somewhere above came the ropey twang of the wind of their speed in the rigging and, far above that, the stars would be swinging slowly

"Isn't that du Maurier?"



The taste for the good life.
That's du Maurier.

Leo Burnett 2.0526

round the twin masts." I can scarcely re-read that passage without a tremor of vertigo and a flutter of the heart. (Not surprisingly, the whole Queen Elizabeth sequence was dropped from the movie.)

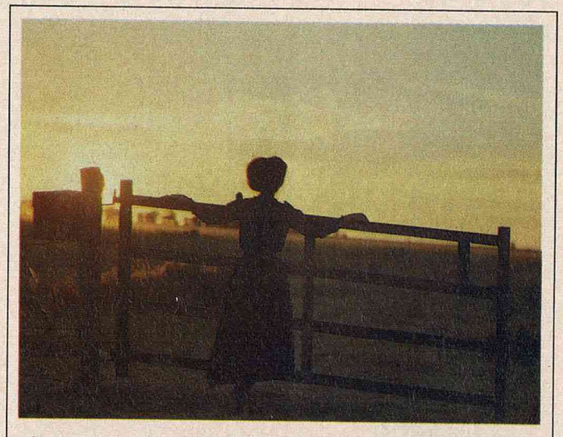
With all their noise and emptiness and highly-colored flatulence, the new Bond films are not just bad movies: by distorting and discrediting the books on which they purport to be based, they have undermined the status of the good adventure novel. They have bred a host of shoddy imitations. Fleming was a master-entertainer and a far better literary craftsman than his detractors have ever given him credit for. The pace and subtlety of his prose were unmatched in the field of thriller writing. His place in literature rests with those demi-giants of an earlier era, Jules Verne, Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle.

What is there to be said about the film of *Moonraker*? That it is no better and no worse than any of the others in recent times, that in all its length there is scarcely one moment of genuine surprise or excitement, that the girls are as numerous, pretty and plastic as ever, that the theatres are packed to the walls at every session, that Roger Moore looks as boyishly insipid as before. My main feeling after seeing the show was a vague sense of depression, deepened by the spectacle of kids trooping from the cinema to a McDonalds restaurant, eager to substitute synthetic, pre-digested food for synthetic, pre-digested entertainment.

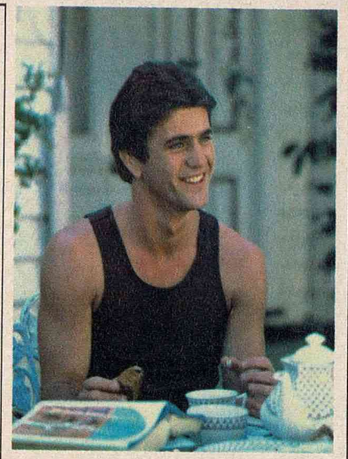
•

In some ways, the elements of *My Brilliant Career* are not very different from those of *Blue Hills:* quiet pastoral scenery, country properties, genteel rural folk, romantic encounters in bushland settings, stuffy relations and a silly-ass Pommie as a jackaroo. I remember them all from Gwen Meredith's saga on the ABC. And when dashing young Harry Beecham (Sam Neill) meets pretty young Sybylla (Judy Davis) and helps her down from the branches of a fruit tree, we are getting dangerously close to Louisa May Allcott territory. But not to worry. From the somewhat unpromising material of Miles Franklin's novel (which I haven't read), Gill Armstrong has fashioned a film of great beauty and strength – the best Australian movie for a long time.

It's not a film that breaks much ground in style or content. Those who have been complaining about Australian movies' over-fondness for pastoral nostalgia won't take much comfort from this one. It's the first Australian feature (and one of the few films from anywhere) to be made entirely by women: producer Margaret Fink, director Armstrong, screenwriter Eleanor Whitcombe (not to mention Ms Franklin herself, wherever she may be) have come together with evident enthusiasm and *esprit de corps.* It's the kind of effortless collaboration where everyone knows her place and exactly what the film is all about. Whitcombe



Judy Davis as the determined Sybylla in *My Brilliant Career*



Tim, tugging at the heartstrings.

wrote the memorable screenplay for *The Getting of Wisdom,* and the films have a lot in common: mood, setting, detail, above all a rebellious and wilful young heroine with artistic leanings and humble bush origins.

It should scarcely surprise us that Ms Armstrong and her female collaborators have seized the opportunity to put across a fairly heavy feminist message. Nothing wrong with that, I suppose, since female emancipation and fulfilment were by all accounts the message of the book, and sensitive films about women are all too rare, whatever the message they put over. The point made by *My Brilliant Career* is that a woman who wants to succeed as a writer or an artist (or indeed as anything) should give up thoughts of marriage and suppress her passion for the man she loves. As a rule of thumb for aspiring lady artists around the turn of the century, that was probably good advice. I doubt whether such self-denial is necessary today. If I had to take issue with anything in *My Brilliant Career,* it is the film's somewhat melancholy and fairly smug implication that a woman will never succeed in her own right if she finds herself a husband. "Loneliness," as one character tells Sybylla, "is a terrible price to pay for independence." It's the best line in the film, and it's a lesson (we are left to conclude) that Sybylla will learn the hard way.

The conflict of marriage and career – of passion and ambition – is at the heart of Armstrong's movie and, whatever we may think of the heroine, our pleasure in the film is unlikely to be spoilt. Judy Davis, looking surprisingly like a spirited, youthful version of Katharine Hepburn, is superb as Sybylla, whom we first meet at Possum Gully, her parents' ramshackle homestead deep in the outback. Sybylla's piano playing and furtive literary efforts are gamely pursued in the face of farmyard chores, family squabbles and duststorms. Her muse is undaunted; at an early age she is sent to live with her grandmother (Aileen Britton), who runs an elegant homestead along strict Victorian lines. Here she meets Harry and is drawn to his charm despite herself. But her comfort and comparative freedom are to be short-lived.

There is little in the film in the way of "action" or contrived incident, yet the film manages to move swiftly with a remarkable feeling of unity and organic growth.

The whole film is beautifully acted and impeccably photographed by Don McAlpine. Those more at home with its essential message will be deeply moved. This is a work of astonishing maturity and self-assurance from a sensitive and richly talented director.

•

Tim is based on Colleen McCullough's other novel (the one that no one has read) and I'm told it's been cleaned up for the film version, a creditable effort by Michael Pate. It surprised me that any novel by Colleen McCullough would require cleaning

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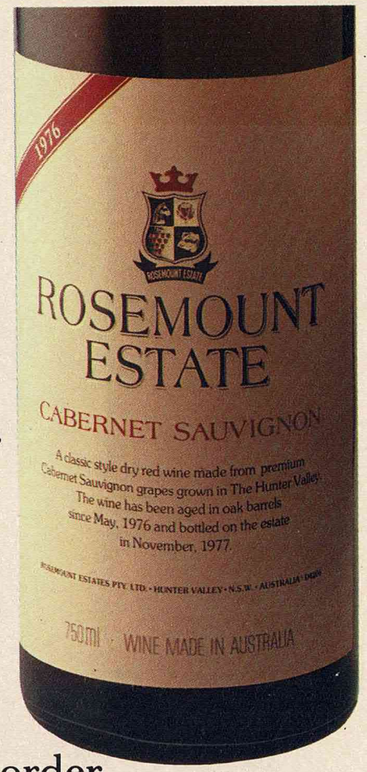

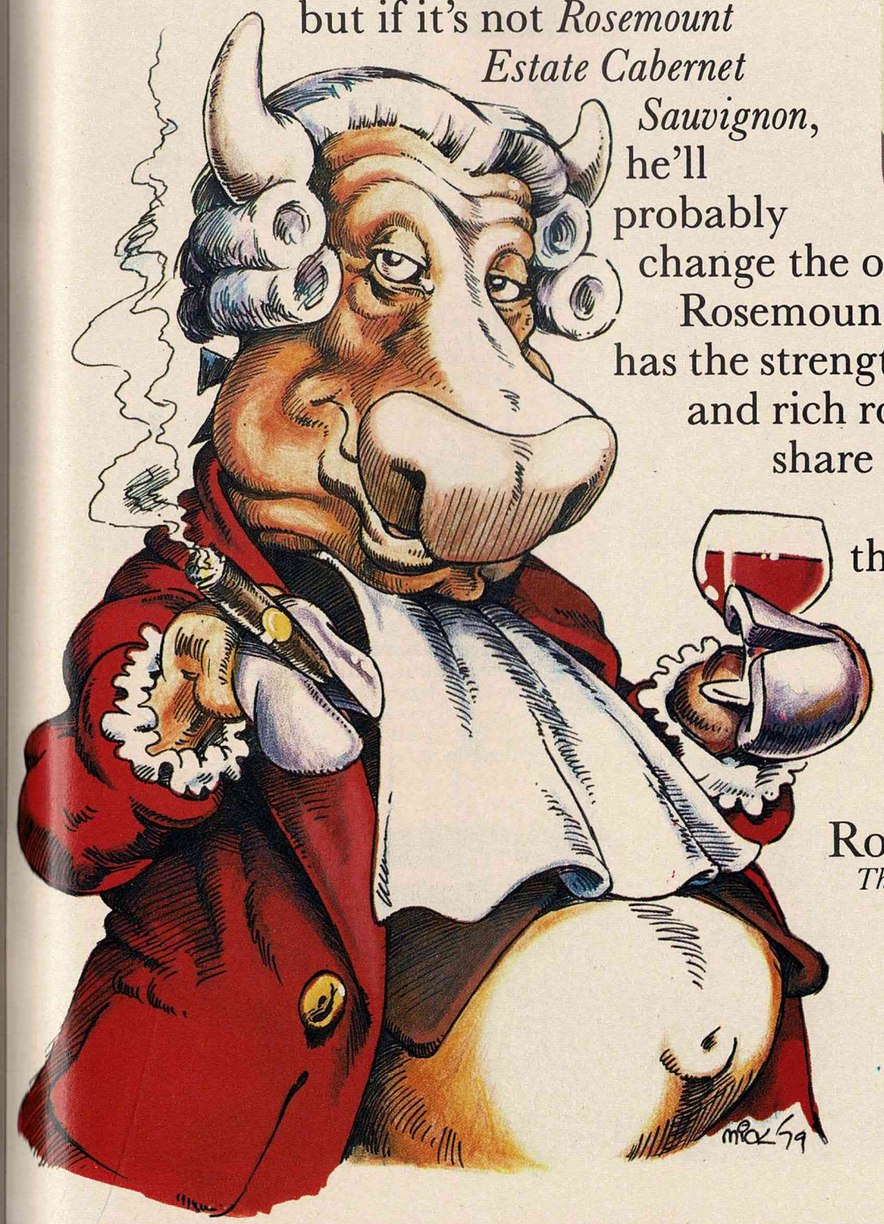

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up; its rather like saying one of Ian Fleming's thrillers needs more action sequences. But apparently the original book contained a scene in which Tim, the half-witted but amiable and handsome young hero, is handed a shit sandwich by his workmates as a practical joke, a delicacy which he duly consumes. Apart from any question of good taste (if you'll pardon the expression) which such an incident might infringe, it is easy to see why the scene was omitted; it would have totally destroyed the mood of emotional refinement and high-class sentimentality assiduously cultivated by the film-makers.

This is an Australian film pitched at much the same level, and aimed at much the same audience, as a work like *Caddie*. Mary Horton (Piper Laurie) is attractive, fortyish and unmarried. She drives an expensive car and lives in a pretty house amply furnished with intellectual comforts. Her job has something to do with mining. She has an executive position and earns enough money to run a beach house not far from Sydney, where she spends most of her weekends.

She meets Tim (Mel Gibson) by chance when he is working as a builder's laborer on a job next door, and hires him for a bit of casual gardening at weekends. Tim is handsome, friendly and mentally retarded, but not so stupid that the average audience will not quickly respond to his charms. "Gradually," as the blurb says, "a friendship develops." It always does in this sort of movie. People get the wrong idea about Mary's friendship with Tim, but before long the wrong idea turns out to become the right idea. A few weekends at the beach house and anything could happen. Unfortunately not a great deal happens, and what does happen takes a long time. Tim's mum dies and his sister gets married, and Eric Jupp has written one of those tinkly, syrupy scores which they play all day on your "good music" stations. Whenever we hear it, there's going to be another car-driving sequence with pretty scenery or another long burst of running on the beach.

I have no wish to be unfair to *Tim*, because, for all its emotional excesses and thinly disguised banalities, it is a well-crafted film, sensitively acted and deeply compassionate. Two splendid actors, Alwyn Kurts and Pat Evison, turn in fine performances as Tim's parents—an ageing, devoted and deeply conventional suburban couple. The wife's death and her husband's defiant and uncomprehending grief are extraordinarily affecting. This is not a fashionable film and many people will resent its unashamed tugging at the heartstrings. Its mood of simple warmth and conspicuous moral uplift make it something of a rarity in the contemporary cinema.

•

There is probably no way you will get to see a Hungarian film called *Adoption* (directed by Marta Meszaros) unless you hire a print from the Vincent Film Library or visit Budapest, but a few people managed to see it recently at the Opera House Cinema in Sydney. So I'll be brief. It's a spare, wintry, masterly examination of loneliness and spiritual longing, about a woman of 42 who works in a factory and desperately wants a child. When her lover, a married man with two children, refuses to father the child she craves, she forms a weird, possessive attachment to an emotionally disturbed teenager from a nearby home for delinquent girls. The two women, far apart in age and temperament but with a common need for emotional security that neither can find, come together, drift apart and eventually find strength and reassurance by beginning new and wholly unexpected lives. There is a superb performance by Kati Berek in the main role. Remember the name, *Adoption*, and catch it if you can.

—EVAN WILLIAMS

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BOOKS

hitler's deputy inspires one of the year's most credible and absorbing novels

AN ADMISSION by a publisher that the name of the author on the title page of a new book is a pseudonym for two men who collaborated on the manuscript is not the slickest selling gimmick in the publishing business. But in the case of *Shadow of the Wolf* (Collins), bookshop browsers will be well-advised to bury their prejudices against dual authors. No reader will ever know how Anthony Barwick or Donald James would have approached this book as individual authors, but in tandem as James Barwick they have produced one of the most absorbing and credible novels to be seen this year. Their choice of Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, is scarcely new. Nor is their injection of a second man on Hess's infamous peace mission flight aboard a Messerschmitt to Scotland in May, 1941. But whereas the former British Army surgeon, Mr Hugh Thomas, has argued in his recent book, *The Murder of Rudolf Hess,* that the man who has spent more than 34 years inside West Berlin's Spandau Jail as Prisoner No 7 is an impostor, James Barwick invites us to suppose that Hess's accomplice slipped through the Scottish security net after the crash. And through an inventive mixture of fact and fiction, the authors create in Captain Alfred Horn a character more believable than the misguided Hess and every bit as real as the Churchills, the Roosevelts and the Joseph Kennedys who color a plot every bit as intriguing as the politics and power plays of World War Two.

•

Irving Wallace might not be the greatest contemporary novelist but past books, in the mould of *The Chapman Report, The Seven Minutes* and *The R Document,* have stamped him as a rattling good yarnspinner. Judging from his latest offering, however, Mr Wallace's previously well-oiled machine has done a bearing. In fact you could say it has seized totally. *The Pigeon Project* (Cassell) has been woven from a hopelessly tangled skein. Even his flair for taking and developing original themes has deserted him. Cloaking his plot under the scientific jargon of gerontology does not disguise the fact that the author labors on an age-old theme – man's search for the elixir of youth. And labor he does. Mr Wallace's quite unconvincing scientist, Professor Davis MacDonald, discovers his formula in the Abkhazia region of Soviet Georgia where, *Izvestia* is endlessly telling us, 135-year-old men continue to pleasure their women. And just as predictably, the Russians, the Vatican and various selfish characters who place longevity before honor, pursue Dr Mac through the waterways and palazzos of Venice in search of the secret the good professor, naturally, keeps in his head.

Mr Wallace obviously chose Venice for the melodrama setting because he is very fond of the town and wants to do what he can to alert the world to the need for an international effort to save the sinking city from the sea. Maybe *The Pigeon Project's* one saving grace is a travel guide to Venice. But anyone planning a Venetian holiday will find it cheaper and probably less tiresome to pick up a travel brochure from any Italian consulate rather than wade through this new Wallace book. His most loyal fans will be disappointed in *The Pigeon Project,* but I suppose even the best storytellers can be forgiven for one bad book.

– RUSSELL DEILEY

Hess in 1937;
his Messerschmitt,
which crashed in Scotland in 1941

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The Goons wanted the world to walk backwards for Christmas. Now Charles T. Kuntzleman and the editors of *Consumer Guide* want the world to walk forwards for health.

In *The Complete Book of Walking* (Outback Press) they tell how walking can help you lose weight, increase the efficiency of your heart-lung capacity and generally make you feel good.

Although it would appear difficult to sustain a book on the subject for any length, the authors have come up with nearly 200 pages of material which tells how to walk to the best advantage, besides getting to where you want to go. They're advocates of walking as a means to better health, as against those people who insist the world trots, sprints and jogs its agonising way there. They run through human physiology and cite cases in which people have walked away from the edge of a grave. It's a reassuring book for the hypochondriacal or for those feeling just out of sorts. *The Complete Book of Walking* is a very easy-to-read, relaxed explanation of the benefits to be found in man's most common activity.

– JOHN COCKERILL

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As an author, F. Lee Bailey makes a great lawyer. His first novel, *Secrets* (Outback Press), is full of wit and elegance inside the court and painfully trite outside. Unfortunately, most of the action is outside the court.

Bailey, America's leading defender and a writer of considerable merit (see *You* Can *Survive an Air Crash,* Australian PLAYBOY, February), obviously had the bones of a good idea. Fictionalise the best exchanges from a dozen murder trials and centre them around a lawyer-cum-defendant not unlike yourself, throw in an almost air crash, an almost hijacking, a few mob killings and a smattering of executive sex and, whacko, you've got yourself a bestseller. But Bailey somehow fails to put it all together. The plot is contrived, unlikely and, in the long run, boring. The dialogue fairly bristles when lawyer confronts crooked witness, but out in the real world it is mostly dull and occasionally ridiculous. Worse, the entire plot is unfolded in the kind of conference room epilogue we've come to expect in B-grade detective movies. From a man as clever as Bailey, it's disappointing.

The expose of legal world double dealings and behind-the-scenes manoeuvring promised in the publisher's blurb never comes to fruition. The

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horse-trading in *Secrets* is as tame as Perry Mason buying the prosecutor lunch. Surely Bailey could have given us more spice than this. But no, the real secrets of the criminal courts remain exactly that, at least for as long as Bailey is still practising.

•

If you've waded through *Matters For Judgement* and *The Truth Of The Matter,* chances are you'll be more than ready for the light relief of *Kerrtoons* (Outback Press). This final word on the Whitlam/Kerr affair takes no sides and draws no conclusions, other than that the former Governor-General cuts a pretty comic figure in nine photos out of every 10 and also looks a hell of a lot like Hector Crawford. The captions present a hitherto unrevealed side of the former G-G, that of the bar-room wit, raconteur and delightfully uninhibited good-time Charlie. Who would have guessed, for example, that Sir John took time out from prayerful contemplation at Sir Robert Menzies' funeral to mutter to fellow-mourners: "Enough of the bloody wafer, where's the wine?" Or that the G-G made life bearable during a military inspection by singing softly to himself: "It's just a black top hat with the sides turned up, but it means the world to me"? Underneath it Sir John obviously was a true man of the people, imbued with that splendid Australian capacity for self-mockery. Top hats off to Outback Press for really getting down to the truth.

•

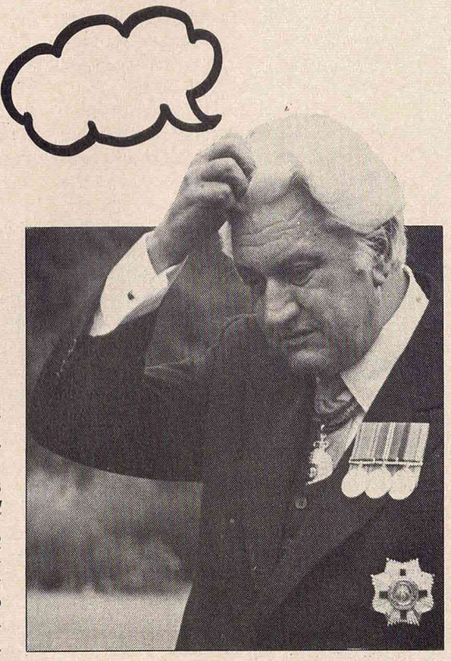
Times change. A few short years ago when *The Art Of Sensual Massage* was first published here, the small magazine for which I worked had its national distribution threatened for daring to reproduce a series of sensual photographs. By today's standards, Gordon Inkeles and Murray Todris' manual is tame stuff, but this tasteful edition from George Allen & Unwin should still find a ready market.

As the authors readily admit, there are no special tricks to massage and you don't need an intensive course. This book doesn't pretend to be entirely instructional, more a mood-setter. Something to browse through before tackling the business at hand. The excellent photographs by Robert Foothorap and the understated design of former *Rolling Stone* art director Jon Goodchild are timeless, if the text is occasionally reminiscent of wilting flower power. – RALPH JITTAR

•

England's 5-1 conquest in the 1978-79 Ashes series is reason enough why the members of that side are in no hurry to let the result just simply slide into cricket history. But in *Put To The Test* (Arthur Barker), Geoffrey Boycott's first book, the senior batsman takes the opportunity to get some dirty water off his chest.

Boycott holds a special place in the Australian cricket supporter's concept of English cricket. A poster, brandished by Melbourne fans, best illustrated that attitude. Using the letters of Boycott's own name it read: "Boring, Odious, Yawnful, Colorless, Obnoxious, Tiresome, Tedious." The painfully patient Boycott is the one wicket prized above most others by Australian bowlers and, between Rodney Hogg and the distractions of a cricket storm that Boycott left brewing in England, the batsman's scalp went cheap. As a cricket account, *Put To The Test*



Sir John Kerr . . . cuts a pretty comic figure in nine out of 10 photographs.

is just one of many such accurate documents. But the very name implies there was something more at stake, and the inference is that it had a lot to do with Boycott losing the vice-captaincy of England and the captaincy of Yorkshire. For a man who probably takes his cricket beyond the point of obsession, the running battles with the Yorkshire committee before the team left England obviously served as a nagging distraction on the tour.

There was also the confrontation with World Series Cricket. Boycott has stood for many of the ingredients of the Establishment game that the WSC types were keen to leave in the past. The Ashes tour presented a full-on face-off against the WSC product and must have prompted a great deal of soul-searching from Boycott. He tactfully skirts the WSC question and, if that detracts from the overall historical value of the book, then perhaps some might gain benefit from learning a little more about a man whose traditional tight-lipped demeanor has made him a mystery to many.

His various offerings on the tactics applied in each match situation offer a few revelations and he admits to being mystified more than once by some of the methods employed by Australia's skipper, Graham Yallop. Despite the hopes of some observers, there turned out to be no personality clash between England's skipper, Mike Brearley, and Boycott. In fact the master batsman has nothing but praise for the way in which Brearley handled himself. Boycott's style of writing is as unflashy as his batting but, thankfully, far more brisk. The man is not without his sense of humor and uses it well to make *Put To The Test* something more than just another of the many Test series accounts. – NEIL JAMESON

•

Robin Moore, as the dustjacket of *The Treasure Hunter* (Outback Press) tells us, is the author of *The Green Berets* and *The French Connection.* It is just as well he made his name with those; he will never make it with this.

The Treasure Hunter, were it a little better, would be average. As it is, it's a rambling account of the exploits of an adventurer-cum-rake, Howard Jennings, and of his desire to find Inca gold. He does it with almost boring nonchalance, picking up a succession of ladies with remarkable ease and – an enviable capacity – discarding them in an even smoother manner.

Moore centres his plot around the Inca areas plundered by the Spaniards, and it is there that Jennings blithely trips to do a bit of plundering of his own. He justifies it with the belief that the relics are better brought back for public display than left to lie hidden in the ground. His lofty principles vanish when it comes to selling them, for considerable gain, to characters who are scarcely the greatest social benefactors.

If Moore had not churned this one out in, I suspect, a hurry, it might have been a rattling good yarn from a proven and gifted writer. But in spite of all the involvements – rivers of emeralds, snake-infested jungles, disease and bandits – it falls flat.

Robin Moore says at the end that Howard Jennings was a real person, a personal friend, and that he was

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involved in Jennings' first foray into treasure hunting, plus a few others that followed. "Our first expedition," Moore says, "was a boozy adventure that was close to slapstick comedy."

If the reader gets himself into a similar physical condition, he might be able to regard Moore's book in the same light. – DERRIL FARRAR

●

Unlike so many of our new wave fiction writers, Peter Carey is aware of the real world. His vision goes far beyond the literary ghettoes of Carlton and Balmain, to the "up-and-down-heavals" of life in Australia in the 1970s. Carey's second collection of short stories, *War Crimes* (University of Queensland Press), is the brilliant, bitter work of a jaded romantic. The author is sometimes depressing, sometimes dangerously self-indulgent and occasionally obscure, but his words are always powerful and frequently compelling. Carey's theme is the structure of society and its effects on us.

Educated at Geelong Grammar, then 14 years eating advertising lunches, a flirtation with the alternative seekers and now ensconced in the hills of Yandina, Carey has seen the power-brokers at work from both sides of the fence. He obviously regards the pursuit of power as self-destructive, but assumes the role of observer rather than moralist. – NOEL CARSTAIRS

●

If we must make war, not love, why not determine the outcome over a civilised game of chess? In olden days the Persians are reputed to have won and lost battles with minimal bloodshed by playing chess, using countrymen to represent the 32 pieces. When taken they were beheaded, except for the kings who, if they were check-mated, conceded defeat.

In his book *Chessmen* (Reed), author Frank Greygoose ignores this theory but cites an early Persian manuscript describing a war game of chess played over "two miles" with opposing sides moving on squares, defined, it seems, by roads and ditches. Each shah (king) was flanked by a counsellor (in place of the contemporary queen) and to either side were warriors riding elephants (bishops), camels (knights), and horses (castles). Foot-soldiers substituted for pawns and apparently survived the day while the check-mated shah "died of weariness and thirst". Like as not he simply fell over; the gesture a player today makes with his king when he wishes to concede defeat.

Short on words and long on photographs, tracing the evolution of chessmen from their probable Indian invention and Persian adaptation in the sixth century, Greygoose's book is a fascinating reference for chess and art enthusiasts, even social historians.

Kings, for example, have been variously depicted through different cultures and ages. Early Indian kings sat atop elephants in covered howdahs; Arabian shahs are abstract because the Koran forbids life-like imagery. For a time after the French Revolution, flag and adjutant replaced king and queen.

However, the most useful aspect of this book is perhaps the illustrative identification of diverse chessmen. Even Grand Masters are unlikely to recognise figures of a husky, a bear, a tiger and of Christopher Columbus bound in chains as being Icelandic, Swiss, Indian and Argentinian bishops respectively. – CAMILLA BEACH

●

BOOKENDS

Cricket fans have been well-catered for in recent months with the likes of Yallop, Brearley and Boycott hitting out in print. Coming out to bat late in the order is Dal Stivens with his short story collection, *The Demon Bowler And Other Cricket Stories* (Outback Press), but the veteran yarn spinner's presence at the crease is as welcome as a nor'easter on a hot day at the SCG. Stivens could not care less about WSC or Rodney Hogg. His world is one of dusty country pitches and reverence for Victor Trumper, cricket the way the old diggers propping up the Members' Bar remember it. Most of these yarns have appeared elsewhere, but they stand a second reading. And probably a third. . . The Sydney-based David Ell Press comes out this month with the most ambitious wine book seen in quite a while. Edited by wine and food buff Anders Ousback, *The Australian Wine Browser* includes fact, fiction, opinion and indulgence from such red-nosed luminaries as Len Evans, James Halliday, Leo Schofield, Ron Saw and the legendary Sam Orr. Illustrations are by a collection of the best cartoonists and caricaturists working in Australia, among them Cook, Sharp, Petty, Spooner, Bromley, O'Neill and Edwards. A good, light drop, ready for immediate quaffing . . . Regular PLAYBOY contributor Rennie Ellis came out a couple of years back with a book called *Australian Graffiti,* for which he prowled Australia with a camera. British broadcaster Nigel Rees has made a similar trek around this country, without a camera. The result, *Graffiti Lives OK* (Allen & Unwin), is rather like a visual joke on the second telling. You really need to have seen it. . . Also from Allen & Unwin this month is a new fat paperback of Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings* to coincide with the film release of the trilogy.

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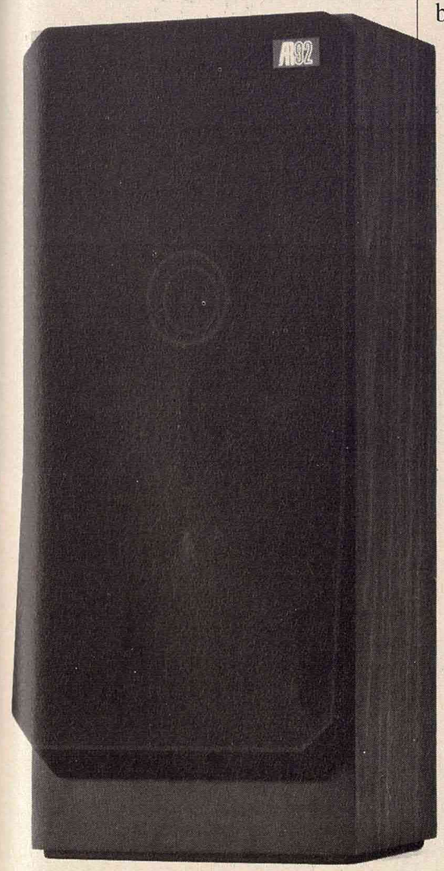

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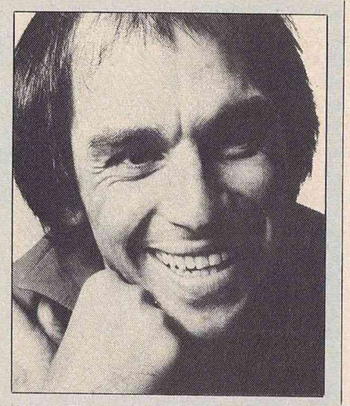
MUSIC

falcons bare their talons as they swoop down for a rock and roll killing

JOE Camilleri wears his pessimism like a black eye, but he's not going to let it stand in the way of Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons becoming the best rock and roll outfit in Australia.

Camilleri is the fuse in the Falcons outfit and his gloomy view of the music vista serves to push the band on to higher levels of professionalism. Their *Screaming Targets* album has met with favorable reviews and sales but it is really the live Zep that has won the band so much acclaim from the rock press. The Melbourne pub scene breeds a brand of rawness that generates a helluva lot of energy and the Falcons have got themselves a direct pipe to the excitement supply.



Jo Jo Zep: a "live" album.

Although studio style is blamed for putting the brakes on the Falcons' rawness, their *Screaming Targets* (Mushroom) is good, driving rock and roll, propelled along by the double sax attack of Wilbur Wilde and Joe Camilleri and punctuated by Gary Young's fine drumming. Songs like Hit and Run and Shape I'm In are as exciting in the studio as the wildest of the Falcons' performances, while studio time has enabled them to fine tune ballads like Trials and Tribulations. Peter Solley's sympathetic production shows up the Falcons in their best light – not quite smooth, but with no rough edges. The group's first two albums, *Don't Waste It* and *Whip It Out,* dudded because most punters said they didn't capture the Falcons' live sound. A lot of outfits have missed out on the recording angle for just that reason but the Falcons are determined that it's not going to happen to them. And with *Screaming Targets* they're on the right track.

•

Joni Mitchell's *Mingus* (Asylum) is a tender, loving, sometimes brilliant tribute to the late jazz man. It is subtle, moody and true to both the performer and her inspiration, but it never quite takes off and flies. A Chair In The Sky, The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines and the classic Goodbye Pork Pie Hat all promise so much. Mitchell's lyrics are clever (perhaps too clever) and the feeling is right, but somehow the moments of black/white, man/woman, jazz/folk, young/old fusion pass by so quickly and so subtly that one hardly notices. This piece of music history is too low-key, too understated, too casual. Nevertheless, the album has much to offer fans of Mingus or of the multi-talented Ms Mitchell, who has never before applied herself so consciously to the discipline of someone else's music. She does it with style, grace and wit, ably assisted by the haunting bass of Jaco Pastorius and the superb musicianship of Herbie Hancock on piano and Wayne Shorter on sax. Oh, and the versatile Joni whipped up in her spare time the four beautiful paintings which decorate the album's cover.

Joni Mitchell: a tender tribute to Mingus.

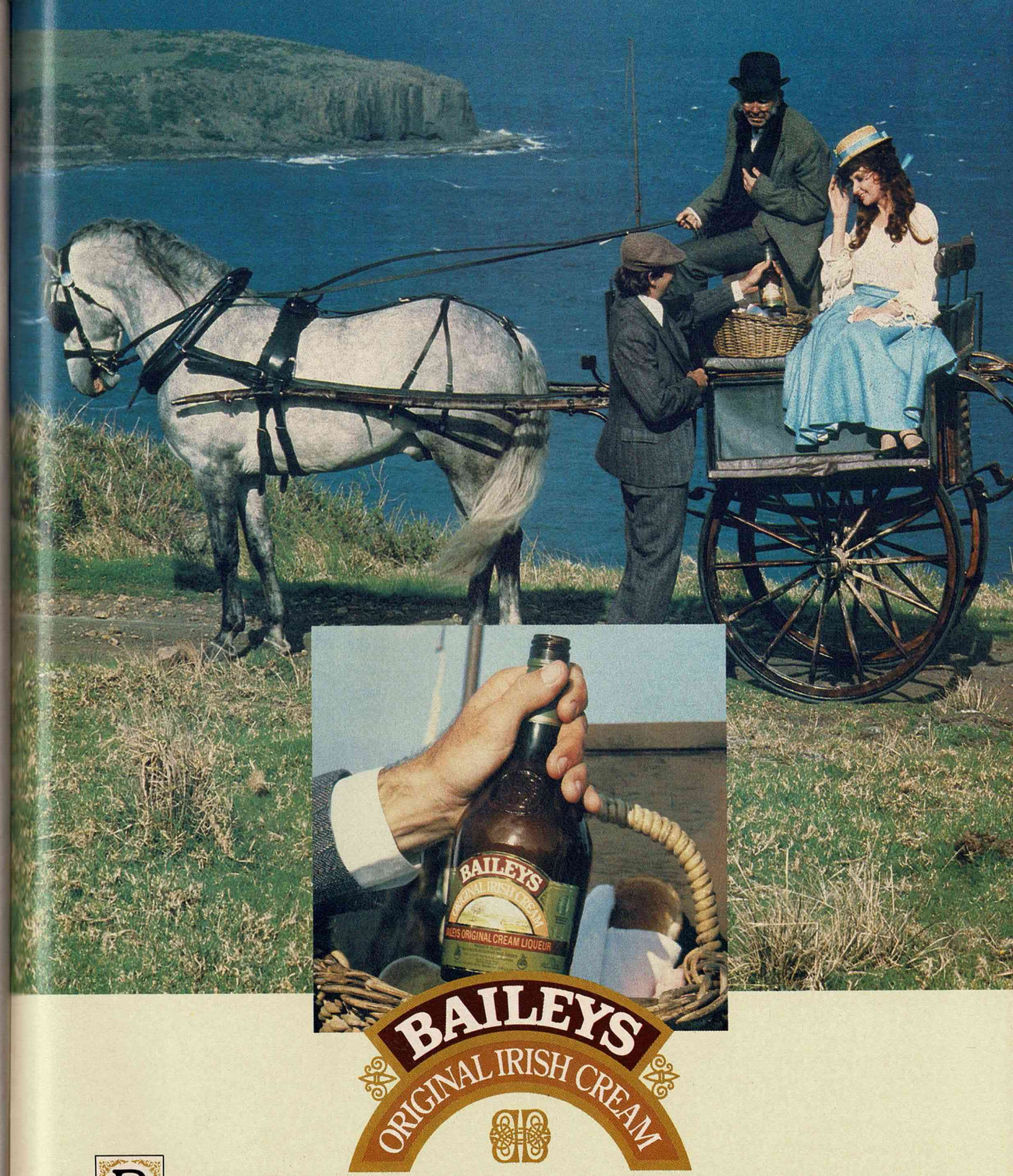
•

There's nothing too complex about John Stewart's *Bombs Away Dream Babies* (RSO) but a measure of appeal can be found in the work's sheer simplicity. Stewart's lusty singles charter, Gold (featuring the seductive Stevie Nicks sighing away on background vocals), opens the set and what follows is good enough to suggest a hot chart success. The man's voice has a restrained Californian country feel which is not unlike Mike Nesmith or Boz Scaggs, and his guitar has been pickled in a strong country brew. With a steam pump percussion and a locomotive rhythm flung in behind, the ingredients add up to a pleasant, if not outrageously memorable, combination. The recording industry has a habit of throwing veteran campaigners under the spotlight from time to time (Scaggs and Springsteen, for example) for a new lease of life, and Stewart's form book reads that he hails from the Kingston Trio, the mid-'60s folk-power unit. The man's humble enough to remember his past and has thrown in a measure of strong harmonies – in league with Lindsey Buckingham – over a rich acoustic backing to resurrect the folk magic.

•

The fact that he wrote and recorded a song called I Call My Woman Hinges Because She's Something to Adore is enough to guarantee Steve Kipner gets an eternal place in this ruthless reviewer's heart. But *Knock The Walls Down* (Elektra) hints that Kipner, who

John Stewart: veteran campaigner hits the spotlight to give us another taste of his mid '60s Kingston Trio origins.



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once fronted Sydney band Steve and The Board, has even more to offer. Now ensconced in Los Angeles, Kipner has gathered around him some of the very best West Coast session musicians, and it's as much their album as it is his. Toto's Jeff Porcaro on drums, David Hungate on bass and Jay Graydon (ex-Steely Dan) on guitar don't make mistakes. Technically, this is a triumph. Kipner's vocals are pleasant, the songs good, if not terribly, ah, inspired. But it's a bit too clinical, a bit too slick. Only on the climactic and jazz-influenced last cut (appropriately The Ending) does Kipner get his rocks off. Or is that guitarist/producer Graydon at work? *Walls* should pay Kipner's way back into the studio, and a future with a less star-studded cast will tell the story – RALPH JITTAR

•

Nick Lowe is a throwback to the British mid '60s when catchy-quality tunes poured out of studios like dolly birds from Chelsea boutiques. The ex-Brinsley Schwartz bassist has dislodged his tongue from his cheek to produce *Labor of Lust* (Radar), a cheapo effort from a brains trust of Ian Gomm, Mick Jupp and Dave Edmunds, amongst others.

The album features enough West End snap to suggest that, while the rest of Brit industry might be sliding into the economic mire, the rock and roll business is still staggering on. Some value might be gleaned from select cuts Endless Grey Ribbon, Dose of You and Big Kick, Plain Scrap.

Hopefully, this is about as low as Nick can go and we'll see him applying himself in the near future to projects that reflect the true depth of his creativity. Verdict: The boy's capable of better. – A. D. AIRD

•

Maria Muldaur can throw her strong vocal cords round a song like a pair of warm thighs around a lover and, on *Open Your Eyes* (Warner Bros), she proves there are few who can do this better. Fragile as a smoke ring or macho as a Mack truck, Maria slices a harvester-like swathe through a first-class 10-song selection.

Finally, in Made Love to a Man, there's a tender declaration, and barely has she gasped out the last few words than Stevie Wonder's unmistakable chromatic harmonica wasps in the opening bars of Birds Fly South. Junior Walker's sax gets an airing in the soul steppin' Heart of Fire, one of the many bonuses we are presented with on this set.

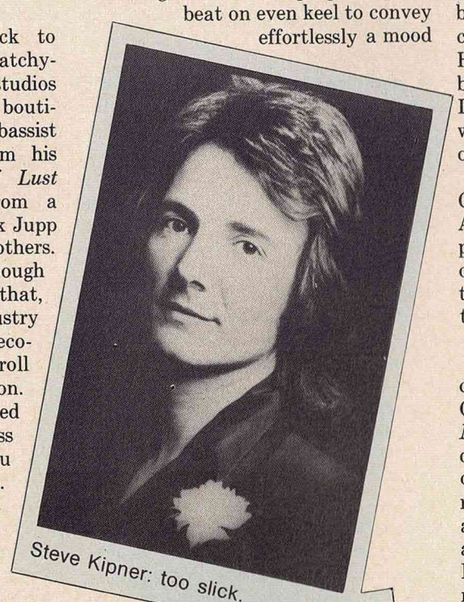
The album is brilliantly produced by Patrick Henderson and David Nichtern with the backing vocals fuelled by the Mesopotamian Choir supported by a moody horn section and some soothing strings.

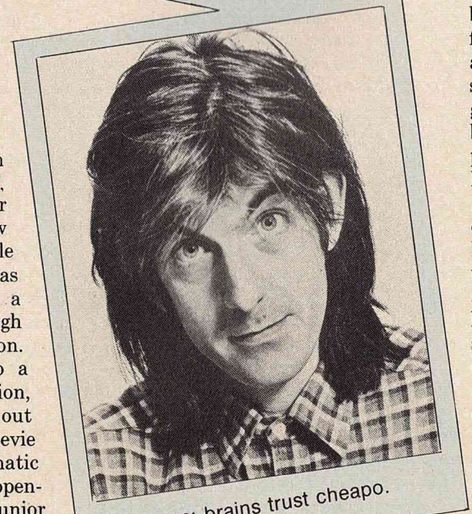
Maria's the kind of lady it's nice to come home to when the Last Chance Cafe is closed and your girlfriend's out of town.

Try select cuts like Lover Man, Elona or Love is Everything as lonely night mixers to go with that favorite bottle of bourbon.

•

As usual, J. J. Cale raises not one bead of sweat as he breezes through "*5*" (Shelter). The man has the disposition of a surgeon when keeping the pulse beat on even keel to convey effortlessly a mood of laid-back bliss. In "*5*", as is his habit, the process is more controlled therapy than open heart and I found little reason to reject the offering.


Steve Kipner: too slick.


Nick Lowe: brains trust cheapo.

"*5*" shapes as one of Cale's most sophisticated efforts, and he has taken the time to sit out the recording period in a studio rather than putting down tracks in a barn or on someone's back porch (as he has done on other works). He's surrounded himself with some classy support including Carl Radle on bass, David Briggs on piano plus a dose of horns and strings. Christine Lakeland's contribution on rhythm guitar and backing vocals makes for variety and the overall result is innovative and infectious without departing from the subtlety of Cale's style.

The singer brings the whole lot together on Sensitive Kind, one of the best tracks on the album. Strings, congas, horns, piano vibes and Buddy Harmon's drumming all find a place behind Cale's clever guitar and vocals. If that sounds like overkill, you're wrong. Cale doesn't know the meaning of the word.

The mastering work was done at CBS's Nashville camp and Audie Ashworth and Cale combined on production. The converted will find "*5*" one of Cale's best efforts and it's bound to encourage more people to pick up on the J. J. jive. – NEIL JAMESON

•

I'm not at all sure about the sombre, contemplative side of good ol' boy Charlie Daniels, revealed on *Million Mile Reflections* (Epic). The album is dedicated to Ronnie Van Zant, who fell out of the sky with most of the remainder of Lynyrd Skynyrd last year, and the sentimentality of that tragic air crash is somewhat overbearing. In fact, on *Reflections* it gets downright embarrassing. Charlie has all but abandoned his familiar country fiddle for lush strings, moody vocals and lots of variation in pace. The standard Southern music riffs are rare gems here. The long and somewhat boring Rainbow Ride is a jazz improvisation, while the other songs lurch along between ballad and rock.

The sparkling Daniels wit is evident only on Jitterbug and The Devil Went Down to Georgia, and the orchestration simply doesn't work. Charlie and his band are in far better form hosting the budget-priced double live set *Volunteer Jam Three and Four* (Epic). Recorded in Nashville in '77 and '78, the jam features most of the country crossover acts, from Willie Nelson down (Nelson's blues medley is the high point). Daniels and band dominate the proceedings with rousing renditions of Sweet Louisiana, Trudy and, of course, The South's Gonna Do It Again. Such luminaries as Toy

Caldwell, Wet Willie, Bonnie Bramlett, Sea Level and the Winter Brothers keep popping up to do the Tennessee Waltz with Charlie and ensure that the circle remains unbroken, in the sky Lord, in the sky. – RALPH JITTAR

•

From the "you scratch my back . . ." collection comes Dave Edmunds with his aptly named *Repeat When Necessary* (Swan Song). The Edmunds-Lowe overlap is almost too complete to be true with Lowe (bass), Kerry Williams (drums), Billy Bremner (guitar) and Hughie Lewis (harmonica) backing up from Lowe's *Lust* album. This one's produced by Edmunds – not Lowe – and rocks along with the ferocity we've come to expect from the volatile but limited guitarist.

Contributors include Elvis Costello and Graham Parker and the end product is something with a definite Buddy Holly feel. Edmunds' treatment of the old Supremes blast, Take Me For a Little While, is strong enough to arouse the curiosity and warrant a second listen. Unfortunately, the work smacks of haste and convenience and Edmunds should be the first to admit that it falls way short of past efforts.

•

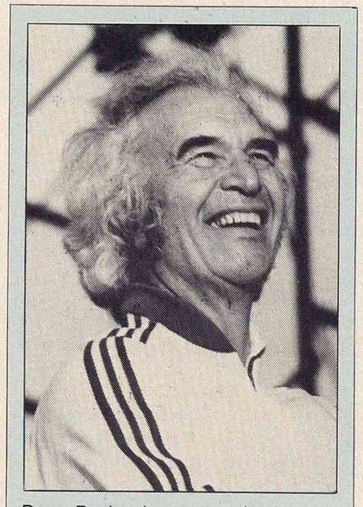
Tonio K is a refugee from the last vestiges of Buddy Holly's band, the Crickets, and on *Life in the Foodchain* (Epic) there is far more snarl than chirp to Mr K's delivery. Out front of a band featuring such notables as Earl Slick and Garth Hudson, Tonio makes absurdity the name of the game. In a voice dripping with satire, he gives the rock and roll raspberry to institutions from disco to law and order, and Slick's disco-clucking guitar on Funky Western Civilisation stamps the mood.

Tonio has dragged the urban violence pitch clear across North America and back again, combing the ratholes of city life for subject matter and musical style. His trophy piece is the Ballad of the Night the Clocks All Quit (and the Government Failed). Echoes of anarchy bellow up and down the streets as K's gang-leader recitation is supported by the whining of Slick's "yes-man" guitar. The lyrics are long-winded but they're never dull and, while *Foodchain* might dip out on musical variety, the power of Tonio's poetry-parody pummels the senses.

The man hints that he's an insane "windy son of a bitch" but his real message is that the system – not he – is really off the rails. So, whatever the foodchain consumers do is completely within the realms of reason – no matter how absurd. – A. D. AIRD

•

Earl Klugh is one of the Young Turks of jazz. A versatile, talented musician whose presence asserts itself



Dave Brubeck: among the best.

in any kind of group, be it a five-piece combo or a full studio orchestra with banks of strings. They are both on view on *Heart String* (United Artists) and it is consistently superb.

Recent conversations with Bob James indicated the difficulty in reproducing in concert the sort of sound achieved in the studio with the ability to over-dub and edit. But who is complaining when it comes to reviewing such an admirable disc? Klugh is featured on acoustic guitar throughout and his subtle, melodic style is a refreshing change after a plethora of the electric variety played close to the limit of volume and technique.

The album title track is indicative of the tracks that are to follow – beautifully felt and imaginatively performed. And when the tempo warms up, as on I'll See You Again – not the Noel Coward tune – one can only marvel at the man's virtuosity. Acoustic Lady, with its overtones of the *Thomas Crown Affair* theme, moves from pretty ballad and sweet strings to a Latin American beat that reaches right to the toes.

Most of the tunes were composed by Klugh. Dave Matthews arranged and conducted the orchestral content and, with the exception of fellow guitarist Phil Upchurch and percussionist Ralph MacDonald, the other musicians are all new names to me. But Klugh is the star – and deservedly so.

•

I wish that I could be as unreservedly enthusiastic about Chuck Mangione's latest two-record set, *Live at the Hollywood Bowl* (A&M). It is still an admirable double, but I seem to have heard it all before.

Recorded in July, 1978, by his quartet in front of a vast 70-piece orchestra, the music is mainly a re-work of several of his well-known themes released on earlier recordings for other labels. Judging by the response, the 18,000-strong audience approved! But it must be a far cry from the sort of music that Chuck played in the late '60s when he performed with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

His main instrument these days is the flugelhorn, though occasionally – like on Hide and Seek and Love the Feelin' – he is heard on electric piano. I personally have mixed feelings about his horn – it is so smooth and rich! I keep wishing that just occasionally he would let loose on a plain ol' trumpet.

All his Gold Record and Grammy Award hits are included – Feels So Good, Children of Sanchez, together with Hill Where the Lord Hides and the admirable Land of Make Believe. His quartet on this date comprised Chris Vadala on woodwinds, Grant Geissman on assorted guitars, Charles Meeks' bass and James Bradley Jun. on drums, though the latter is a far cry from Steve Gadd, a regular performer on past Mangione recording dates.

An ambitious and seemingly successful occasion – but one which I found less satisfying than some of this musician's earlier efforts.

•

One could scarcely call Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond on *The Duets* (Horizon) a new release. It was put down back in 1975 but is a worthwhile addition to any collection, even if only because it is one of the last recordings made together by these two talented and influential musicians. Desmond died 18 months later.

They actually played their last date in February, 1977. These tracks, dating from June and September, 1975, reveal all the best qualities of both men – quiet, reflective excursions on several of their favorite tunes such as Alice in Wonderland, These Foolish Things, Stardust and Summer Song, and one rare version of You Go To My Head, which was recorded aboard the cruise ship *Rotterdam*.

Desmond holds a unique position among saxophonists in the history of jazz. His exquisite tone was matched by his admirable inventiveness that, to me, was the epitome of what jazz music is all about.

On this album there is none of the heavy left-handed Brubeck playing that seemed to drive the so-called experts up the wall. Rarely has he filled the role of accompanist so sympathetically. The resultant music stands amongst the best of the innumerable recordings on which they combined. In the words of the song, That's a Plenty. – KYM BONYTHON

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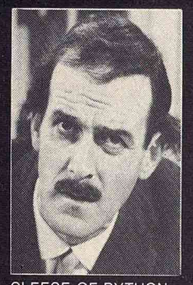
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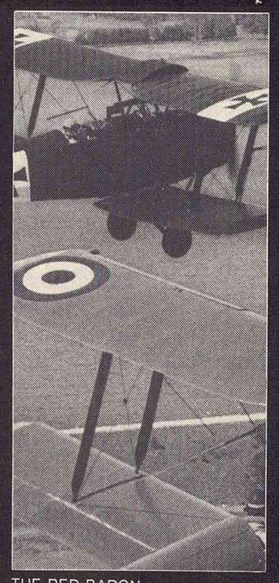
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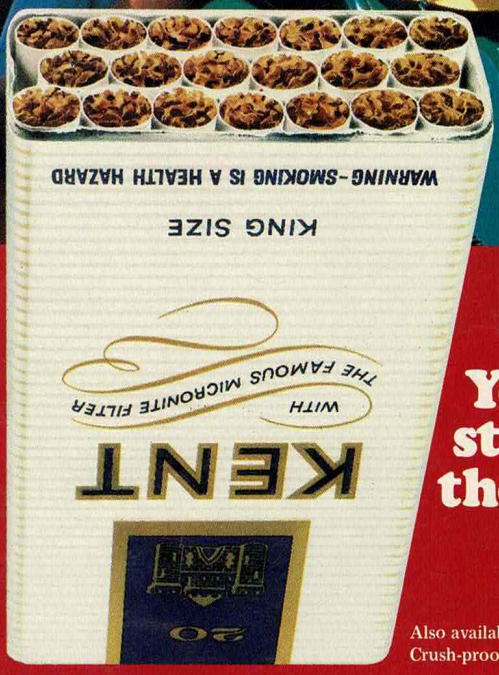

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